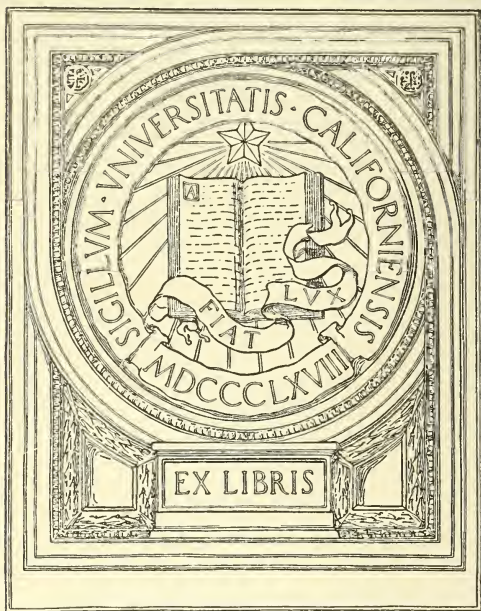




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ROBERT ERNEST COWAN



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"It is sometimes necessary to express Truth in the strongest language possible in order to penetrate the ignorance and the indifference of the average man."

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BUTTE AND MONTANA BENEATH THE X-RAY.

BY

WARREN G. DAVENPORT.

PRICE 75c

4323

No one seems to know what our Mary is doing. Perhaps she is spending her mornings and evenings in the Massachusetts hay gardens picking milk.

BUTTE AND MONTANA BENEATH THE X-RAY

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Being a collection of editorials from the files  
of the Butte X-Ray during the years 1907-08.

BY

WARREN G. DAVENPORT

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THE X-RAY PUBLISHING COMPANY
BUTTE, MONTANA



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To the memory of Honore de Balzac whose "Droll Stories" have kept me alive when head over heels in debt in a cold-blooded mining city, out of employment, out of health, out of money and on the verge of despair, this volume is most tenderly, affectionately and sincerely dedicated.

From failure into victory
Don't let your courage fade,
If Fate hands you out a lemon
Just make the lemon aid.

274522

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

"I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow being let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

—A. B. HAGEMAN.

The past year the Butte Miner has consummated the most magnificent undertaking of its entire career—the raising of nearly \$2,000.00 for the widow of Deputy State Game Warden Peyton, who was killed by Indians while in the discharge of his duties.

Following the splendid example set by its contemporary, the X-Ray has decided to start a Divel and Olsen Memorial Fund for the benefit of Mrs. Divel and Mrs. Olsen, the widows of the two Pennsylvania miners who met their death supposedly at the hands of Rarus Indians, in the underground anarchy that for several years during the copper war was daily raging in the litigated ground between the Pennsylvania and Rarus mines in Butte. Twenty per cent of the profits derived from the sale of this book in the state of Montana will be donated to the Divel and Olsen Memorial Fund, to be divided equally between the two widows. All charitably inclined people desiring to contribute to this fund may send contributions addressed to the Divel and Olsen Memorial Fund, Lock Box 984, Butte, Montana.

Father Damien, who went to the leper islands in the Pacific ocean to care for the lepers and died as he knew before going there that he must die, the flesh dropping off his bones with the most dreadful malady in the Grim Destroyer's catalogue, gave to the world the sublimest test of heroism in the annals of the human race. Merciful God, I would rather be crucified.

Not possessing one-hundredth part of the God-like courage of this brave young Catholic priest, yet inspired by his example to do something along similar lines for suffering humanity, I hereby pledge to the world at large to donate 20 per cent of the royalties received from the sale

of this book outside of Montana throughout the United States, Canada, England and every country on this mundane sphere where there is a demand for and a sale of it, to the management of the government bath house and the Associated Charities at Arkansas Hot Springs, to be used in alleviating the sufferings of unfortunate, poverty-stricken humanity of both sexes, among the 135,000 people that annually visit that famous resort from every country on the globe.

Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen one, etc., etc.

Statements will be published from time to time showing the contributors and the amount of their contributions, sworn statements from Mrs. Divel and Mrs. Olsen as to money received from the sale of this book and from the public; also sworn statements from the management of the government bathhouse and the Associated Charities at Hot Springs, Arkansas, as to amount of money received from me. These statements will be handed to the Butte papers for publication, sent to the leading daily papers throughout the nation, and to all enquirers by mail enclosing a two-cent stamp.

The author makes no pretense whatsoever to originality in this volume. In seeking either fame or fortune one cannot expect to achieve success by being strictly original. There is Billie Bryan, whom ex-Congressman McCall accused of stealing his "cross of gold and crown of thorns" metaphor. Some "critic fly" accused the late lamented Grover Cleveland of taking portions of his inaugural address out of the encyclopedia. All the ministers of Butte are glomming their Sunday texts from the Bible. Nearly every humorous lecturer of the day palms off on the public a lot of stale ones that ought to have been entombed during the pliocene period. Solomon once dipped his typewriter in ink,—the machine and not the maid—and informed the public (probably on the morning after his 700th marriage) that "there is nothing new under the sun," while Josh Billings hit the bull's eye and rang the bell when he said: "Mi private opinion 'iz thet originality in riting wuz plade out long ago and the best enny fellar kin do iz

to stele with good judgement and then if you get caut own up to it like a man."

Every orator since Alcibiades and every author since Aeschylus has been a literary pirate to a greater or less degree. Modern literature is little more than bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope. New combinations are continually occurring but there are few creations. Show me a drama, novel, poem, religious thesis or economic idea brought forward in the last hundred years for which the industrious critic cannot find a prototype. Even Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" is but a re-enameled edition of "Only a Boy," hush, tut-tut!

Ninety and nine per cent. of the ideas which dwell in the minds of the wisest men of this world were born in other brains—and the larger the proportion of borrowed knowledge the further a man's remove from barbarism. Writers and speakers often think they are creating when they are only remembering. The literature of every land from its profoundest philosophy to its nephritic poetry is thickly strewn with unconscious plagiarisms. The genius of Homer was so great that a number of celebrated poets thought him worthy of imitation. Virgil took his style from Homer, Dante copied Virgil and Milton borrowed much from Dante, Virgil and Homer.

The contents of this little volume is partially composed of little squibs and hot shots from non-copyrighted newspapers, magazines, and post cards, as well as vaudeville gags, street slang and other dope gathered from the highways, byways and many other old ways, shaken up, boiled down, re-enameled and fired at the Montana public through the medium of my semi-monthly paper, the Butte X-Ray, and now to the world at large in book form. However, anybody who goes to stealing the stuff that has taken me a lifetime to steal and is now protected by copyright on two continents is going to get pinched.

Respectfully,

WARREN G. DAVENPORT,
Lock Box 984, Butte, Montana.

BUTTE AND MONTANA BENEATH THE X-RAY.

The Butte X-Ray is the official organ of Butte's social life from tenderloin to uppertendom. It is the guide, philosopher, and friend of the Teddy bear brigade, the spiritual adviser of the sporty girls in Montana's church choirs, the Harry Lehr of Silver Bow Co., Montana, the social monitor of this great and glorious state of cattle and coal oilers, copper and cussedness, cactus and coyotes, crags and cowboys, Carterism and chicanery, Clarks and Cheyennes, corrupt courts, cribs and careworn concubines.

There is not a crib in Butte's restricted districts without its latest copy of the X-Ray, the inmates scanning its pages eagerly for flashes of humor that will make their hell on earth—their steady and sure journey to the potter's field—a little more endurable.

No society lady of Butte's fashionable West Side district would consider her boudoir complete without the X-Ray upon the dresser, from which she reads a chapter each morning to strengthen her for the duties of the day.

The X-Ray prescribes just how low décollete shall be worn by the high society Bohemians of Butte's fashionable West Side and how high short skirts may be worn by the low-society Bohemians in the twilight zone below the dead line.

Please consider the X-Ray the court of last resort in all of Montana's social controversies, the seneschal of Butte's swell functions, the hand-book of les grandes dames and debutantes, the pink of propriety from whose ipse dixit la beau monde and la demi monde make no appeal.

To be mentioned in the society reports of the X-Ray were equivalent to being presented at court, for it takes cognizance only of the peachermaroots, the top notchers, the creme de la creme of each and all of the hundred and one different social sets in Montana, the skimmings of all

the society milk pails in the Montana dairy as it were. It is truly the official organ of the respectable immoral people and the immoral respectable people of Butte. Heigho!

For instance, if any of the denizens of Butte's underworld should get off on a rampage and fill the circumambient ether with defunct Schlitz soldiers we will rush the important news to the public just as fast as men and machinery will do so.

If the average Butte high society flyer should lick up only 14 cocktails a day at the Thornton Hotel instead of the regulation schedule of 15 a day, grab the ball and fire it into home plate. For descriptions of toilets and reports of functions we have the largest stock of garbled French phrases to be found west of Col. Mann's Town Slopics and are prepared to get down and lick boots in 40 different languages or whistle and chew meal as the occasion requires. In accordance with the brass rules of this office we keep standing on our "phat" galley for the benefit of Montana's society ladies such stock phrases as "charming," "fascinating" and "entertaining," but when a lady refers to herself in her autobiography as "ravishingly beautiful" or to her "well rounded bust," "lithe limbs," "many admirers" or the "sensuous passion lurking in her dreamy eyes"—ah God, some ice water and a fan, please,—she must come across and hit the cash drawer with an extra two spot or the expression must and will be blue penciled.

In order to assuage their mental anguish we have to pay our linotype jockeys double price for riding that class of composition under the wire.

Debutantes will be given one send off gratis, when written by themselves, but descriptions of wedding lingerie will be charged for at the rate of four bits a line, all said descriptions to be ante-nuptial. Now for a few Montana society items and side lights upon human nature in and around Butte, Montana, and the Northwest. Fill yourself full of air and hold on to yourself.

* * *

At the regular weekly meeting of the Helena Browning Club last week Miss Edith K——— read an interesting paper on "Grease Spots and Their Eradication."

Miss K——— advanced the startling theory that if grease is spilled upon the floor one should not put hot water upon it but should immediately cover it with cold water which will harden the grease and enable one to

scratch it off. After a spirited discussion by all the members of the club and literary lady visitors from Deer Lodge, Boulder, Great Falls and Lewistown, a vote of thanks to Miss K——— for her helpful and excellent paper was passed. Tea was poured by the Gibson girls.

* * *

Miss Julia S———, who, accompanied by her mother, has been traveling abroad, returned to Butte last week after having hit all the high spots of England and the Continent.

In speaking of Paris, Miss S——— says she was profoundly impressed with Moulin Rouge and Notre Dame Cathedral.

Mrs. S——— admits that Benjamin Constant, the portrait painter, accepted a commission to paint Miss Julia's picture, but goes straight up in the air like a skyrocket when interrogated by the X-Ray editor concerning the truth of the report current in Butte that Miss Julia posed for the artist in the altogether.

This will be a great relief to Miss Julia's many admirers in Butte. Tea was poured by Miss Hurryup.

* * *

A jolly afternoon tea in honor of Miss Birdie M——— of Billings was given by Miss Eunice P——— at her dad's house on West Granite Street last Thursday. Miss P——— received her guests in a lovely polka dotted frock of mouseline de soie with separate chimesette and charmed ail with her svelte bonhomie and bewildering tout ensemble.

Miss Birdie, the guest of honor, wore white soft silk and lace with tucks down the back and flounces around the waist line. She looked very chic. A delightful afternoon was spent in informal tittle tattle about everything in general and nothing in particular.

Prof. Pieface of Helena sang "In the Shade of the Anheuser-Busch," while Billie, the Kid, played "The Arkansas Traveler" and "The Devil's Dream" on the violin with considerable verve and diablerie.

A wild canary warbles from the top of W. A. Clark's bank a rumor of the charming Billings girl's engagement to a prominent young business man of Butte and a general hope has been expressed by those in the know, that he will not be called to some far distant state by important business affairs just as the wedding day arrives but stay right

here in Montana and do the right thing by the girl. Tea was poured by Miss Fluffie Sagehen.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. C——— sent out cards this week for a reception in honor of their son, Percy, who has just returned from Boston. Percy's career is of more than ordinary interest. He started life in the big city unknown and practically penniless, being too proud to beg and too cowardly to steal. He stood off a merchant for a basket and then secured credit for enough tinware to fill it. With this he started peddling. That was 12 years ago. To-day Percy is not worth a sou markee and still owes for the basket. He is now head bellhop at the Tremont Hotel and Inspector of the Boston Common. Tea will be poured by Miss Moocher.

(* * *

The many friends of Mr. Henry Boozeinski will be rejoiced to know that the little brown monkeys and tartan lizards have entirely disappeared from the walls of his sick chamber in St. James' Hospital, Butte, and he has now entered, with cheerful resignation, upon an era of dancing elephants to the gladsome strains of "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie, Around And 'Round And 'Round," and is now tapered down to 40 whiskies per day with a little lager beer for a chaser. He vomited only 18 times yesterday as against 43 the day previous and hopes to-morrow to be put into the Bromide class and if he has any kind of luck at all ought to be promoted into the Calomel department next week. A gentleman named Keeley has made himself particularly obnoxious to Mr. Boozeinski, on several occasions kidnapping the old gentleman, taking him over to the Keeley Institute at Alhambra Hot Springs and attempting to inspire in him a distaste for his natural booze; an insufferable outrage that is resented by no one more keenly than Mr. Boozeinski himself, who, on returning to Butte invariably marks his disapprobation for such contemptible methods by re-doubling his efforts to bull the booze market. Mr. Boozeinski knows that he must die sometime but has a perfect horror of dying in a watery grave. He admits during his more rational moments, that he has killed more saloon-keepers and bartenders than any other booze fighter in the camp—on account of the tremendous jolts of whiskey he was wont to pour out in efforts to get his 15 cents worth—and is very much alarm

lest during this enforced vacation some of the b'hoys will catch up with and pass his record.

Mr. Boozeinski's iron constitution has stood him in good stead during this, his hour of affliction.

Although strapped down in a straight jacket and unable to do any buck and wing didos for the delectation of the other hospital patients, nevertheless, he manages to keep things stirring with his gladsome shouts of praise and joy at all hours of the day and night, is feeling quite perky and hopes to be around shaking hands with old friends in a few days in the interest of his candidacy for the position of Inspector of Bonded Warehouses. Mr. Boozeinski feels that he is entitled to this old age pension on account of having spent 25 years of his life in scientific research—trying to find a whiskey that tastes the same coming up as it does going down.

The following letter was received from Mr. Boozeinski just before going to press:

St. James' Hospital, Butte.

Dear Davvy—You often told me I would go bugs if I didn't cut out the White Line, and I guess you're right. I was kidnapped last Saturday night after a high old time with the boys at Ruth Clifford's and carted down here. Am getting along hunkydory. Several of the patients have endeavored to get leave to go up town for their mail, but have all been turned down. Another patient received a telegram, which he very unfortunately lost, saying that his mother was dead in Sioux Falls, Dakota, and he had to go east at once. He, too, was turned down on the ground that the old lady had just telephoned up from South Butte inquiring about him. Another patient was most anxious to go up town and see Mackel and Meyer about a lawsuit against the Northern Pacific that they are swinging for him, but was informed that this same firm had left instructions that he was on no account to be set free for two weeks.

Yours,

HENRY BOOZEINSKI.

P. S.—Inasmuch as I cannot attend the Eagles' booze-fest next Friday night, if by any chance you can fetch me a bottle of Scotch from Browne's without letting the Sisters get wise to it you will be doing me a service I will never forget. Come as soon as you can. Don't delay; I need it.

He was a Butte professional man and was just entering his office in the eight-story Hirbour Building. "Good morning, Miss Peroxide." "Good morning, Mr. Gougehem." He stood still a moment, gazing at his blonde typewriter as she worked on the keys, trying to muster up enough courage to ask the question uppermost in his mind. Finally shaking himself together he bent forward and said:

"My fair Blondoline, I presume you have no particular extravagances?"

"Why, no, sir, I don't think that I have, why do you ask?"

"You are of an economical turn, are you not?"

"Well, not exactly."

"I mean you have saved up some money, perhaps."

"Oh, yes, I have quite a little bank account."

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me have fifty dollars?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

"Just for a few days, you know."

"Oh, that's all right."

"How do you manage to save so much, Miss Blondine? It certainly does you credit."

"Oh, I just hoard my money away."

"Indeed! So did I and yet I haven't a bean to-day."

* * *

Missoula, Montana, comes forward with a good one.

A benevolent Missoulian was passing an apartment house on his way home about 2 a. m., when he came within eye-shot of a man leaning limply against the door. Approaching him the good Samaritan said:

"Are you drunk?"

"Yeshir."

"Do you live here?"

"Yeshir."

"Want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yeshir."

The good Samaritan landed the drunk on the second floor.

"Do you live on this floor?"

"Yeshir."

Being a little leery of meeting the man's wife, if he had one, he opened the first door at the head of the stairs and shoved the drunk in. It was dark, but he managed to grope his way down stairs. On reaching the vestibule he

discovered another drunk in rather worse condition than the first one and gasping like a mallard dying of lead poisoning.

"Are you drunk too, my friend?"

"Yeshir."

"Live here too?"

"Yeshir."

Once again the "lead kindly light" landed John Barley-corn on the second floor and shoved him through the first door at the head of the stairs.

Descending the stairs again in the semi-darkness he was horrified to run on to a third drunk. This drunk was as limp as a mop rag and about all in. Bending over him "I-am-my-brother's-keeper" said sympathetically:

"Are you drunk too?"

The unfortunate man with a mighty effort staggered to his feet, waved his arms in protest and lurched into the street. Instantly falling into the arms of a policeman he cried out, in anguish of soul: "Offisher, I want protec-shun from thish shon-of-a-gun. He'sh been doin' nuzshin all night long but dragging me upshtairs and shlamming me down the, hic, bloody blooming elevator shaft."

* * *

Miss Mary MacLane,
Boston, Mass.—

Why don't you come home, dearie? It is now nearly seven years since you used to take those long strolls out upon Butte's "sand and barrenness," flop down on the flat of your back, etc., so vividly described in your famous book, "The Story of Mary MacLane."

For months and months after you left Butte for Massachusetts I poured out all the wealth of my pure affection upon you, my spirituelle creature.

I titillated your intellectual appetite with honied phrases, coaxed you from the paths of folly with sugar plums and red ears of corn, gorged you with the milk of human kindness and well nigh pumped myself dry painting the lily, gilding refined gold and showering perfume on the violets for tootsy-wootsy.

I was patient, long-suffering and gentle with you, Mary, but you sickened of my yum-yum and jumped the game. "Oh, gee, be sweet to me, kid." Can it be possible that some mischievous Puck has poured some accursed decoction into your soulful eyes—fair Titania—causing you to

dote upon some Massachusetts ass mistaking his elephantine ears for angels' wings? 'Tis true? Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Ye pitying Gods! My heart is broken quite—the ruddy drops run down incarnadining all my lumbar region. Woe, woe, is me. There is no longer sun, nor stars, nor sea, the very flowers have lost their fragrance and wine its flavor, while all the spheres that in their jocund course did hymn celestial harmony do not breed discord dire. Is it any wonder that such cruel stabs have slit my cardiac pericardium from A to Izzard, spouting forth my bright red blood, even as the o'erloaded bombard spills his booze. It cannot, cannot, be that my Mary, the paragon of gentleness and avatar of purity, known all over Montana as the X-Ray man's sweetheart has quit him forever—some serpent having succeeded in poisoning our Hymenic Eden with its anguineal slime. 'Tis not like Mary of the gentle heart. Not thus did Cleopatra chide her Antony, nor Juliet roast her panting Romeo. 'Tis true, fair love, you and I used to have our little tiffs, for true love is ever a rocky road.

Beautiful damsel, sweet patron of love and wisdom who were wont to monkey with Minerva's owl and tangle your taper fingers in Aphrodite's shining hair, by remaining in silence in Massachusetts, the abiding place of the blooming bigot and the home of the crinose crank, by Heaven, I swear you do me wrong. Hast thou forgotten the old days in Butte, when playing Heloise to my Abelard, you would pout and pout until I would contract the sulks?

Sometimes when I would write you gentle sonnets in which I ever called you Laura and signed myself Petrarch, you would complain that my muse was cold, Pegasus a mere plug, and hint that you would rather I would rush you against Newbro's ice cream joint or feed you on caramels, than sing your charms in Hudibrastic verse, but as a rule our lives ran on as smooth as oil on a summer sea.

Oftimes, on a Sunday afternoon, we would sail over to Pipestone Springs in one of Lavelle's rigs and there I watched you bathe your trilbies and tangle your taper fingers in the mountain brooks. After hitting all the road-houses on the way home, indulging in a few races with other lovers out for a lark, dost remember your wish to be taken to Whatley's cafe, steered against the lone oyster in the soup and have your corset stuffed with chili con-carni and caviar lunches, instead of indulging in the usual

rogram followed by lovers—that of letting me take you home and in the front parlor paw over the family album, finally winding up the evening's pleasure sitting on the sofa trying to swallow each other? Oh, Mary, "to dote, to doubt; suspect yet strongly love." Will the green-eyed monster yet cause me to play the part of the o'erasty Othello and journeying to Boston swat with a feather pillow the chaste janitress of my affections? Heaven forbid! Nit!

Up Eros! down Mars! Mary, you are all right. Your tongue may be a trifle shrewish but when it comes to a row-down it will be found that you are still my Annie, my Joe and that all who are waiting to see me beat my resounding brisket and make moan like a he-Aenome, so many fountained Ida, might just as well fall off the fence.

Come back to old Montana, Mary, you have spent seven years in the east hunting for your Devil. Break away from the vicinity of Boston, where there are 50,000 old maid century plants who want to get married and can't—where the men have to take to the storm cellars during sap year for protection.

Get out of Massachusetts, the land of professional phariseism, poke spectacles, flat bosoms and cold feet.

Come if you have to walk out of Boston bound for Montana, the home of the modern beauty, keeping time on the toes to the tune of

"Some airy nymph with fluent limbs
Through the dance luxuriant swims
Waving in her snowy hand
The leafy Bacchanalian wand."

"Hand" and "wand" don't rhyme very well, Mary, but saloons like saloons, must have lots of "license." If on arriving back in dear old Butte, after seven years' absence, your editor sweetheart looks no longer good to you, there are 40 or 50 other unmarried men in Butte not under the care of the State Medical Institute among whom there would be some who can be trusted to carry in the coal and come home reasonably sober.

Hie you back to old Montana, the land of variety dives, tamed high kickers and expert beer canners. Read carefully each issue of the X-Ray and it will eventually lead you into a Hymenic Elysium instead of leaving you lone and lorn with none to cuddle you to a manly brisket,

praise your wondrous beauty, etc. Instead of being condemned to the comfortless companionship of tabby cats and poll parrots, you can buckle up in double harness with some big husky miner and soon see your sons smoking cigarettes, voting the democratic ticket and making an occasional sneak down to Arkansas Hot Springs, your female descendants chasing the bubble fame on pneumatic tires out towards the nine-mile house to meet some other woman's husband.

It is never too late to mend. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Old Neptune's steeds with their snowy manes along Boston Bay will never bring you your Devil. Come to Montana where there are plenty of Teddy bears and you will yet be happy. Yes, to old Montana, fair but neglected little cockle burr, where you can sit beneath the immediate drippings of the X-Ray and let it thaw you out. A few months' residence on your native heath and you will cease to relish the droning sermons of Massachusetts' one-idea preachers, the story of the worm fricasseed in the everlasting fire and the awful atrocities of the children of Israel. The Big Hole river water will work out your little liver, cleanse your blood, sweeten your breath and transform you into a thing of beauty and joy forever. Then you will relish your X-Ray and send your Warren bouquets of sweet buttercups and blue forget-me-nots. "Let the past be past" and hie you hither where copper is king and the Irish are cocks of the walk and bulls of the woods, where we go broke playing the races, drink at the fountain of perpetual youth and talk only of love and love's rapture—with other men's wives and other women's husbands—instead of moping in dark corners with atribilarious livers and scandalizing our neighbors.

As Troilus stood 'pon Ilion's ramparts and sighed his soul out toward the Grecian camp, where his fair Cressid was flirting with some other fellow, so stands your old sweetheart upon the sun-kissed pinnacle of Anaconda hill and calls upon his Mary to come out of the Massachusetts cold' and take unto herself a Montana Apollo. Come, birdie, come home.

Lovingly,

WARREN.

* * *

Nearly every western city is partial to some kind of food. As a rule you can pick out a Salt Lake man at a

table if roasting ears are on the bill of fare. He will make a whole meal of roasting ears. It isn't always because he is passionately fond of corn. He gnaws the corn off simply to get at the cob. A Los Angeles man usually ballasts his steerage with oranges; a Portland man with fish; a Seattle man with cake; a Spokaneite with the floating island type of dessert, while Butte's favorite food is pie. A pie, a pie, my kingdom for a pie, is the wail of the Butte man when unable to get his staff of life. Next to booze it is the one essential to life in Butte and can almost be classed as a habit, the same as tobacco. We will illustrate by a story to show the effects of this fierce craving for pie in Butte. Mr. Boomer had been married about six months. He had just returned from a three-months' trip to Boston and New York, where he had been unloading a large block of that very valuable stock of the Waste Rock Mining Co. upon the defenseless public. The next day after his return home to Butte his little bride of twenty-two summers was attending one of those dear, darling afternoon teas—oh, slush—given semi-occasionally by the female fashionables of Butte's West Side. Having exhausted themselves ripping absentees up and down the back, the conversation finally drifted upon the subject of Butte's favorite dessert—cream pie, mince pie, pie-plant pie, in fact any and every old kind of pie.

The conversation finally lulled. "Oh, girls," broke out Mrs. Boomer with a sigh, "do you know that Mr. Boomer just simply dotes upon pie. He has been back east such an awfully long time—three dreadfully long months—and just got back last night. And would you believe me, girls, the dear old fellow is so fond of pastry that he had scarcely been home and in the house more than half an hour when the second thing he asked me to give him was a nice little warm piece of apple pie."

Heigho! Yes, a nice little warm piece of apple pie—about the size of the Flatiron Building at the corner of Fifth avenue and Broadway, New York. That merry giggle sounds like Florence of Deer Lodge, Montana.

* * *

"Whiskey Bill," one of the most popular bartenders that ever stood behind the bar in every saloon, concert-hall and "bucket of blood" from Klondyke to the Panama and greeted you with "What's your pleasure, gentlemen," lay dying with a combination of the willies and the old ral in

the Copper King block in the heart of Butte's underworld district.

Two brother members of the Eagles were attending him in his finish of the "All Red Route." They took turns in amusing him with passages from the Bartender's Guide and the latest news of Galena and Mercury streets.

"For God's sake, Harry, chase those two big brown chimpanzees off of the foot of the bed as they squat there grinning at me," said the invalid nervously, "how in the world do those devilish brutes get in here any way?"

"This is pretty tough to be pent up like this, isn't it?" said Harry in a whisper to Jack.

"And right when the baseball games are in full blast," said Jack, "I wonder who is pitching today."

"Now read me some more of those blessed passages from the good old Book," said the invalid feebly.

"All right, old stockings, we will fix you out.

Take a long glass and fill it one-third full of cracked ice. Put in two teaspoonsfuls of sugar and one heaping glass of Tom Gin. Squeeze a half a lemon into it. Fill up with Apollinaris and stir with solid silver spoon a foot long.

Never josh customer if this is the first drink after the night before.

Hand him another "on the house" and you have him going for the day. All boozecographers recommend this procedure."

"Ah, what comforting words, what noble thoughts," sighed the sick man.

A half minute later the patient with a terrific scream jumped from his bed and sprang through the window to the sidewalk three stories below.

Harry and Jack ran down stairs and picked him up and carried him into the Copper King saloon. When he opened his eyes he said, "Lay me on the bar, boys, and keep those confounded snakes away from me. Give me the cash register for a pillow. Ah, that's fine and dandy. Now I can die happy. Yes, I'm a goner, boys. I've got to leave you, but have one on me before I go. Gimme a shot of Scotch—gimme mine first as I may not last until you are all served. Go over into 33 and tell Edith my last words were," etc., etc.

And so, full of years and booze, passed away with his head on the cash register, one of nature's most bibulous

nobleman. A death mask of his face was taken and sent to Dutch Jake at Spokane, to put into his cabinet of curios in the Couer d'Alene Theatre.

* * *

The make-up man with his box of grease paints arrived at the Silver Bow county court house, Butte, Montana, a trifle late and immediately hurried to the ante-room, where the women friends of the prisoner were impatiently tapping their feet and heaping maledictions upon the head of the tardy artist. Immediately on reaching the room he began unpacking his pencils, paints, brushes and other tools and materials. As he proceeded to lay on the cosmetics with bold, skillful strokes, he continued to protest his innocence of any intention to injure the cause of the defense by being behind time.

When at last he had finished, the women started for the mirror to take turns at looking to see if all was right. The first woman who looked uttered a shriek of dismay and fell backward in a faint.

The second did likewise.

So did all the others.

Feeling sure that there had been some dreadful mistake, the make-up man looked hurriedly at his instructions and then screamed with terror.

It was one of those days when the women were all to look on-the-verge-of-collapse and through a mix in the dates he had made them all look hopeful and confident.

Rushing from the room, he ordered the court to delay the session until the dreadful error had been remedied.

* * *

Mrs. Bullbeef Heifer entertained friends Tuesday evening. Mrs. Heifer's many friends were pleased to note that by the expenditure of 500 scudi with a clever Parisienne she has effected a renaissance of the pink and white complexion so well remembered by our grand sires; her wealth of auburn hair has grown so that she can squat upon it comfortably, while an efficient modiste supplies her with a figure that stacks up like Juno posing for the judgment of Paris.

Mrs. Heifer's beautiful home is not a childless one like 99 per cent. of Butte's high flyers.

Mrs. Heifer is the mother of five lovely children, one of whom, by a vivid stretch of the imagination is thought

by many to resemble her husband just a trifle. Tea was poured by the Freelunch Sisters.

* * *

It was indeed a beautiful moonlight night. The gentle zephyrs played musically amid the delicate frondes of the turnip tops and wafted from afar distant fields the subtle perfume of the luscious onion and the fragrance of decaying cabbage on Farmer Pumpkin's barley, alfalfa and hog ranch in the Gallatin valley, a couple of miles out from Bozeman, Montana. The hired man and the hired girl had finished their labors for the day and were sitting together on the fence surrounding Farmer Pumpkin's pigsty doing their "sparking." "Betsey, how be—u—tiful you be in the moonlight. Just think of it, Betsy, when we are married we will have a pig of our own. Think of that, Betsy."

"Aw, now, Jimmer," cooed the big Clydesdale dairy maid, loving him up to her; "what do I care for pigs? I shant want no pig when I've got you."

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Whiner came over from Whitehall and preached in one of the little churches in South Butte last Sunday.

Not feeling very well, the dear, good, pompous pillar of the Lord remained over night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Goodfolks.

"I am so sorry you are not feeling well, Mr. Whiner," said Mrs. Goodfolks, after the evening service. "That reminds me, Mrs. Goodfolks," said the minister gravely, "you should be very, very careful, here in Butte, and avoid even the very appearance of evil." "Why, Rev. Whiner! Don't say that!! What on earth have I been doing!!!" "I observe that on your sideboard you have several cut glass decanters and that each of them is filled with what appears to be ardent spirits." "Now, Mr. Whiner, it isn't anything of the kind, honest Indian, it isn't. The bottles just looked so pretty that I filled them half way up with floor stain and furniture polish, just for appearance."

"That is why I am cautioning you, Mrs. Goodfolks. Just before going over to the church, I took a good-sized snort out of that big bottle in the middle and I declare I thought I was going to throw up my guts during the first hymn. Have you none of the clear McCoy handy around the house?"

* * *

Labor day is always a big day in Butte, but this year it was a cracker-jack. The parade was a long one, 20,000 to 25,000 men, a fourth of the population of the camp being in line. The various 50 odd unions showed excellent taste in their displays, the dairymen being particularly noticeable as dressed in white they sang, "Yes, we will gather at the river."

A float loaded with the two principal bi-products of Butte—a bevy of the demi-monde seated on empty whiskey barrels—created much favorable comment.

The Sells-Floto circus helped swell the parade. Marcus Daly's statue was unveiled, a baseball game at the park helped out some, the latest reports from the Sister's Hospital being that the umpire will be out in about ten days.

The biggest part of the crowd went to Columbia Gardens and danced, drank beer, sang their different national hymns and watched their fat babies roll on God's green carpeting. A rock drilling contest between two miners added zest to the occasion. Merry-go-rounds and roller coasters did a rushing business, while Gladys surrounded by the Boston and Montana Band stood in the band stand and to a sympathetic audience gave a thrilling description of some of her awful experiences on the tower of Madison Square Garden and her pitiful toboggan slides in a certain well-known studio near the Butte Hotel—the lovely creature taking for her text those beautiful words of the poet Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

"When lovely maiden stoops to folly

And learns too late that men betray,

What words can soothe her melancholy?

What art can wash her grief away?"

Sports of all kinds were pulled off but the main event was a sensational High Dive by the world-famous Anderson, a Swedish gentleman whose tank work (after each pay day) will be vouched for by all the influential bartenders of Butte.

On this occasion plunger Anderson dived head foremost from the top of the tippie 125 feet high, into a tank with only 40 inches of water in it. This is 25 feet higher than he had ever plunged before and on gazing down from the dizzy height into the wee little tank below, he immediately got "cold feet" clear up to the roots of his hair and wished he was in Satan's great winter resort with his back broke. His backer and manager noticing Anderson's timidity—

the brave man having dropped down on his knees and commenced counting his beads—with rare presence of mind saved the \$100 prize given for this stunt by pouring a gallon of Old Crow bug juice into the tank, whereupon Anderson leaped instantly into space. He cleaved the waters in fine and dandy shape, bobbing up serenely with a beatific smile on his face, loudly cheered by his fellow miners.

Considerable difficulty was experienced by the sport committee in getting the brave man to leave the tank.

He said: "Thish beats your damnedoldhotspringsall-toell."

* * *

In Butte's Chinatown is a Chinaman who has a hand laundry and also is the owner of a truck patch out beyond the graveyard near the slaughter-house. He is also the owner of a pretty and chic little wiffee with wee tiny feet and other charms. Being compelled to spend much of his time gardening out at his truck patch, he eventually became insanely jealous of the big red-headed policeman whose beat was on their street. In due course of time his wife presented him with a son, who alas! was also red-headed. Burst out the Chinaman to his better half:

"Velly funny thing. Me settee cabbage, up popee cabbage. Me settee lettuce, up popee lettuce. Me settee Chinamen, up popee policeman. Velly funny, velly dlam queer!"

* * *

The West Side Literary Club of Butte, which includes a number of leading lady literati of the city, will hold sessions of the club once every two weeks during the coming winter. They announce nights with Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Carlyle, Burns, Kipling, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Mary MacLane and many others of past and present day fame. Owing to some oversight upon the part of the program committee they seem to have omitted a Night with Heinze which, in view of many events in Butte's history the past fifteen years, should certainly draw a full attendance of members qualified to speak on the subject. Collections will be taken at each meeting for the benefit of the suffering stockholders of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association.

* * *

There was nothing running around his house except

the fence, in fact he had sported around Helena for over twenty years and suddenly awoke to find himself about 45 years of age and a trifle out of the marriagable class. Visiting back at his old home in Illinois, he nailed an old crowbait whom he was positive couldn't help being true to him, because she looked like the skeleton of famine, her bust was as flat as an ironing board, a thumb ring would have made her a garter and her temper savored of aqua fortis. But she had one redeeming feature—one of those real nice 640-acre Illinois farms, worth \$200 an acre, inherited from her deceased father. Every one frankly foretold what would happen, and for once they were right. The wayward old sport had just returned to his home on the Lower Broadwater car line in one of those I-love-my-wife-but-oh-you-booze conditions, when the lynx-like eyes of his mature spouse—"hell hath no fury like a woman scorned"—spotted a brunette silk hair net suspended from the top pearl button of his vest.

"Oh! you horrid wretch!! you contemptible skunk!!! you contaminated piece of horse flesh!!!! This then confirms my private detective's report; another woman hath supplanted me in your affections. Now, Charles, understand, sir, once and for all that I will never, never, never play second fiddle. Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo-oo-o! I've a notion to go home to my mother."

"Sec'n' fid'le," he howled in alcoholic delight, fairly collapsing to the floor with laughter at the suggestion, "shecond fil—shay, shee here, ol' henlets, ol' frizzle facesh, ol' lashroshoshummer—sec'n fil—thash awri'—thash good—thash damgood—but shee here, Maria, m'dear—don't you think you, hic, ought to conslinder yourshelf damlucky t' be in th' band at all? Sheriously now, on the dead level."

Then the hair pulling commenced. Remember the Maine! Will the orchestra please refrain from playing "I'm Glad I'm Married, My Wife's a Dream."

* * *

A crowd of ranchers landed in Butte a few days ago from the neighborhood of Forsyth, Montana, bent on having a week's good time. They had it. They hit the high lands, low lands, bad lands, bought the best and most expensive brands of beer in the city—\$1.00 a bottle—went through the mines and smelters, journeyed on the "Seeing Butte Car," had oodles of fun, by hunky, riding

on the roller coaster at Columbia Gardens, sampled the noodle joints, enjoyed the novel sensation of being shaved by the female barbers on East Park street, got their boots blackened with Billie Whitely's shining machines, and had a bang up good time in general. Just as they were about to depart for their lower Yellowstone homes, one of them suggested that they take a whirl at spiritualism. He had noticed the card in the bay window at 739 South Colorado street which reads "Spiritual Test Circles Here To-night."

Being agreed, they all went down to 739 South Colorado street that evening, each and all of them declaring, however, that of course it was a fake.

The president begged of any of the gentlemen to ask some question of the medium.

"Ask her where my father is now?" After the usual proceedings the president said, "The medium has answered that your father is in Ogden, Utah."

"Well," said the would-be-smartie, "the medium is clear off her trolley, for my father has been dead three years."

"I am sorry if a mistake has been made," said the president, "I will ask the medium again," and this was the result:

"Sir, the medium says there is no mistake and that your father is in Ogden, Utah. The gentleman who died three years ago was your mother's husband."

Go way round 'em, Shep.

* * *

There is a tear mist on the eye glasses and the cigarette is out. Harry W——, the popular bartender at the Mint saloon in Great Falls, had a remarkable adventure here in Butte the other day. Harry rushed into a restaurant on lower Main street and ordered ham and eggs in a great hurry in order to be able to catch the Great Falls train. The waitress had served him with his two cackles and a grunt and Harry was shaking hands with his knife and fork and asking another diner to pass the mustard, when the big pot-bellied proprietor of the place stalked in from the kitchen in his big white cap and apron. The unsuspecting Harry was helping himself liberally when the big proprietor let drive at Harry on the right jaw—but pshaw! It turned out to be a mistake after all. Harry had handed the girl fifty cents as a tip to hurry with his order so that he could catch the train, while the waitress, seeing Harry wearing one of those "I-love-my-wife-

but - oh - you-kid-footprints-on-the-dashboard-upside-down-grins on his face, thought that he—oh, tut-tut, tut-tut, forget it. Harry knows the tariff schedules in Butte better than that. Harry is no cheap skate. Four bits, ohel!

Some of these flusies that come into Butte from Montana's ranches and hire themselves out as hashers and pearl divers are so green before they take passage upon the Renshaw Hall-booze route that if they died and went to hell they would put all the fire out.

* * *

The social season in Butte opened Monday night with a progressive poker party given by Mrs. J. Rooter De Swellhead in honor of Miss Nellie Chipmonk, who has just returned from an extended out-of-town trip. Miss Chipmonk first journeyed to Rochester, Minn., and consulted Drs. Will and Charley Mayo at their famous hospital, relative to an operation for obesity, but was told to keep on peddling her papers. She then returned to Montana and placed herself under the care of Helena's famous obesity expert, Dr. Killhog, at his apartments near the Grand Central Hotel. Her many friends in Butte and elsewhere will rejoice to learn that under Dr. Killhog's skillful ministrations she has regained her former girlish figure and is as sprightly as a hen on a hot griddle, and even more charmingly audacious than ever. The society writers on the Helena papers referred to her on her arrival in the capital city as a "swell girl from Butte," and judging from newspaper reports the gay young men in the capital city gave this fragrant Butte flowerlet considerable attention. All Montana bows to the genius of Dr. Killhog and his name and fame as an obesity expert is fast spreading all over the west. Mrs. De Swellhead is a charming hostess and a right royal entertainer, having been to the manor born. She came of one of the very first American families, her great great grandfather having come across the pond as a body guard to Lord Baltimore. Her father, the late lamented Joseph Pigsticker, having accumulated a competency tailoring overcoats for the toothsome sausage and making souse, gave his daughter the advantages of an education at Vassar, where she was the winner of five German silver medals in as many collegiate gum chewing contests, as well as being considered the champion pill roller of the Pi Beta Phi fraternity.

The X-Ray extends its heartiest congratulations to Mrs.

De Swellhead and also to Miss Nellie upon her complete restoration to health in the light weight class.

“Wait till the sun shines, Nellie,
And the clouds go drifting by.”

* * *

He was generally known around the Stockholm variety theatre, his favorite “hangout,” as one of the most prominent “white-liners” in Great Falls, and he wound up his little ball of yarn by landing in the Columbus hospital with a request to the pretty nurse to get an ax and chop open his abdomen on the left side in order to free a 1,500-pound mule that persisted in grazing upon his intestines, but that in cutting to be almighty careful and not chop into Maud’s hind legs lest she stampede and tear him to pieces. In a few days he was getting along nicely and the doctor told him that if he cared to do so, he could write to relatives in Butte and inform them that he would be on the streets again in a week. He wrote the letter and licked a postage stamp for it. The stamp, however, fell out of his hand and lit upon the back of a cockroach on the floor. He could see the stamp moving along the floor, but he could not see the cockroach beneath it with its back glued to the stamp. He watched the stamp move to the wall. He eyed it steadily as it slowly ascended the wall to the ceiling and then started across the ceiling for the opposite wall. “A week!” he muttered in disgust. “Aw, hell! I won’t get out of here short of two years!”

* * *

The society head liners of Butte’s fashionable West Side have devised a new diversion called the A. B. C. X. Y. Z. Club. They meet quite informally at the residence of a member who invites them in. If the ambulance is not called to carry them to Murray’s hospital with brainfag from this exertion, the hostess pins upon each member of the party a dainty silver medal having on its reverse side the arms of the club—a jackass regardant circled by the inscription in dog Latin, “A wiser than Balaam is here.”

On the obverse side of each medal is a letter of the alphabet.

At a signal from the hostess, the club, which is composed of 26 members, repeats the alphabet forward and backward, each naming in its regular order the letter he or she may chance to wear. Those failing to answer promptly or butting in with their answers out of proper

rotation are fined five cents until there are enough nickels in the "kitty" to purchase chop suey for all present. The game is then declared ended and the members listen to amateur music, refreshing themselves in this fashion until exhausted, at which hour the president of the club, by word of mouth and high ball sign, heads the procession to the Shanghai Noodle Parlors, where all proceed to tank up with noodles.

Membership in the Butte Alphabetical Club is fine and dandy sport, but an awful strain on the average intellect in Butte's high society. Several cases of nervous prostration have occurred and the X-Ray asks Chief of Police Jack Quinn to seriously consider the propriety of interfering.

Mental culture is all right in its way, but Butte's social savants are becoming reckless enthusiasts on the subject. There is such a thing as riding a good horse to death.

A hint to the wise is sufficient.

* * *

He was a Republican orator sent out here to Montana by the National Republican Committee to shoot us full of hot air. Having a day to spare the great eastern steam fitter went over to Alhambra Springs, 55 miles northeast of Butte for a day. The editor of the X-Ray was also taking a day of much needed rest and we met at the dinner table.

"Fine day," said we, wiping some egg off our chin.

"Ain't it though," said the orator, digging his fork into a potato.

"May I trouble you for the butter, Mr. G. O. P.?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Davenport. And won't you have one of these greens? They are simply delicious."

"Greens? Greens?? Greens???" All the time, old ockie, you can't possibly realize what a luxury a mess of greens are to a Butte man. You see the sulphur fumes from our great smelters have pretty well annihilated all the vegetation in and around Butte, so that Columbia Gardens, Butte's Coney Island, four miles east of the city, about the only place where one of these delightful grass snches can be obtained. Yes, indeed, I will take some of the greens. By the way, Mr. G. O. P., what do you think of Alhambra Springs as a resort?"

"It is really charming. The baths are the equal of those at Arkansas Hot Springs and the hospitality just

as warm and fervent as at the Arlington or Billie Maurice's, while the grandeur of your Montana scenery is simply sublime."

"What luck did you have with your speech-making in Dakota, Mr. G. O. P.?"

"First rate. In some of the towns the committee complained that I was too weak on the start, but I am all right now since I altered my daily regimen."

"Daily wot?"

"Oh," laughed the eastern hot air brewery, "instead of my usual diet of warm milk and toast—graveyard stew, I believe you call it out west here—I have commenced to dope with hot tamales, chile con carne, cayenne pepper and champagne. Before stepping on to the platform I gulp down a good jolt of whiskey and Jamaica ginger. Then I am "stewed" so I can turn in and give them hallelujah. In Dakota I wore a shining silk cady, but when I crossed the Dakota line into Montana, per instructions from the National Republican Committee, I put my stovepipe in a bandbox and donned a slouch hat. Senator Carter told me when making speeches in Minnesota and Dakota in the after speech handshaking to be rather formal and greet them with 'Good evening' and 'I am glad to meet you,' but the moment I got into Montana and the yokels gather around the stage after the speech, to take off the lid and loosen up with 'put her there, old cockie,' 'say, boys, this is just more fun than a bag of monkeys,' 'I always feel at home when I get in a gang like this.'"

The great orator and the humble editor then took an after dinner stroll out among the summer tent residences, the former leaking out the information that after the campaign was over he would commence making his regular bi-annual "killing" writing speeches for illiterate congressmen and senators—these speeches to be sent broadcast over the land purporting to have been delivered on the floor of congress.

"Do you know that every man ought to spend two weeks out of every six months resting up at some springs," said the editor. "We go through life too fast. In Butte we eat by electricity and sleep on the run. I firmly believe if a man would make two trips a year to the springs and keep it up year in and year out, although he would lose a month each year from business, yet he would add ten to fifteen years to his life. No state in the union is so blessed

by nature with hot springs as Montana. We have Hunters' Hot Springs, Alhambra Hot Springs, Gregson Hot Springs, Crystal Hot Springs, Chico Hot Springs down by the Yellowstone Park, Boulder Hot Springs, Pipestone Hot Springs and the Broadwater Natatorium in Helena."

"I formed the same opinion when I was at Bannf Hot Springs up in British Columbia last year. It does a man good to get the booze boiled out of him, anyway."

"The trouble is the people of Butte are too busy camping on the trail of dollars and soubrettes to appreciate the advantages that lie at their very doors, while most people in adjoining states and throughout the country are ignorant of our treasures."

"Are the people of Butte unappreciative? I am to spiel there in Sutton's Broadway Theatre to-morrow night and perhaps you can wise me up a little. I had intended to hand out a few chunks about Montana's resources and your inexhaustible copper mines of Butte and what a great blessing to the camp the settlement of the Heinze—Amalgamated copper war was and tell them, also, of the wonderful strides of the world's electrical development, which means more demand for copper, of which I understand Butte supplies a quarter of the world's production, etc., and then advancing to the front of the stage, shout 'Miners of Butte, are ye freemen or are ye slaves?' That is, if——"

"If what?"

"If the whiskey and Jamaica ginger don't die out on me before I've reached that point in my speech."

"Why don't you use gin then? By so doing you could take the jolts all the way through. It looks just like water and the audience will never know the difference."

"I never thought of that, Davenport; you have a great head. They tell me Butte audiences are very cynical and prone to accept the most solemn assurances of a political speaker, cum barrello salis. Is it so?"

"We certainly have the Missourian habit. The world's smoothest con artists in every department of human trickery oftentimes come out to Butte from the east and get every feather picked off of them by the very miners in our mines."

"How would you suggest I can best get on the good side of a Butte audience?"

"Oh, just jolly them along and spread on the salve with a trowel. Pay a tribute to the beauty of the women and

express your gratification at seeing so many of them 'present here to-night.' The ladies will be out in full force occupying the front seats and rubbering at each other's headgear during your most stirring passages. Tell the dear creatures what an influence they are for good in the world and ring in something about the hand that rocks the cradle and wields the hat pin rules the world and is first at the bargain counter, first in peace and first in the hearts and pocketbooks of her countrymen.

"Tell what a splendid reputation Butte has all over the United States for its honest men and virtuous women and excellent morals. Articulate through your tile and fiddle on your jawbone about our fine streets, stately boulevards, inexhaustible mines and magnificent buildings.

"Say that you were never more surprised in your life when stepping off at the Northern Pacific depot you beheld the astonishing progress made by the city of Butte since your last visit six years ago.

"Discuss the state in general a little—say that as you entered the state at Glendive and came up the Yellowstone valley and noted the vast irrigation ditches at Miles City, Forsyth and Billings, the thought came to you that 'Here, here, will be the paradise of the world.' Every visitor gets this off his stomach as soon as he gets up to speak.

"Tell them that the Butte Miners' Union—10,000 strong—has the reputation all through the eastern states of being the most conservative, the brightest, biggest, best and most intelligent organization of laboring men on the face of the earth to-day. Try and not choke down on that last damli. Of course you are liable to be prosecuted for infringement of-copyright by the owner of the above language, Senator Carter, who always uses it in his Butte speeches and who is known among some of our flannel-mouthed, anarchistic walking delegates, labor agitators and dynamiters as Tom Carter, 'the polecat of Montana politics,' on account of the aroma arising from some alleged acts in his twenty years of service for the dear people of Montana that were not exactly in accordance with Hoyle and the recognized union scale.

"Tell them that you have been much struck with the extraordinary advantages of this district, the grandeur of its landscape, its fertility (cheers), its bucolicity (applause), its crackerjackisy (more enthusiasm), its pro bono publico (prolonged cheering), to say nothing of the pale

opaesque mystery of its whiskey, which diffuses its boozological rays in every direction with tremendous codgerosity and spification among the lofty, noble, magnanimous, spiritual minded, semi-intoxicated citizens of Montana as they go cackling along the corridors of time, ripping open the scenery in touring cars, etc. Continue about Montana, this glorious heritage handed down to us as a sacred trust by our forefathers, who fought, bled and croaked, rumpy, untum, tum-tum-tum. (Glorious applause.)

"But, men of Montana, does not that flag, star-gemmed and pure as an angel's wing, smiling and kissing the sunlight as it proclaims the chivalry of men, the valor of heroes, the devotion of patriots, the triumphs of liberty, equality and eternal right—I say, does not that flag, that good old flag, the glorious stars and stripes (uproarious cheers) that has braved for 140 years the shot and the shell, the battle and the booze, appeal to your highest sense of duty? Why, ladies and gentlemen, I would be recreant in my trust if I did not most emphatically toodle-de-umptyido, etc. Why, ladies and gentlemen, for I notice and am highly pleased that so many of the fair sex have graced us with their er- er- er presence here to-night, etc.

"But, ladies and gentlemen (looking at his watch), I have already spoken longer than I intended er- er, etc. (cries of 'Go on!'). When I look around over this vast and intelligent audience with so many of the fairest flowers of this great and glorious city, etc. (frantic applause), when I gaze upon the school children here to-night, your future wives and mothers, kept mistresses and Renshaw Hall tommies; your future cradle robbers and real estate sharks, men's specialists wolves and wildcat mining company promoters of this smoky old mining-er-er, I mean this beautiful city, I am reminded of the story of Mrs. Casey's card party. A couple of Irishmen met on the street one day and one said to the other:

"Pat, are you going to Mrs. Casey's card party to-night?"

"Pat somewhat pettishly replied: '_____'

"To which Mike rejoined: '_____.'

"Roars of laughter, during which you take your seat."

"That will catch a Butte audience, will it?" said the slush fund spieler.

"It certainly will. Butte is an Irish heaven. I ought to know, as I have lived there nine years."

"Let's go back to the hotel and have a cigar."

"No, here comes the hack for the depot, and I must go, as I have an important engagement in Butte this afternoon, but I will see you to-morrow night at your gabfest. Here is a copy of my semi-monthly paper, the Butte X-Ray. Read it and you will know me better when we meet to-morrow night. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, sir, and put me down as a subscriber to your paper for a year. Here are the two dollars."

"Thanks, goodbye."

* * *

It was simply a crowd of sports, young and old, assembled in the Lambs' Club in Helena, puffing away at Turkish cigarettes and mapping out future plans for killing time.

Away from the main bunch sat Tommy in the corner of the clubroom. His feet were cocked high on a reading table and large curls of smoke issued from his mouth. He was day dreaming—thinking of the old kid days ten years previous back in Posey County, Indiana, when he used to shoot craps with the corner grocery man and occasionally lead the latter's affectionate daughter out blackberrying where the bushes were thickest.

Finally tapping his pipe against the spittoon to empty the few unsmoked grains of tobacco from it he got up and moseyed over to the rest of the bunch.

"It's all right, Tommy, old boy," declared a newly married young sport in the bunch. "Being married is the only way to live. It is the real thing. On the square, you fellows don't know what you are missing. I feel sorry for you poor old broken down sexual wrecks. There is nothing like having:

"Some one to love and cheer you
Sometimes when things go wrong;
Some one to snuggle near you,
Some one to share your song.
Some one to call you sweetheart
After the day is done;
Some one to kiss you,
Some one to miss you,
Just some one."

"And besides that, fellows," continued the newly married sport, after he had finished singing the chorus of one of the popular songs of the day, "when you are home with

the dearest girl in all the world there is no fear of a raid, no buying of the beer, no tips to the piano player and the trap drummer. Oh, by gum, it is simply great."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Tommy.

"I suppose you think it isn't so. That is your blamed ignorance. I wish some good friend of mine had come to me four years ago and given me the straight tip. If I had all the money they have worked me for wealthy water in the last four years, I would have a roll that would trip a greyhound. Buck up and be a man, Tommy. Wake up, wake up!"

"That is just where the trouble is," said Tommy, "I'm awake. You are in a dream now."

"Don't you believe it, Tommy. I would not go back to my former state for ten thousand dollars. You couldn't coax me to take a drink in any of the sixty saloons of Helena, and I would no sooner think of sitting in a little game than of flying. On the square, I feel sorry for you poor old 'also rans.'"

"Oh, you need not feel sorry. We are all right. By the way, speaking of little games, I had a straight flush last night in a jackpot, with mighty near all the chips on the table piled up in the pot. They all held good hands and I allowed 'em to dig down in their pockets for more dough. Oh, it was a shame to take the money."

"You don't say so. By gum, you must have made a killing. It was off your own deal, of course?"

"Why, certainly."

"It doesn't interest me, anyway," said the young married man. "I've rented a nice little housey out on the lower Broadwater car line and am fixing up the little front porch. You must come out and see us when we get settled down. But say, did that bust up the game or did you go on playing? When did you say you were going to have another game?"

"I didn't say we were going to have another game, but it is very likely the boys will want revenge to-night. Ten o'clock is the usual time."

"Couldn't you get them to make it eight, Jimmy? I can't stay out very late, you know."

"Sure, Mike! Eight goes."

"Well, that is a go. I will now go and phone home and give little wifey a song and dance."

* * *

Rev. Brayhard of the Moody and Sankey Institute in Chicago has opened up a series of revival meetings in Butte's auditorium and is accompanied by a singer, Rev. Whangdoodle. All the ministers in Butte have joined hands in the nightly meetings and Rev. Whiner of Whitehall and Rev. Nincompoop Screecher of Anaconda are in the city assisting in the blessed work. Rev. Ninnybrains of Butte is there like a duck. In view of this remarkable situation it behooves the X-Ray to have a few words with you gentlemen from outside of Butte:

Dear Evangelists—

The parable tells of "The sower who went forth to sow and some of the seed fell upon rocky places." Well, Butte is just about the "rockiest" old place you gentlemen ever struck to sow the seed. We will gamble on that. At the same time we wish you well in your work and have no desire to sneer or belittle the work you are undertaking in our midst. It is good work, if properly conducted. Still, don't you think you have got off on the wrong foot? The people of Butte are used to hearing intemperate language from the political rostrum, but not from the pulpit. They are shrewd enough to recognize the fact that in order to draw good houses and attract attention, the visiting evangelist has to affect a certain eccentricity of style and speech. It is a part of the business. Sam Jones used to work this racket to a fare-ye-well and was a past master in the art of getting himself talked about. People tumbled over themselves in thousands to hear him and enjoy the novel sensation of receiving a horrible roast at first hand. All same Billie Sunday. But you gentlemen are altogether too mild in your methods and for the sake of the gate receipts we cannot too strongly urge upon you the expediency of switching your "system" and shaking things up a bit.

The announcement which one of you made the other evening to the effect that you would not blow your nose on a Butte bartender was a step in the right direction, though it might have been supplemented by the further statement that you would not wipe your feet upon the editor of the X-Ray, at least not more than once. Keep it up. The Butte public will turn out to hear this kind of rot. They don't get it from the local preachers and the change may do them good.

It is absolutely necessary that you strain at gnats and

swallow whole street parades of circus horses when denouncing card playing in the home. On Sunday night I listened to your Evangelist Brayhard cry aloud with uplifted hand, "If I were a pastor of any church in Butte, and knew that any member of it had cards in the house, I would turn him out in the street, I would turn him out (*crescendo*), turn him out *and let him die on the street.*"

Now, gentlemen, nobody in Butte is going to cut out the little game of whist or pedro at his home because you gentlemen don't happen to like it. Had you gone after the pirates who occasionally lure the mutts from the ranches up into their rooms in the hotels at two in the morning and throw the harpoon into them with a straight flush in a cut-throat game of poker, we would understand your wrath. But the harmless pack of cards in the house, upon which you lay so much stress, where one plays an odd game or two of cribbage with wife or daughter, is here to stay, and please don't forget it.

In regards to your opinion on gambling the X-Ray is not and never will be opposed to square gambling. A little game of draw among friends in the rear of the cigar store is one of the joys of life. No one who has knocked all over the civilized North America as I have can see very much harm in games of chance unless they happen to be brace games. Now, the writer has played an elegant sufficiency of faro at the Gold Room and West Moyer's in Cheyenne, at the Arcade saloon in Denver, Reeves Brothers' place in Guthrie, Oklahoma, and other towns too numerous to mention. He has played poker, moreover, up to the point where it dawned upon him that he didn't know how to play the game and ceased to be a poker fiend and—oh, yes, we came almost forgetting—having played the races in the pool rooms of Butte with varying success, even breaking into jail on account of it—altogether after an all round experience of square gambling in various parts of the world, we cannot for the life of us see anything wrong about it. The fact that you church people say it is wrong don't make it wrong by a hellovasite. But men who make their living by crooked gambling and the swindling of suckers should be put behind the bars and kept there. Your Rev. Brayhard said, a few nights ago, that all newspaper reporters were liars. This may be taken in a Pickwickian sense, in addition to being a plagiarism from David. He also said that men who danced at Colum-

bia Gardens with their arms around a lady's waist were "dirty rascals." Now that is not pretty. A great many good people in Butte dance, and dance very poorly, too.

In regard to the social evil here in Butte, if you can put a dent in *that* you will be dandies.

"I would rather be engaged in this blessed work in Butte for the next three weeks than to be in heaven," said Rev. Brayhard; speaking for myself, I would rather be in hell the next fifteen years than to be working for the next three weeks in the sweat boxes on the 1,200-foot level of Parrot mine, right here in Butte also.

All this line of superheated banalities spoils the general effect that you are trying to produce and leaves the clammy effect of chill Puritanism. Bow wow. The day for that is over. Get in the ark. And remember that "Connell always has it for a little less."

The X-Ray would remind you, gentlemen, that in Helena, Great Falls, Butte, Missoula, Spokane and other cities in the west you will not find your audiences quite so emotional as the Posey County, Indiana, brand.

As a matter of fact Butte does not need you at all. We have a group of pastors here who are second to none in ability and zeal in their sacred calling, and with them we shall endeavor to plug along in the paths of pleasantness and peace long after you brimstone peddlers have left us to continue your astonishing vocation of upsetting the religious equilibrium of Squaw Center and Pumpkin Hollow.

The brand of religion you evangelists peddle out is a disease. You do not appeal to the sense but the sensibilities of your hearers. Your success depends upon your ability to excite the passions and play upon the prejudices of the public. You rasp the untrained nerves of the hoi polloi with your rat-tail files until they go to pieces.

People with small mentalities become excited with your pictures of feathered angels and visions of scaly demons until they develop into full-fledged fanatics. You simply sow a crop of dragons' teeth and reap a crop of cranks.

Your advice to the girls of Butte is truly laughable. Gentlemen, it seems to be an accepted fact that women always love the prodigal instead of the good young man. The G. Y. M. doesn't look upon the wine when it is red or prowl around the gambling houses, variety shows and assignation rathskellars. He sings your Moody and Sankey

songs and comes to her immaculate and innocent and she promptly labels him a ninny while she gathers the prodigal into her forgiving arms, wipes out his tears and his checkered career with one sweep of her dainty handkerchief and tearfully tells him that as long as the lamp holds out to burn the vilest sinner (of his sex) may return.

And man? Is it the good woman that he really loves? By her children, friends and dependents she is revered as something holy, but "it is not for good women men have fought battles, given their lives and starved their souls." Man will not love paragons, he wearies of statues and he tires of saints. He will love and be loved tho' the skies open and Jove's terrors blast the oak at his feet. He will brave the Word of God and the Curse of Rome, defy heaven and laugh at hell. He will love, though it be the labor of Ixion and Elysia always beyond his reach—though the Furies lash and the Fates shriek.

Somebody says somewhere, "We may owe our solid happiness to the good, but we owe life's color and variety and excitement to the wicked and bad; let us never underrate them."

That is unorthodox, but also undeniable.

Mark Twain says: "Be good and you will be lonesome," and there is an awful lot of truth in it. You "good" people, in the strict sense of the word, are so uninteresting. Your lives are ironbound and in judging of your kind, your view is narrow and your verdict pitiless, because you cannot understand lives less coldly calculating than your own. You are monotonous because there is no unexpectedness in your natures. You cannot comprehend the sudden heat-lightning of the human passions when man wages battle with the elements, when fire and storm blind and madden, and in the awful lull that follows he gazes ashen-faced into the depths of his own bared soul. Only those with water in their blood advocate the old antiquated and out of date theory of hell. Holy smoke! What a ninny a man is to believe the Omnipotent God incapable of inventing a worse torture than a hell of fire for those who fall beneath the ban of His displeasure. If it were certain that the hell of the next world were no worse than a thousand different hot boxes in the Butte mines, thousands of us who have toiled therein would not be loth to jump from the frying pan of the present to the fire of the future.

Physical pain is the worst of torture only to the dull, dumb beasts. There are millions and millions of wretched creatures in this world who have no fear of the future beyond the grave. They have already suffered all the soul can suffer. A greater burden would be a lighter load—crushing them out of existence completely. In all our great centers of population human life is cheap.

Want and wretchedness, ignorance and crime everywhere fill our prisons and poorhouses, hospitals, asylums and hot springs to overflowing—crowded with miserable beings that have at one time dreamed of fame and power and wealth. The great ocean of Life is literally covered with wrecks, men battling with disease, women shrieking in agony of soul, little children suffering from inherited taints and sins of ancestors—and yearly millions more drifting blindly upon the rocks. Think you that these millions of people have any fear of the future?

The X-Ray has a theory that the Almighty elects to punish some here and some hereafter. Lightly fall the crashing thunderbolts of destiny for those whose time hath not yet come. The sins of yesterday are unremembered to-morrow, the sob is but a prelude to the smile. God's sunlight pierces even through the clouds. Friends are forgotten ere their graves are green. For others the agony of a lifetime is crowded into every hour for months and years at a stretch. Every moment the dead and buried must receive upon their lips the loving kiss and be anew committed to the bosom of our common mother, old wounds bleed afresh and will not heal, faces that have become a wailing cry in memory's desolate halls come stealing back from Beulahland and trooping about these figures are words and deeds that sting like aspics or turn to foul yahoos and assail the heart with poisoned fangs and beat upon the bosom with leathern wings until from the profoundest depths of the stricken soul a prayer oftentimes goes up to the throne of Omnipotent God for death, even with an everlasting hell of fire and brimstone. Aye, the soul that is broad and human, that has known all the ecstasy of the stars and the hideous suffering of a mental Tartarus; that has lived and laughed and wept and cursed, that has fallen and hoped and despaired and conquered and risen, Phoenix-like, out of the ashes and ruins—that has suffered and is strong and is silent and waits, that soul is not good. It is not bad. It does not need to be "saved." It is simply

grand. Yes, a man must believe something—must have some beacon light to lead him on through Life's dark valley, even tho' it be a lying will-o'-the-wisp; else were he but an animal cursed with the knowledge that each succeeding day brings him nearer annihilation—eternal separation from those his heart holds dear. But there is a precious little consolation for a suffering mortal in your words, gentlemen. But because you are shallow in your views and doctrines, should turn no one away from his belief and hopes of better things beyond. When the clods fall upon the coffin that holds the pathetic dust of a man's idolatry, his heart would break did not Hope whisper that the Night of Death will fade into eternal Day. The Deity hath not revealed to us the secrets we would know. Perhaps, encumbered as we are with earthly clay, we could not understand. But He is merciful. He makes it possible for us to Believe, even while Reason thunders that we do not know. Respectfully, THE X-RAY.

* * *

The event of the month in the South Side social circles of Butte was an elegant shindig given last Tuesday evening by Butte's universal mother-in-law, Miss Ruth Clifford, at her elegant mansion, the Irish World, upon East Mercury street, to her many friends in the X-Ray office, the Elks, the Silver Bow Club, the Butte, Finlen and Thornton hotels, the Butte Miners' Union, and all over Montana and the entire west for that matter, in honor of twelve beautiful and accomplished young ladies who are making their home with "Miss Ruth" for the present, hoping that the sometimes sunny climate of Butte will be conducive to their general health as well as the finding of some kind-hearted old Santa-Claus who will put something nice into their stockings. Heigho! Brace up, girls. Every day will be Christmas by and by, if copper ever, ever gets back to 20 cents again.

Most of the gentlemen who received invitations came on a dead gallop when it was learned that the event would be supplemented by a swell feed calculated to make Lucullus and Vitellius kick the lids off their marble sarcophagi. "Miss Ruth," who is a charming hostess despite the youth and inexperience of her 22 summers, received her guests in the ivory and gold room, which has a rich carpet of bottle green moquet with yellow flowers and Japanese silk por-

tieres in parti-colors producing an effect which on clear nights can be heard as far as Anaconda.

"Miss Ruth's" beauty is of the voluptuous type known to the euphuists as Junoesque, but dubbed by the gang Oleomargaramic. Her ample figure was attired in a glove-fitting, plum-colored Princess suit, trimmed with lace, with bellyband of untanned leather fastened with a massive buckle, hammered into shape in Harry Courter's blacksmith shop. She wore golf stockings and scarlet garters, embroidered with seed pearls and tan-colored shoes with pointed toes and six-inch French heels. Twenty-five thousand dollars worth of diamonds managed to find a place to roost upon her.

A diamond scarf pin in the form of a crupper loomed up on her breast like a headlight on a Meaderville car at midnight, while her left thumb supported a massive ring of beaten gold as big as a clevice.

"Miss Ruth's" type of beauty is peculiarly picturesque—but here we forgot this is a paid notice and we are too conscientious not to try to earn our money. We must start all over again. God be with us—here goes. "Miss Ruth" is a trifle over six feet tall, weight 93 pounds, her lissome willowy figure looming up in true Gibson girl style.

Her soulful, speaking eyes, which are of the fashionable soapstone grey, seem to "look quite through the show of things," giving you the impression that while keeping pretty close tab on you, she is also wondering how fat your greenback roll may be.

Meeting her under the electric light in the vestibule of her ladies' seminary gives a sensation half of pleasure and half of pain, that can only be likened to sitting in an expensive box seat watching a comic opera at Sutton's Broadway Theatre and suddenly catching the eye of your landlady occupying a cheap two-bit seat in the second gallery, only to have the chilly thought go scampering up and down your spinal column that you are nearly seven months in arrears in your room rent—how much do you charge, drayman?

"Miss Ruth's" nose is a perfect Roman of the Coliseum school of art, while her neck rises from modest drooping shoulders and describes a graceful semi-circle suggestive of a spotted swan riding the translucent wave or a Shanghai rooster trying to peek into a four-gallon jug.

The decorations of the salon were fine and dandy, having

been designed by an artist from Salt Lake, who was given carte blanche and told to throw open the throttle and go the limit of speed regardless of expenses.

The cotillion was led by the ever popular Lieut. Gameleg from Fort Assinniboine near Havre, Montana, who is in Butte on a two weeks' leave of absence, visiting old Sunday school cronies of bygone days and renewing his devotion to Gambrinus. Lieut. Gameleg has seen service in all the salons of scorbutic nobility, and you can bet he is dead next to all the technique of the cotillion—is a rag-time carpet knight and an all-round good Indian for your very life. "Come on, boys!"

His partner in the cotillion, Miss Nellie Gaysport, who is one of "Miss Ruth's" permanent guests and hails from Seattle, is a young lady whose multifarious charms of mind, heart and person are too well known to all the "live ones" of Butte to need much comment here. Miss Gaysport was resplendant in a rich gown of lilac silk, the corsage cut a la chemise and displaying carefully barbered arms, possessing all that grace and charm so much admired in the human skeleton. She also wore a coronet of pearls, suggestive of purity, which were presented to her upon her twenty-third birthday by the patrons of the San Francisco Oyster House in Seattle, at which place she was an esteemed employe before entering a life of leisure, amidst those who "cannot say nay to earnest pleading," to borrow from Du Maurier's "Trilby."

Each pearl in Miss Gaysport's coronet bears the tooth-mark of a separate admirer having received meal tickets at her hands.

Space forbids description in detail of the many elegant toilets, but "it goes without saying" that "Miss Ruth's" entire live stock show was dressed out in its best bib and tucker.

The feature of the evening was a skirt dance by Miss Dottie Thoroughbred, who wore a white satin gown with risque corsage caught at her dimpled shoulders with solid silver safety pins. Miss Thoroughbred, who hails from Los Angeles, cleverly demonstrated her ability to elevate her high-heeled Walkover to the height of the chandelier without the aid of a derrick and with the same easy abandon that a roan mule lands on the knots of a stable door. The performance, which was worthy a Parisienne denseuse, was repeatedly encored by the gang. In making a Marie

Antoinette bow of thanks, Miss Thoroughbred was so exceedingly unfortunate as to spill herself out of her corsage, but was rescued by the chivalry present.

After this performance the guests all crowded into the Terpsichorean parlors, where the light fantastic, the turkey trot and the pazamala were indulged in by all to a late hour. The special feature of this part of the evening's pleasure were the quadrilles that were "called" by Prof. Cowpuncher of Sheridan, Wyoming, in such a way as to make the guests go nearly bug-house with laughter. Here is a sample:

"Get your single footers ready,
Trot 'em out upon the floor;
Line 'em up, you Indians steady,
Lively now, one couple more.
Shorty, put away that meerschaum,
Fatty, douse that cigarette,
Stop your cussin', you noisy hoodlums,
Before the ladies, now all set.

"Salute your ladies altogether,
Ladies opposite the same,
Hit the lumber with your leather,
- Balance all and swing your dame.
Bunch the heifers in the middle,
Circle stags and dos-a-do;
Pay attention to the fiddle,
Swing 'em around and away you go.

"First four forward, back to places,
Second coltie gallop back;
Now you've got to even paces,
Swing 'em till their trotters crack;
Gents all right and heel a tocin',
Grab 'em, kiss 'em, if you kin,
On to next and just keep goin',
Till you hit your mates agin.

"Ladies, left hand to your sonnies,
Aleman grand right and left.
Balance all and swing your honies,
Pick 'em up and feel their heft.
Promenade like skeery cattle,
Balance all and swing your sweets,

Shake your spurs and make 'em rattle,
Bingo! promenade to seats."

It is needless to say that during Prof. Cowpuncher's calling, the revelry was so altitudinous and voluminous that you could cut it with a knife.

After the dancing, the guests repaired to the dining room in the basement, where a supper of 127 courses was served at 3:30 A .M., the sounding of the gong being a signal for the guests to disappear from the dancing parlors with all the rapidity of a piece of hot apple pie in the hands of a hired man.

The grand rush certainly testified the guests' confidence in the genius of "Miss Ruth's" new chef. The pleasure napkins were of the finest quality of "Birdseye" linen, sent down from Hennessy's store by special messenger boy. The colored garçons wore yellow silk suits and red hollyhock boutonnieres, powdered wigs and dress swords. In serving the "boolyon" one of them chanced to get his steel entangled up in his legs, much after the fashion of a Montana volunteer, and tripping, emptied the entire bowl of soup down the neck of one of Butte's new city aldermen.

"Miss Ruth" managed to retain her suaviter in modo by explaining to her guests that the soup cost \$1.00 a pint, while Prof. Cowpuncher attended to the fortiter in re by soaking the careless garçon on his powdered wig with a joy pan.

Absinthe frappes, creme de menthes and Manhattan cocktails were served with each course. The favors were horehound candy rolled in tissue paper, which the gentlemen, in a gay spirit of alcoholic camaraderie insisted upon putting down the backs of the ladies' corsages, crying "sweets to the sweet," while concealed in a bower of potted plants Walter softly played the piano to the sweet strains of

"We won't go to bed until morning,

Until the break of day."

No toasts were responded to around the festal board.

Miss Ruth has taken up her residence among us the past year. She possesses an abundance of pluck and a firm determination to carve out a name, fame and fortune. She has opened up a cozy savings bank retreat where the worn and weary traveler can rest from his journeys on the road and deposit his earnings in security. Genius is always quickly recognized in Montana and already many travelers

from all points of the compass come long distances to deposit large sums with her and so high in their esteem is she held that very, very rarely does a depositor ever ask for a return of his money. Her business is steadily growing to such proportions that she will in due course of time become one of the landmarks of the community and justly entitled to the well earned sobriquet, "Butte's common mother-in-law."

The guests upon retiring voted the affair the most recherche of the season, everything being au fait, from soup to nuts. Beer was poured by the charming "Miss Ruth" herself.

* * *

Something doing in Russian, Italian, Austrian and Montenegroan social circles in the little Butte smelter suburb, Meaderville, last Friday night. It was a pretty wedding that took place when Xtibola Broomsjchuckskie was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Arabellijnncesbotxy Boxcarovitch by Father Garlicovitch.

The bride, who was given away by old man Boxcarovitch, wore a lovely gown of organdie, the skirt being finished with a deep hem of excelsior and the body trimmed with cigar bands. Her Honitan veil was caught with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of bridal roses.

The bridegroom was attired in a recherche black suit, the pockets being tastily lined with cigars and pint flasks. As the professor at the blow organ was tearing off that Lohengrin stuff Xtibola approached the altar carrying a prayer book and a hilarious jag. After the ceremony a reception was held at the shack of old man Boxcarovitch, where dainty refreshments were served, consisting of garlic, pasties, flue dust, salted meat and beer.

While this delightful function was at its height a quarrel rose between the bridegroom and Orlaff Buttinski, which resulted in the happy bridegroom being mortally wounded by a stiletto thrust in the slats.

At the police station Buttinski, on being interrogated, explained that the bridegroom got sore at him because he, Buttinski, wanted the bride to fly with him to Helena, where he has a steady job on the sewers. He promised the incident would not happen again, seeming to regret it very much.

As our old boxcar friend, Thomas W. Lawson, would

say: "Centennial beer, a million glasses a day, somebody likes it," or these unpleasant altercations would probably not occur.

* * *

A newly married business man of Deer Lodge, Montana, was in Butte a day last week upon business and returned in the evening. His bride of two months met him at the depot. As he appeared to be in a rather jovial mood, she eyed him from head to foot suspiciously. "Harry, I'm astonished!" she said sternly. "You are just home from Butte and you have been drinking. Look me straight in the eye and 'fess up like a man."

"Well, Ethel, I did take a cocktail," said Mr. Henpecked sheepishly.

"You drank a cocktail! You unfaithful and dissolute creature!! What on earth ever tempted you to drink such an abominable concoction!!!"

"Well, you see it was just this way, my dear. I remembered it was George Washington's birthday and as I thought of the great man I wished I had something to recall him more vividly than the mere remembrance of his name. So I thought of the story of the cherry tree and then I went in and ordered a cocktail just to see the cherry. That is the honest truth, Ethel."

* * *

The event of the month in West Side Butte society was a delightful card party given by the female 400 of Butte in the spacious and handsome parlors of the Silver Bow Club, last Wednesday evening, to a large crowd of lady and gentlemen friends. The out-of-town guests were Mrs. Hamfat and Mrs. Blink of Helena, Mrs. Beef of Missoula, Miss Crackerjack of Anaconda, Miss Hortense Flusie of Great Falls, Mrs. Sow of Spokane and Mrs. Tallowbelly of Kalispell.

There were two dozen tables all filled with players, the prizes ranging in value from five to twenty-five dollars, just enough to make it interesting to a party of Butte's female fashionables. Brandy and cigarettes were furnished by an expert mixologist from the Thornton Hotel to the ladies present, soda water and bonbons to the young gentlemen. The entente cordiale was slightly marred during the evening by a charge of cheating preferred by Mrs. Hamfat of Helena against Mrs. Tallowbelly of Kalispell, the former alleging that the latter had held out the right bower and

concealed it in her hosiery for the purpose of making a coup d'état. Mrs. Hamfat, who is not wise to brandy smashes, seldom taking anything stronger than Manhattan cocktails, retorted rather hotly that Mrs. Tallowbelly was "another," and that if the Kalispell police had done their duty she would have been "vagged" years ago.

It looked like a knock-down-and-drag-out was ripening and that the gay spirit of camaraderie would be completely goose-egged. So decidedly fierce did the jabs and upper-cuts churn the atmosphere that Mrs. Beef of Missoula rushed out on the front porch of the club house and touched the button for the ambulance, as well as sounding a police trill whistle—all same ze leetle La Belle Francaise girls. As soon as the referee called time at the end of the first round and the participants took to their corners to be towel fanned, Mrs. Welterweight of Butte, who looks big and stout enough to pull a dray, spied the editor of the X-Ray, Capt. D'Gay Stivers, ex-Mayor John MacGinniss and Dr. Guy D. Bryant behind a bower of potted plants, where we had all retreated and taken refuge when the obsequies started in.

Walking in among the plants and laying a hand gently upon the editor's shoulder, with that delicate tact which makes all of her entertainments so uniformly successful, Mrs. Welterweight said firmly, "Ladies, ladies, please remember that there are young gentlemen present and that no lady does violence in the presence of the weaker sex."

Thereupon Mrs. Hamfat, who is a veritable she-Chesterfield, albeit a trifle choleric at times, as great souls are apt to be, begged pardon of the X-Ray man and his three pals, pinched our dimpled cheeks, chucked us under the chin one or twice, shook hands with Mrs. Tallowbelly, and lighting a cigarette with all the easy abandon of a Don Cæsar de Bazan, resumed the card playing.

Miss Hortense Flusie won first prize, an elegant cut glass bottle of methyloid tablets, and picking up the dice box, immediately proceeded to "shake" with Mrs. Courtesan of Butte the cut glass bottle against the latter's earrings. Mrs. Courtesan being a dead game sport, the offer was promptly accepted and Miss Flusie dropped her roller on the first rattle.

Mrs. Blink won second rize, a handsome baby cab, which caused her to throw up both hands and hysterically scream out, in the language of the heroine, on seeing the hero

weltering in a pool of his own life blood: "Aw, my Gawd, has it come to this?"

A baby cab in Butte's high society is as out of place as Heinze guarding the morals of a female seminary.

When Mrs. Blink won the baby cab, Mrs. Charmer of Butte sniggered audibly. Mrs. Blink, who was by this time pacing the room excitedly puffing a Turkish cigarette, turned, bent down, blew smoke into the rash Mrs. Charmer's eyes and throwing her cards upon the table left the club house and piked for her rooms at the Butte Hotel. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Charmer will apologize for the unfortunate snigger and thus avoid a hostile meeting, but her friends aver that, like Butte's famous old colored prize fighter, Ike Hayes, she will fight as soon as her eyes get well, and sooner if necessary to preserve her honor.

Mrs. Blink, who hails from Helena, has several children. She and her husband came to Montana forty years ago and rolled up a fortune in placer mining and by staying up many a night out on the range, a lantern in one hand and a branding iron in the other, getting the Blink brand on many a neighbor's new born calf before it touched the ground. Fifteen years ago her husband died and she married Mr. Blink, who is about twenty-five years her junior, but who married the old lady for her dough.

Mrs. Blink was a noted beauty forty years ago and still preserves with unwearied care many of her youthful charms. Despite her 56 summers, "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." She is still a prime favorite with all the gay young fellows of Helena, and almost any day can be seen automobiling out to the Broadwater Natorium or bellying up to the bookmakers' stand at the races, while Mr. Blink, bowed down beneath the hoary snows of 31 winters, and who is said to be quite a domestic creature, stays at home keeping up the fires in the furnace or experimenting on some new cure-me-quick on his pet corns.

Beer was poured by a dozen of leading ladies of Butte's 400. "Pony boy, pony boy, won't you be my Tony boy?"

* * *

The Montana State Fair was a tremendous success this year, the fine weather bringing from all parts of Montana the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the black and the white, honest people and people from Butte.

A very human incident occurred when two well known

Butte sports, Arthur C—— and Jack K——, paid a visit to the booth of the Centennial Brewing Company of Butte, which boasts of "a million glasses a day, somebody likes it." The booth was in charge of another of Butte's young bloods, Billie S——. "Goshall fishhooks, you've got a great lay-out here, Billie," said Arthur.

"This beats anything at the St. Louis or Portland fairs," said Jack. "I'll bet there isn't a brewery exhibit at the Seattle-Yukon exposition that can touch this," said Arthur.

"Say," said Billy, the brewery man stopping suddenly and eying the pair in disgust, "What the devil are you cheap selling platers hanging around here for, anyway? Jar loose, spit it out. I tell you right now, though, I've got no money to loan. I put all my money on Gloria to show yesterday and——"

"'Tain't that, but we are awfully dry, old man. Can you help us out?"

"That's the way the Centennial got its start, giving away good stuff to guys like you."

"Aw, come now, Billy, loosen up and be a good fellow. Pass us over one of those sample bottles. Don't be a cheap rummy."

"Not for your Uncle Dudley."

"Billy, O-o-h Billy, come through, please do. Not two bottles, but just one."

"Well, I see I've got to get rid of you fellows."

"Slip it to me, kiddo. Ah, that is the stuff. You always were a good fellow, Billie."

"Now light out, skidoo, eighteen plus the carfare. Go crawl head first into a gopher hole somewhere and keep your jawbones spiked. If the boss saw me giving away the exhibits it would be me down the turnpike on a dead gallop with my tail froze to my bellyband and both optics swinging in the breeze."

Off went the pair to an empty stall in the stables to enjoy a good, long cool drink. In the meanwhile Billie sent a couple of jokers to trail them and pipe them off. Arthur reached down in his pocket and drew out one of those complicated knives with corkscrew attachment. Drawing the cork he politely handed the bottle to Jack.

"After you."

"No, no, go ahead, after you, my dear Gaston."

"No, throw it into you; age before beauty every time, my dear Alphonse."

"Well, here is looking at you," said Jack as he up-ended the bottle and took a snort.

Suddenly he began to spit violently and holding the bottle out at arm's length, commenced to eye it in critical disgust.

"Good God!" gasped the horrified Jack, standing rooted to the spot, opening and shutting his mouth like a dying catfish in extremis, "If that isn't Missouri river water I'll climb a greased pole backwards and pull the pole up after me or let you bite my right eye out."

"Aw, go on, you don't say so! Impossible! Let me taste it—glug-glug-glug-glug—by golly, you are right. If both our heads were put together they would make a well organized vacuum, wouldn't they? We are just about the two brightest sports that ever got this far north of the equator. Ah, there! Just get next to those two heads poking around the end of that row of stalls. See, they are rubbering at us. Well, we must finish this bottle if it kills us. I can see through Billie as plainly as though he were made out of glass and lit up by electricity. He has sent the gang around to give us the merry ha-ha."

"But we can't get away with all that warm water. Judas Priest! We will both be throwing up our shoes."

"Got to be done, old cockalorum. Here's to you, happy days and sloppy nights. Glug-glug-glug-glug—now it's your turn."

"Heaven help me! Well, here's hoping that every cow has two calves."

Later in the day they accidentally run across Billie.

"Well, how are the boys? How was the beer?"

"Fine and dandy," said Arthur with a straight face.

"Just hit the spot, old man, many thanks," said Jack, as sober as a judge. Billie eyed the pair thoughtfully for a moment and then passed on. He is still wondering if he didn't make a mistake and give them a bottle of the real stuff and that the laugh is on himself after all.

* * *

A very pretty wedding occurred in Billings recently when Miss Anneta, the bewitching and accomplished daughter of Col. and Mrs. Bullwhacker, made her lariat fast to Don Juan Pocatempe of Old Mexico, twenty-fourth in descent from Senor Jose Pocatempe, who came over with Cortez in the capacity of cook. The Don is as rich as Florence Hotel butter, owning an immense mesquite

ranch in his own countree, where he raises large crops of votes, that retail from two bits upwards, according to the importance of the impending election.

Many languishing *senoritas* tried their strings on the Don before he concluded to travel over the U. S. as side-kicker for a well known prize fighter, but it remained for the irresistible maid of Billings, the greatest inland wool market in the world, to round him up into the corral and break him to double harness. The fair young bride was modestly attired in a wreath of alfalfa and a broad smile that displayed to perfection the rolled gold filling in her store teeth. Her breath, which was perfumed with garlic, filled the room with delicious fragrance as she hiked down the aisle on a dog trot and went against the altar with the esprit of a tenderfoot tackling a brace game. Accompanying her in a stately lope was her maid of honor, Arra-Wanna-Pon-My-Honor-I'll-Take-Care-Of-You from the Crow Reservation, whose seal brown beauty was happily accentuated by a diaphranous robe of pure white organdie. She wore her blue-black hair sled-runner fashion on either temple.

There was a rippling sea of bravos as the vast audience that had pulled in on cayuses from all over Yellowstone county caught sight of the lovely singlefooter and her running mate. The excitement was intensified by the appearance at this moment of the bridegroom's party, while some enthusiastic patron of Mexico's national sport, waved his sombrero and cried "Here come the bulls."

A beautiful scene it was as the coal oil chandelier cast a mellow glow upon the rich Venetian red of the bride's top dressing, while the Don, laying his cigarette aside, advanced to the altar with that languorous grace characteristic of the old cavaleros, to the sweet strains of a borrowed phonograph playing "Love Me and the World Is Mine."

An informal lunch consisting of beer and hot tamales was served after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's parents and the happy couple will leave for their new home in Mexico as soon as they can recuperate and recover somewhat from the effects of their three-weeks' honeymoon and are able to travel. Heavy on the "Three Weeks!"

The Don is certainly to be congratulated on being mated with a Montana belle of such rare beauty, wealth and social

eminence. She is the very pick of eastern Montana's herd. Col. Bullwhacker, her supposed ancestor on her father's side is a self-made man. He come into Montana in the early '70s and opened up a chuck-a-luck game, being very successful. In some way coming into possession of a cayuse and a pair of spurs he embarked in the cattle business on a scale so extensive that his neighbors concluded he had earned and was entitled to social honors, and were about to give him an impromptu necktie sociable, but the Col. and the old piece of calico that he had snaked had to go east about that time and stood not on the order of their going. Mrs. Bullwhacker is also one of Montana's pioneers, as a blanket squaw having followed Custer's army into Montana for the purpose of growing up with the country. When Custer and his army were cut into strings she got a job as swamper and chambermaid in a road-house tavern. She was of a very economical turn of mind, filing away in her ample moccasin all the tips given her by the generous traveling public and when she "fell in" with Col. Bullwhacker brought him a very handsome "dot." Col. Bullwhacker and his faithful copper-colored companion concluded a few months ago to get married. It was a very quiet affair, no one being present except the preacher and daughter Anneta, it being considered entirely too sacred a matter to permit of a public ceremony. Having become immensely wealthy by many occult methods, it follows as a natural sequence that they are now astride the very apex of the highest social wave in Montana—are "the swellest of what there is."

Col. Bullwhacker owns stock in banks all over Montana, his cattle and sheep are grazing on a thousand hills, he is the prime factor in the erection of sugar factories and irrigation projects and is fond of seeing his name in the papers as "an industrial titan developing the latent resources of a virgin state." Upon this kind of meat bath this, our squaw-man Cæsar fed, while Mrs. Bullwhacker spends most of her winters "abroad" in gay Paree and Lunnon town.

"Not in vain the distance beacons,
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change."

* * *

The Ladies' Aid Society of Butte held their regular

meeting in their hall last Monday night. This organization of noble ladies is quite an adjunct to Butte's social life. The Botanical Gardens upon Galena and Mercury Streets are under their especial care. They have also set about to aid the city of Butte to dodge bankruptcy. Many of these ladies are contributing as high as a hundred dollars a month into the city treasury—via the police court—and when it is taken into consideration that all of these matrons have a number of peroxide proteges under their motherly care, each contributing ten dollars a month a piece, it can be seen that the Ladies' Aid Society is one of Butte's chief assets—heavy on the assets. One of the ladies expressed it as her opinion, that she would be unable to keep up her contributions much longer unless the gate receipts to the Botanical Gardens increased and that very quickly. On the other hand many young gentlemen explain the withdrawal of their patronage on the ground that the Gardens are not kept in the tip top shape that they should be, the scratching of the old hens having destroyed too many beautiful plants, but with the thirty days' race-meet coming upon us, it is believed that the influx of new recruits will relieve the congested conditions.

The Butte Botanical Gardens can best be seen at night, several enterprising gentlemen from France having on exhibition a score or more of choice specimens of the night-blooming cereus imported direct from Paris.

The exercises of the evening were brought to a close by Miss Dottie Thoroughbred attired in a directoire gown giving an excellent vocal rendition in Esperanto of that good old hymn so popular with all the members of the midnight crew, entitled "Abide With Me." The applause being deafening Miss Dottie responded to several encores rendering in a charming manner "Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly," "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Rock of Ages" and "Onward Christian Soldier."

* * *

The editor of the X-Ray is heavily pregnant with the idea that Butte had the narrowest escape of its entire history the past week. The Eagles have just finished a six-days' state convention with us and a booze famine and drouth threatening the complete destruction of the camp set in at the end of the first day and it looked for a while as if the metropolis of Montana would perish. However, Butte's retail druggists came to the rescue by hurling their

entire stock of Peruna and Hostetter's Bitters as fire extinguishers into the withering flames, the hook and ladder companies of the Capital Brewing Co. of Helena and the Montana Brewing & Malting Co. of Great Falls sent aid in car load lots, the mayors of all the earthquake stricken cities of Italy and California telegraphed help to our burning little city in return for past favors and thus were many valuable lives saved. Leiber Gott! * * *

What is the difference between an Irishman and an Englishman? We will try to show the difference by two letters—bogus of course.

To the north of Montana is Alberta and Saskatchewan, the land of sunshine and flowers and wheat and premature frosts and cattle and black sheep, especially the latter. When the offspring of English royalty become so unbearable that they can no longer be tolerated in England they are shipped to Western Canada and sent an allowance each month to stay away from England.

There is a dampfool born into nearly every English family and he is invariably fattened for the export trade. Alberta and Saskatchewan are overrun with these "remittance men." They are off in a bunch. From Mike O'Brien, Dublin Gulch, Butte, Montana, to his old parents in Tipperary:

Dear Father and Mother—

I have been thinking for a long time that I would like to have you with me here in Butte. I earn \$4.00 a day at my trade as hoisting engineer at one of the Amalgamated mines and have saved up a couple of thousand dollars. I have a cozy little housie all fixed up right here in Dublin Gulch and if you haven't the money for the expense of the trip I'll send it to you. The whiskey here in Butte is so awfully rotten and expensive that I don't drink at all. I can keep both of you here and you will be as cozy as two kittens nestling together in the haymow. Come on out. Now that the panic is over, Butte is going to be a good town unless Heinze should come back here and commence raising hell again.

Your affectionate son, MIKE.

From Reginald Cricket Gladstone Steeplechase, of Lethbridge, Alberta, to his mamma (with accent on the ma), in Belgrave Square, London:

My Dear Mamma—

Just got your long letter to-day and am all bwoken up

over its contents or rawther its lack of contents. Where is the check? I can't live on Alberta air. I am in a bally fix just now. The bloody, blooming' blawsted hotel man presented me with his bill this mawning aftah breakfast and had the impertinence, dontcherknow, to tell me that if I didn't settle before noon I would 'ave to get hout. Now 'ow can your deah boy pony up when he 'asn't the money. I howe about \$400 here in Lethbridge, \$25.00 of which is for bawd and lodging. Try and get the guv'nah to come through or bah Jove, I may 'ave to go out on a ranch and go to work. I called on the bishop this mawning and told him I was one of the Steeplechases from Shropshire and he invited me to suppah, aftah which I touched him for a twenty for current expenses.

Now, please, mamma, get the old gent to shell hout for I am strapped. In your last letter, you ask what I am doing. I 'ave grown a set of whiskers since coming to Alberta and you would 'ardly know me. Love to all the folks and for goodness sake send me a check, for I need money so bad I could fight a buzz saw for it, in fact I'm liable to be driven into working for the prohibition ticket. Indeed I was thinking of returning home this month with a cattle train and working my passage over on a cattle boat.

How would you like to see your deah Reggie pulling into Belgrave Square wearing overalls and covered with blood and corruption and whiskers. Just tell the old gent the cable across the Atlantic is not out of ordah and if he don't make use of it soon I am coming back to deah old England.

Your son, REGINALD.

(Note—It is needless to say that this letter brought a bunch of money to Alberta as fast as electricity could bring it.)

Inasmuch as the X-Ray is the most widely read paper in all Montana, it's a wonder we wouldn't get an advertisement from a Butte business man once in a while. If it does not snow this winter, we will starve to death sure.

Oh, there was a young lady named Mitchen
Who was scratching herself in the kitchen;
Her mother said "Rose,
You are crummy I 'spose."

"Heavens yes, mother dear, and they're itchin'."

And still they come. The Billings Times records the fact that Frank Sutherland, a rancher living out from Billings is lawing with his wife in the district court for divorce on the grounds of unfaithfulness, naming in his complaint Mr. Peter J. Lemon, a neighboring rancher, as co-respondent. The most distressing feature of the whole affair is the fact that Mrs. Sutherland has lately given birth to a ten-pound boy. Mr. Sutherland insists that his wife has handed him a lemon.

* * *

Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Casey were talking over the backyard fence in Dublin Gulch, Butte, Montana.

"Faith and I hear that your daughter—the one that goes to Renshaw Hall four nights a week—is going to be married, Mrs. Sullivan; sure and it will be quite a change for her."

"Indade, Mrs. Casey and it will be no change for her at all, at all, at all, so it won't. And Mrs. Casey will yez tell me how yez manage to kape your hands so nice and soft and white all the time?"

"Ah, Mrs. Sullivan, and its buckskin gloves that I wear on my hands all the time so it is."

"Buckskin gloves, eh? Begorra, me old man wears buckskin pants all the while and his legs are as rough as a file."

* * *

During the panic of 1907-8 not a depositor in any bank in Montana lost a cent. Not a bank in the entire state stood off its depositors with script. We believe Montana is the only state in the U. S. with such a record. All around us in Salt Lake, 'Frisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Denver, Omaha, St. Paul and Minneapolis, thousands of depositors could not get a hold of 5 per cent. of their money in the banks. However, money don't grow on bushes even in Butte. A man able to borrow any money out of any Butte bank in those strenuous days was a dandy. The editor of the X-Ray awoke one morning and found himself dead broke and betook himself to one of our local bankers, A. J. Davis, president of the First National Bank of Butte, and naturally, during normal times—well like ordinary bankers, you know.

"Andy, I'm hard up. I—"

"Surely you are not going to try to work me for a loan are you?"

"Not a large one, Andy, only \$500, to tide me over a couple of months."

"Can't do it, Davenport."

"But I will give you a lot as collateral worth several times that amount."

"No use talking. Even the great corporations are in need of money to borrow on their collaterals and they cannot get a bean. The decline in stocks and bonds in the east and in Wall street has caused distrust and led to a curtailment or refusal of credits by the banks. Good bye, Davenport, very sorry."

"Yes, you look sorry. Could you let me have a hundred?"

"A hundred? My stars do you suppose we could jeopardize the funds of the First National Bank by loaning out a \$100 in Butte in times like these? Bless your innocent heart, if we had a \$100 in our vaults that we failed to send back to New York to be shipped from there to speculators in Philadelphia and Boston at enormous rates of interest, I'd lose caste back there, I would indeed. You don't understand these things."

"No, I suppose not. Make it 25 plunks and let it go at that."

"Impossible! Have you not read Henry Clews' last reports on the money markets of the world? You should always read Henry Clews' before striking a Butte bank for a loan."

"I will in the future."

"The present condition of affairs, my dear Davenport, as reflected in the gradual and persistent decline of British securities—"

"Say, on the dead level, Andy, couldn't you let me have a lonely ten spot? Surely my lot is worth that much."

"Have you tried W. A. Clark's or the Silver Bow National or the Daly Bank & Trust Co. or the State Savings Bank or any of the other big banks of the camp?"

"The other banks! Heavens alive! They haven't got enough loanable money to buy alfalfa seed for a sick parrot. Say, Andy, you've just got to jar loose with five bucks for my pie card is so full of holes it looks like a piece of mosquito bar."

"See here, listen to me. The recent financial disturbance in Wall street resulting in the reduction of securities

aggregating over \$4,000,000,000 has proven conclusively that the industrial interests of the country have—”

“Say, Andy, my postoffice box rent for this quarter fell due yesterday and I need a dollar. Or rather Malcom Gil—”

“————— suffered an awful shaking up and it will take some time before they can—”

“Say, Andy, I loaned my Gillette safety razor to a friend and he left last week with it. I haven’t had a shave for a week. Now you know a man can’t step into a barber chair in Butte for less than two bits. Lend me 25 cents and I’ll—”

“————— recover. After the presidential election the solid substantial business interests of the country—”

“Now, Andy, lookee here. Here is a letter to my mother back in Iowa. I’ve been carrying it around with me all day for lack of postage. You see I have a one-cent stamp on it. I need one more one-cent stamp. Now I was offered \$2,500 for that lot down on South Main street, not over three months ago. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll deed that lot over to you and let you hold it in your name and pay any interest you demand for the use of a one-cent stamp for 60 days. Come on, jump into the game, take a chance, be a spnort.”

“————— may and probably will adopt a policy of expansion and—”

“Andy Davis, you contemptible little tightwad, will you please go straight to hell?”

The editor and the banker glared at one another savagely—all same bull dog snarling at himself six inches in front of a mirror. There was a moment’s pause. The editor knew when he entered the bank and asked for that altry loan of \$500 that it would be a case of irresistible force against the immoveable object, but ah, the irresistible force had lost ground from the very start and was a hopeless wreck ready for the shops, while the immoveable object was still doing business at the same old stand with clock-like regularity without the slightest indication of dropping off the Christmas tree. The editor finally mustered up sufficient courage to feebly say, “Well, Andy, if you won’t loan me any funds out of your d—d old bank, will you oblige me by walking down to Joe Harmon’s where perhaps my credit is good and let me buy you a drink?”

The editor was now on the outside looking in, instead of the inside looking out.

Andy jumped to his feet as if he had received an electric shock and grasping the editor's hand shook it warmly. A sympathetic look came out of his eyes and looking the editor straight in the eyes, remarked:

"I'm always ready to do anything on earth for my friends when they are in trouble. Of course I will accept your offer and help you out if I possibly can."

Exit the editor and the banker to pour a little tea.

Andy isn't a very bad fellow after all. At the time of this little episode, the Goulds, the Astors and the Vanderbilts were offering as securities, millions and tens of millions of dollars' worth of railroad stocks and diamonds and could not raise a loan, either.

* * *

Three Moons and his squaw came into Butte Monday from their tepee out south of town by the slaughter-house.

Three Moons backed his one hoss shay up to the curb in front of Brophy's grocery store, sat down and smoked his pipe, while Lady Three Moons loaded several tons of freight upon the wagon and roped it to keep it from falling off. Three Moons and his two dogs then mounted the seat while Lady Three Moons with her papoose strapped to her back, meekly trailed behind to pick up any provisions that might fall off. There are indulgent husbands working in the hotboxes of the Butte mines, that might do well to study up his "system" and play it to the limit. We are dead stuck on his style of delivery. He seems to have perfect control of the ball. "Let the women do the work." "Everybody works but father."

If we had a little more of this in Butte's high society there might be more babies, less automobiiing out to the road-houses to meet some other man, less "Ladies' Entrance" 'traffic, less divorce cases.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

* * *

The Montana's Grafters' Association held its annual convention and banquet in the Butte Auditorium last Tuesday night. Large delegations were present from all the leading cities of Montana, including Willow Creek, Rocker, Silver Bow, Homestake, Elk Park, Bernice, Feeley, Stuart and Divide. The Initiation Committee sang "I Love My

Goat But Oh You Kid." The Mercury street quartette sang "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here, W'at'ell Do We Care Now?" Some sweet girl in white sang "Montana, 'Tis of Thee" and Butte's famous Boston & Montana Band gave an excellent rendition of one of its favorite pieces, entitled "Rumpty - tummy-umpty-oompa-oompa-tootle-rootle-rootle-rootle-tara-tara-tara-oompa-oompa-oompa- etc.' when the guest of honor and speaker of the evening, Mr. Warren G. Davenport, was introduced in a felicitous speech by the chairman of the evening, Mr. Henry Scalawag, who enjoys a state-wide reputation both as a breeder of polled muskrats and for his inordinate capacity for bottled beer. Mr. Scalawag assured the audience that the editor of the X-Ray had done more for the moral uplifting of Butte by his exposures than any other two booze fighters in the camp. What Davenport did not know of graft after a nine years' residence in Butte, arm in arm with F. Augustus Heinze and Senator Clark, explained the chairman, had been torn out of the book. (Heavy on the books of the United Copper Co.)

Downing a big hooker of brandy to steady his nerves, the editor uncorked himself as follows:

Gentlemen, Heifer-Hunters, Hooker-Herders and Brother Spnorts—

Butte has always been noted for its lavish hospitality and when I look around over this vast assortment of Ox-Tail-Soup, Thueringer-Bratwurst, Suttgarter-Knackwurst, Welsh Rarebit, Pate de Foie Gras, Westphalian Ham, Kalter Aufschmitt, Braunschweiger Liver, Mortadella, Kieler Sprotten, Chow Chow, Marinirte Herring, Sardellen, Sandwiches both Roquefort and Camembert and Boston Baked Beans and French Fried Potatoes and all this gallant array of booze to say nothing of yonder dense forest of bottles unopened, I send up a wireless telegram in box car letters to my Maker thanking Him that I am here to-night. (Tremendous applause.) Heavy on Jack Binns. My only regret is that I haven't a megaphone to make it more emphatic. (More applause.) The subject that I have selected to speak upon at this luncheon is that up-to-date slogan of the day "Get the Money." While we must admit that this idea of getting the money started innocently enough in Tammany as one of the polite accomplishments, I think that no one will deny that the graft of to-day has been lifted into the realm of science here in Mon-

tana and especially here in Butte, a city which I am proud to say has long borne the reputation throughout the civilized world of being the crookedest, rottenest, most immoral, grafting hive of prostitution, marital unfaithfulness, drunkenness, kept mistresses, dirty politics and all round thievery and debauchery and yet at the same time possessing more "good fellows" of both sexes and the gayest, liveliest, swiftest, sportiest, busiest, most hustling, wide-awake, up-to-date little city of 90,000 people on the face of the great round globe. The very atmosphere of Butte seems to be charged to suffocation with the microbes of graft and a gentleman can not open his mouth without getting his lungs full of 'em. Time was—most of you are old enough to remember it—when grafters were so clumsy and maladroit in their methods that they almost invariably got found out and had to disgorge and then go slinking around the edges of society like timber wolves and coyotes with limping left hind legs that have been caught in a trap. Much shame and suffering resulted from this puking up. Many a happy home on Butte's West Side on which the mortgage was to have been lifted was plunged into sorrow on account of mismanagement on the part of the "Get the Money" artist. Many a broken-hearted wife and flip daughter were whipsawed out of a trip to New York during "grand opera" season by the awkward pater familias in those bungling days. Not so now, brother spnorts. Graft has become one of the exact sciences. (Tremendous cheering during which the speaker throws another jolt into himself.)

My friends, this is an age of comfort, luxury, silk lavender underskirts, travel, high French heels, theatre-going, art, flusies, champagne suppers, automobiles, high living, playing the races, creme de menthes and swift society. In a town like Butte there are but few who can attain wealth in legitimate channels. For most of us, life means being a corporation slave or a hollow-eyed office serf for a hundred dollars a month, signing over our "time" to Whipps at the beginning of the month and drawing our wages every night or else trying to buck "Hennessy's" with a corner grocery, with its odor of dried fish and evaporated apples. But every dead-game spnort in Butte yearns for his flusies and automobile rides out to the assignation road-houses—something didding. How are you going to reach your goal? Give heed therefore to my last and supreme

cry of advice, brethren, join the Montana Grafters' Association and "get the money." All honor to the grafters! If there be any young man in this auditorium or within sound of my voice outside who has just arrived in Butte from the East and is contemplating leading an honest life, let him pause and consider well the terrible step he is about to take. Let him think twice before embarking in an honest career, which invariably leads to poverty, disappointment and failure. If he prefers to be poor and classified among the genus *rankigensis suckerus* or rank sucker; if he prefers to put up a stiff, bare-knuckled fight every day of his life to keep from being crowded out of the "bread-line"—then I say go ahead and be damned and may the swastika pin camp in some other vicinity, but should the young man on the threshold of life, with the roseate dawn of "White-Line" flushing his beak, desire to become rich and live in a bungalow, barren of mortgages, blessed with a beautiful wife and prattling babes and a line of pretty hired girls of any old kind of morals when wifey is back east visiting her relatives, then I can only adjure him most solemnly and earnestly, to get into the hammerlock brigade, yclept the Montana's Grafters' Association.

Gentlemen, a great many stupid, honest, well-meaning persons are prone to decry graft from the ridiculous standpoint that it is dishonest. Nonsense! Not a member of this association would stoop so low as to burglarize a store in Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Great Falls, Missoula or Billings. That would be robbing the individual in too intimate a fashion and the chances would be bright, brilliant, dazzling and effulgent for joining Col. Tom. McTague's zebra brigade, constantly tormented by sweet winds wafted across the fields from Mlle. Florentz de Palmerre's chicken ranch. What ho, she bumps! Yes, gentlemen, petty thievery is always dishonest and the brethren will always do well to "cut it out." However, Justice loses her nerve in all cases involving \$2,000 or over, but our jails are always hungry for the petty thieves. Always, therefore, steal \$2,000 or over. (Cries of "we will, we will," and applause, in the midst of which the editor poured out a shot of McBrayers, that would have given an elephant blind staggers, and quaffed it with apparent relish.)

Take the case of the poor fool who was short \$200 in his accounts in the local office of one of the express companies and got five years in the penitentiary. Had he side-

tracked \$20,000 or \$200,000 he would to-day be out on bail licking up absinthe frappes and the fat of the land, with his case neatly framed up for a succession of appeals. Society despises a piker. On the other hand take the case of our beloved sport and former fellow-townsmen, F. A. Heinze, who jerked \$7,500 a day out of the Michael Davitt claim for upwards of a year—through the Rarus shaft—and got off with that \$25,000 love-pat fine in Judge Beatty's court. There, gentlemen, is a man after my own heart. (Great applause and another horrible slug.) Remember, my friends, that the most contemptible cur on God's footstool is the man who has plenty of money and looks with contempt upon his unfortunate brother who has no money. Montana is literally salivated with such, but there is always room for more. Let each and every one of us strive to be that contemptible cur. Heavy on the contemptible cur. (Cheers and cat-calls of "Young fellow," "Good eye," "Go to it, old scout," "Good leather," "You're the boss of them all with your TERRIBLE gall.")

There are several methods by which we may show our contemptible cur qualities. To those of us who are pikers a good way is to belly up to a bar all night long and blow in a hundred dollars upon friends, foes and strangers alike. But if before or after such an event any of these same men should appeal to us for two bits to eat thereon, lead them to the nearest cop and refuse your aid towards the promotion of chronic pauperism. The necessities of life we must have, the luxuries we can get along without. Dare any member of this association have the immaculate nerve to say that booze is not a necessity? For those in the millionaire class the usual method of bringing the cur veins to the grass roots is to plaster \$5,000 worth of flowers on your carriage for a single night in a Butte street fair parade, or charter a special train, get into it, surround yourself with booze, gambling friends and gay birds of the feminine gender and commence boring a hole in the scenery between Butte and Chicago or New York, while the widows of men that have been killed in your industrial enterprises are battling to keep the wolf from gnawing off the door-knobs. (Cries of "Remember Divel and Olsen," "Young fellow Heinze," "Wots the matter with Death Valley Scotty?") Now, gentlemen, corral the long green—"get the money." (Cries of "Three Cheers and a Tiger for the Plumbers' Union of Butte.") Yes,

bully for the plumbers! Eight dollars a day for a plumber to stand around and look as wise as a tree full of owls, while a plumber's helper at eight dollars a day does all the work—at a snail's pace. Now, gentlemen, graft. Graft in war, graft in peace, graft into the pockets of your countrymen. Flout the God that made you, obliterate your scruples, lie, swindle, imitate Heinze and double-cross your best friend that has sacrificed a life's independence for you during the Montana copper war and make him want to cut your heart out and slap you in the face with it, get into the Montana legislature, rob the state of which you are supposed to be a patriot, trample honor underfoot, shower lemons upon the easy ones like bullets at the bridge of Lodi, brand as professional blackmailers those who expose you, subsidize the press, get busy with a jimmy on the savings banks' deposits of thousands of hardworking miners and "get the money." (Everything is fair in love, war and Butte.) Become sheriff in any city over 10,000 and go into cahoots with the police court judges and constables and arrest harmless, idle workingmen who are straining every nerve to find employment and land them into jail for 90 days as "vags" not in "blocks of five" a la Quay but in blocks of fifty. Keep the jail crowded all the time and by starving the prisoners, 80 per cent. of the board money you receive from the county will be "velvet."

Give one name where you eat, a second name where you sleep and a third name on the payroll at the mine. Jump your board and lodging debts by shifting your eating and rooming place every thirty days, then your landlady cannot get back at you with an attachment for the name she knows you by is not on the mine's payroll.

Get the money, gentlemen, get the money. Graze your cattle and sheep on a score of Montana's Indian reservations. It will be all right if you whack up with the Indian agent who in turn whacks up with Montana's delegation in Washington, D. C., to hold his job. (Tremendous applause from the Carter-Baer-Edwards Crow agency bunch.)

If necessary, stand behind a boulder and with a Winchester rifle murder that innocent sheep herder employe of some small sheep ranchman, throw his body into the river or feed it to the coyotes and drive his sheep into the badlands that your cattle may have freer range. Fence in fifty to seventy-five thousand acres of the public domain until U. S. Federal Judge Hunt is compelled in the name

of decency and the majesty of the law, to rise up and commence using your body to beat carpets with. Only about a hundred of Montana's ranchmen, who can write their checks for from \$50,000 to \$500,000, have been upon the judicial carpet, fined and jailed for illegal fencing of the public domain in the last couple of years. All honor to great western cattle kings, who like the Indian, are fast passing away. If their tribe must decrease, may it decrease slowly. (Shouts of "Here's looking to Henry Miller of California," "Hip, hip, hooray for Pat Burns of Calgary," during which time several millionaire sheep kings of Billings, Montana, displeased with the speaker's laudations of the cattle kings got up and walked out of the house.)

Again I repeat "get the money." Tear that innocent creature in her teens away from her mother in a small town in Idaho, Utah, Oregon, Washington or Montana, seduce her and bring her to Butte. Put her into a life of shame and from her earnings go out into a small Montana mining camp and start a tent saloon. Later build a shack saloon and throw the "knock-out drops" into your creosote and fish-hook whiskey until the miner and sheepherder patrons are "locoed" and pretty much nutski, then stand 'em on their heads and shake 'em down for their wages for the past six months. From your robberies erect a number of one-room shacks in a row at the rear of your saloon, come to Butte and make arrangements with those lecherous hell-hounds, the manipulators of the "white slave trade" to take Blondenette, Camille, Odette and Suzane back with you to fill up your layout. Have your steerers bring lusty Chinamen, Japs, Dagos, Athenian bo-hunks, half-breeds, negroes, un-Hungarians, transient bums and the offscourings of creations to the foul beds of these poor illiterate creatures born and reared in the slums of Paris, who cannot even speak the English language. Club them regularly to hold them in submission. Clean up \$20,000 to \$40,000 in three to five years by defying every law of decency known to God and man, secretly if possible, openly if necessary, but at all times get the money, gentlemen, get the money. "To hell with the world and let her harlot tongue wag." Do anything and everything for the almighty dollar—except be decent.

Start a labor agency and go into cahoots with railroad contractors to fire every man you send them after they have

worked a week. A dollar from each laborer for a "job" amounts to something in the course of a year. Keep up your gait. "Every little bit, added to what you got, makes a little bit more."

And there is that proposition so necessary in every piece of well-regulated mining litigation, the "affidavit-maker." Salt the mine with gold dust; hand in false assays on custom ore, in order to hold your job as assayer in the smelter; organize the Waste Rock Mining Company with 10,000,000 shares at a penny a share. Become a "men's specialist" and torture fallen humanity; send your collectors out to collect the same bill two or three or four times if you can make it stick. Start a gambling house, variety theatre and dance-house and "get the money." (A voice, "Three cheers and a tiger for Dutch Jake of Spokane, Tex Rickards of Goldfield, Jack Enright of Butte and abbreviated "Shorty" Young of Havre, Montana." At this point, Buckets, a well-known tout of Butte, went into a hypnotic state under the wiled influence of the editor's voice and imagining himself in front of a crap table amused the audience temporarily by snapping his fingers and shouting, "Come on Big Dick," "Come on, Eliza Jane," "Oh, you bones," "Come seven, come eleven," "Little Phoebe from the south," "Come on you six," "New suit of clothes," "Get down on the field, boys, for here are the favorites six, seven and eight," "Come on little box car," "Come on you tray and four boys," "Oh, you field dice," "The gambler wins and the farmer loses," etc.)

Get a job as driver or attendant in an ambulance wagon and when the poor crushed miner is pulled out from under several tons of rock and is being hauled down town 99-100 dead, give him a needle of deadly dope and finish the job. Then it won't be necessary to take him to the hospital and you can cart his "stiff" to your favorite undertaker and get a "rake-off." Human harpies? Tut, tut. Be a druggist and charge the poor dunderhead a dollar for an ounce of salt and water. The editor is spieling out a pipe dream? No, no, no. This is simply Butte, rotten old Butte, beneath the X-Ray, and a hundredth part has not been told. Remember always, my brethren, the Butte grafter's prayer so often printed in the X-Ray:

"Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes,
Get ye wealth, no matter where,

By methods honorable, foul or fair.
Steal by night and steal by day.
Do it all in an honorable way.
Join the church and worship your Maker,
The Virgin Mary, never forsake her,
Be hypocrite, liar, knave or fool,
But don't be poor, remember the rule,
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes,
An empty pocket is the worst of crimes."

My brethren, apply the "apex theory" and be a high grader in your every transaction; deal 'em from the bottom of the deck until you cause the little birds to fall down and out of their nests in anguish. Practice 10,000 types of rascality not already mentioned and which in itself would fill a book. Commit all the remunerative deviltry known to human ingenuity and which would make even the very imps of hell blush with shame and hide their heads and you will finally wind up as the most admired man outside of jail. Why? Because you carried out the eleventh commandment, "Get the money."

Butte's high society, knowing that you have boundless wealth, will fawn at your feet; the utmost consideration and respect will be yours; you will be heartily welcomed by the church; the sweet girl behind the post card and cigar stand will toss you her sweetest smile and naughtiest "Cissy" wink, remarking to her chum, "Isn't he a handsome wretch." Hotel clerks will assign you to the best rooms; Pullman porters will wear out the hinges at the base of their coat tails to serve you. School trustees will invite you to address the graduating class on commencement day to such texts as "Honesty Is the Best Policy" and "Remember Thy Creator In the Days Of Thy Youth" and horrible dictu, you will get your picture in the papers accompanied by an oxylene eulogy of your rise from poverty to affluence due solely to your honesty, genius and ability. Then when you become 60 years old the party managers will tap you off for a small fortune for campaign funds and make you a senator. (A voice, "Bully for Senator W. A. Clark of Butte with his income of \$40,000 a day.") Thus will your career be nicely rounded out and you will be in a position to attend your own 150-buggy funeral as the most honored bender in the cortege.

But, brethren, it is with an aching heart that I confess that there exists one place in Montana, I am very, very

sorry to say, where honesty, truth, virtue, uprightness, purity, integrity and righteousness will always prevail even long after we are dead and gone. (Several hundred members of the association spring to their feet, stampede down the aisles to the speaker's stand and with snapping fingers pointed towards the editor shout, "Where? Where? In God's name where?") In the dictionary, brother spnorts, in the dictionary. (Loud applause during which the editor took a slight decoction of Dewar's Extra Special, smacking his lips significantly and wildly glaring around at the reception committee seated upon the stage as if to say "Wots the matter with Johnny Dewar? He's all right. Who's all right? Johnny Dewar!")

Brethren, it pleases me very much to see that we have with us to-night many members of our order from distant states. I see before me many wealthy gentlemen, prominent citizens, captains of industry, legislators, congressmen, mayors, U. S. senators, district, federal and supreme judges from Washington, Oregon, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas. Let me compliment you, gentlemen, upon the clever manner you have covered up your tracks. A few years ago most of you didn't have as much as a spittoon to spit into or a window to throw it out of. To-day you own mansions in your respective cities, palaces at winter resorts in the south and summer resorts in the north, steam yachts, automobiles, wine cellars, a plurality of wives, newspapers, street railways, water power and electric franchises, timber lands, coal lands, mineral lands, lands secured by timber and stone act, the desert act, the squatters act, the homestead and commutation act performed by hired agents, land by purchase of railroads, land by the township and land by the county, as well as a wad of the long green that looms up like a democratic majority in Texas. You live in the style of Russian Grand Dukes and you scatter money broadcast to minister to your wants and extravagances. The only available source of income with many of you has been your salary as public servants. "WHERE DID HE GET IT?" Can it be possible that within sound of my voice there breathes a man with soul so dead who sometimes to himself hath said this is my own, my native land?

Gentlemen, I want to compliment you on your records in fairly outdoing the spirit of the age. I hope that we may

all keep up our lick. Let the present generation exhaust all of nature's resources. Why leave any land, coal, copper, gold, silver and timber for the next generation. Let them apply their wits and invent substitutions. Before me are some very able apostles of this idea of gobbling up the earth during the present generation.

Yonder in the sixth row sits Mr. Weyerhauser, the Minnesota lumber king, who owns millions of acres of our country's merchantable timber. His holdings are doubling and trebling in value every few years and he is reputed to-day to be worth the equal of Rockefeller. Up yonder in the gallery is the venerable Henry Miller of California. He is 85 ears old and is the greatest living individual land owner. He fairly owns whole counties in California, Oregon, Washington and other western states and has amassed a fortune of \$20,000,000 in land and cattle raising, while over here are several of our brethren from the Canadian side, Sir Thomas Shaunnassy, Mackenzie and Mann and a few more big-mitt gentry of the Hudson Bay Co., who have for years by their example been trying to instill into the sleepy Canucks and Cockneys our blessed doctrines of graft and the beauties of gum shoe, billie club and dark lantern methods.

One of our members has done nobly the past year. He bought a large area in West Seattle, divided it up into lots and unloaded them on his Butte friends at a profit of \$50,000. Those of his Butte purchasers that went out to Seattle during the fair to view their investments and couldn't swim managed to hire boats. Remember, my friends, when the public looks down the barrel of your angel maker and still refuses to shell out, there is still one last resort before committing murder. That is to knock them down and take it away from them by brute force (Here the speaker was compelled to stop while the association sang a verse from one of its hymns:

Montana, hail to thee;
Wilt thou be good to me,
My luck conserve?
I want a good fat berth;
Be not o'ercome with mirth
If I should ask the earth;
I have the nerve.)

Gentlemen, I see before me three types—would-be grafters, grafters and post-graduate, 33rd-degree grafters. The

latter type has many representatives here to-night. (Cries of "Stand up, Patsy," "Bully for Furnace Creek Extension," "Hooray for Bullwhacker.") Will the great mining promoter from Spokane please arise? There, gentlemen, is a man whom we should all strive to emulate. He was not content with roping in honest people. Fully 9-10 the members of the association are in this man's sack. Gentlemen, in the past few years he has taken hundreds of thousands of dollars out of Montana's pockets in exchange for large chunks of Nevada's blue sky, but he has done it so adroitly that like the children's love for Castoria, we are belly-aching for more. Therefore, gentlemen, always administer the medicine in a palatable way. If you don't you are liable to fare the fate of Bro. Burton of Kansas or the late lamented Bro. Mitchell of Oregon or Bro. Morse of New York or have a close call like Bro. Bailey of Texas or Bro. Borah of Idaho.

In some cases a large donation to some sweet charity will temporarily appease the wrath of the many-headed monster. Jesse James, Robin Hood and other marauders of similar ilk were noted for their generosity but they never claimed that giving away a small percentage of their swag transformed them from disreputable footpads into feathered peacocks. They simply were not up-to-date. It's always a good idea, brethren, to "wear the livery of the Lord to better serve the devil in." Remember those words of Voltaire, "When virtue flees men's hearts, it perches upon their lips." At this juncture James J. Hill entered the meeting and as he walked down the center aisle to a seat near the stage, the entire audience at the request of the speaker, arose en masse and with uncovered heads sang:

"All hail the power of Jay-Jay's name.

Let grafters prostrate fall.

Bring forth the royal diadem

And crown him lord of all."

My friends, a half century ago Horace Greeley appropriately said: "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country." If Horace Greeley were alive to-day and residing in either Minnesota, North or South Dakota, Montana or Washington, he would doubtless say: "Come west, young man, and work for Jim Hill." Four million people, in these five states, are all working for Mr. Hill. (Tremendous cheers.) Long live Mr. Hill and every other

man who lives and thrives on the life-blood of millions of his fellow men. (At this juncture the association applauded for fully a minute.) Remember, my friends, it was Jas. J. Hill and his associates who took the stock of the Burlington, the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, added \$360,000,000 of "water" to them and up popped the Northern Securities Company. By so doing Mr. Hill has been enabled the past few years to pay his section men on the Great Northern in Montana, the stupendous, colossal, enormous and gigantic sum of \$1.35 a day for ten hours labor—in a state whose chief city, Butte, pays her very street sweepers \$3.50 a day for eight hours work. My friends, the "water" of the ex-Northern Securities Company, created in a single night by a few strokes of the pen, is more wealth than all the people of Kansas have been able to create, plus the unearned increment, since Kansas was a state. Keep these two figures, \$360,000,000 and \$1.35 a day, in your mind and you will always have a warm place in your heart for "Sunny Jim." I've got it figured out that the only way Montana will ever be able to repay Mr. Hill for his multifold kindness to the treasure state is to kidnap him while he is now in Butte and by strategy get him to wear a yellow rag on St. Patrick's day or go into any Irish saloon in Butte any day of the year when there is a bunch of Irish terriers slopping up and commence to whistle "Battle of the Boyne Waters"—all same tackling bunch of old-time range cattle. Down will go his lithographs. But, my friends, the great railway wizard of the northwest stands alone in this association in his opinions concerning the conservation of the nation's resources. In his toast, which immediately follows mine, he will probably show you that when you denude an acre of forest or extract a ton of copper, silver, gold or lead ore from the mine it cannot be replaced, is a work of devastation, but in the soil, with proper rotation of crops, you have a priceless and inexhaustible mine.

This association stands for gobbling up all of the country's resources during the present generation. Mr. Hill is opposed to this, whether because of his love for the next generation or because a change of policy would leave more to be corraled by Mr. Hill of this generation, deponeth saith not.

Will the association please arise and give three cheers for the representative of \$500,000,000 of the earth's wealth,

who has opened up and developed this great northwest so that we two by zero piker grafters have had a field to operate in. (Three cheers and a tiger for Mr. Hill, amid great enthusiasm, during which time the editor ballasts his steerage with an extra large cargo of Three-Star Hennessy. A voice: "Have you forgotten Harriman, the man whom Roosevelt called an outlaw?"). No, my friend, but here in Montana we do not feel Harriman's gentle hand squeeze to any degree. He seems to be contented to confine his operations in our glorious west to that small territory of which Sioux City, New Orleans, San Diego and Seattle form the four corners. Now, gentlemen, let us all hold firm in the faith and rejoice in the report of the United States Labor Commissioner Strauss, that in the last ten years the cost of living has increased 40 per cent. over and above the increase in wages.

In time we may be able to permeate and honeycomb our whole government with our blessed doctrine of graft—from the heads of departments at Washington, D. C., down to the meanest little stool pigeon stinker holding a city administration job, each with his mitt out in proportion to the size of his position. In due course of time certain districts of hell will contain more respectable people than an equal area of these dozen western states. This can be done by all of us becoming 33rd degree grafters and having grafters under us, who in turn will have grafters under them, and so on all down the line. It is pretty nearly that way now.

Now, gentlemen, the hour is late and I fear I have (cries of "go on, baldy," "keep 'er up, young hooknose") detained you too long. I thank you for the patient hearing you have given me, and to those of you present here to-night who are non-residents of Butte, I invite you, on your next trip to our great mining city, to drop around to the X-Ray office and we will go out and see the elephant. Many of you visitors who have not been in Butte for some years will notice with sadness that many of the landmarks around the city are passing away with the ruthless advance of civilization. The squaw colony down on the flat south of town is no more. And poor Annie-Rain-in-the-Face, the best squaw of them all, is also no more. Annie's manner was superb, wasn't it boys, and she was great stuff. Tempora mutantur. Time changes all things.

In closing I would suggest that inasmuch as there are

representatives here from nearly every state west of the Missouri river, that you go back and organize the grafters of your respective states into associations like we have here in Montana. Next year let us form the Western Grafters' Association comprising all these western states. I would suggest as a meeting place for the first annual convention of the Western Grafters' Association the Hole-In-The-Wall country of Wyoming, where we may not only have the pleasure of meeting upwards of a hundred of our brother bandits, murderers, express robbers, cattle rustlers and outlaws of similar stripe who are fugitives from justice, but where we will be safely out of reach of the Wyoming statutes that offer a handsome bounty of \$5.00 a head for wolf scalps. Gentlemen, I thank you. Let us pray.

Almighty Creator of the Universe—Jehovah or Jove, Brahma or Buddha—dear Father of all men of whatsoever faith—Thou who makest the poor and oppressed Thy especial care, look down in pity and protection upon Thy servants of the Montana Grafters' Association. If the lamb bleats not to be shorn and the sucker comes not nigh unto our net, then indeed are we undone. At any cost to others, preserve us in our gains, for we are the people. Give us honest men in Montana politics, good God. Be it understood, however, that an honest man in Montana politics is not a man that can't be bought, but a stinker that having once been bought will stay bought. Heavy on the "stay bought." Bless our brother grafters of the New York Stock Exchange, especially Montana's favorite sons therein. They are all striving humbly to earn an honest livelihood by so juggling the markets that wheat and pork will be cheap in the farmer's field and flour and sausage dear on the poor man's board; by inflating and depressing the price of securities at pleasure, thereby hogging up the widow's savings and the orphan's patrimony; by the shearing of many lambs of their golden fleece and the construction of pitfalls for the unwary upon whose misfortunes they do fatten. Bless them in their holy work and may they ever be shining examples for our members of the Montana Grafters' Association to pattern after. ("Amen," "You're on the right track, old cockalorum.") Nearly a century and a half ago, when improved machinery had not crushed out the independent artisan; when labor had not become the hopeless bonds slave of capital; when class legislation was practically unknown, all men equal before the

law, vast railway corporations not in existence to control legislation and Wall street unlearned in the art of selling by a short and buying by a long yard by the simple expedient of juggling the measure of value, a body of men did assemble and inaugurate a doctrine of government known as "equal rights to all, special privileges to none." Help us, oh Lord, to help Wall street to upset this detestable theory. (Groans of "Amen" and "Please do, oh Lord.")

Lord bless our national banking system. The foundation upon which our national banking system rests is enough to make the heart of every grafter throughout the land to leap with joy. In reality, a government has no right to permit bankers to issue currency unless it accords the same privilege to every other citizen of equal assets. God forbid any change in present conditions. Why, if everybody could issue currency we would all eat. Heaven forbid such a calamity. (Groans of "Amen," "Heavy on the empty belly.")

Lord give us an elastic currency in these blessed United States. Our brother grafter, Leslie M. Shaw, says: "What is wanted is not an elastic dollar, but some provision by which automatically the aggregate volume of dollars shall increase whenever and wherever more dollars are needed and will promptly retire when not needed." Zounds! Bro. Shaw could have said: "What is needed is not an elastic dollar, but a dollar that is elastic."

Who would determine, oh Lord, "whenever and wherever more dollars are needed?" (A voice: "The Morgans and Belmonts, of course.") Who would own and control the "automatic" machinery by which the volume of dollars is increased or decreased? Why, our brother grafters, the same crowd of trust pirates and stock gamblers in Wall street, of course. When would the volume be increased, oh, Heavenly Father? Whenever they desire to throw on the market lakes, rivers and oceans of watered stocks. Then, just as soon as these stocks shall have been unloaded upon a gullible public, it will be discovered that our elastic currency has been stretched too far and our brother band of footpads in the east would set the automatic machinery in motion for the prompt retirement of the volume of dollars.

The volume would continue to retire until all the water would be squeezed out of the above mentioned stock. When the process of contraction starts in the wise ones, the get-

rich-quick combination of white-livered scalawags manipulating the "automatic arrangement"—would sell "short" and ride back to safety on the receding wave. Heavy on the "short," oh Lord.

When stocks strike bottom or real value they would get on the "bull" side and suddenly discover the necessity for an instant reversal of Brother Shaw's "automatic" machinery for the "good of the country," and the performance would be repeated regardless of the wrecks that would line the shores of the financial world. Give us an elastic currency, dear Lord, for such a system would inaugurate the most gigantic scheme of highway robbery ever conceived outside of Heinze, Hill and Halifax, and would place the whole civilized world at the mercy of Wall street pirates and other predatory interests that would pare the wool off the people just as fast as it grows. Lord, there exists in this country a scattering of blatant jingoists for whom our brother grafters of Wall street have piped, but they refuse to dance, ever adhering to the damnable heresy that plebian blood is more precious than rubies and national honor better than fine gold. By their actions they keep our brethren in Wall street constantly in boiling water, lest their bellowing and pawing up of the earth knock a point off of imaginary corn, shade make-believe wheat a sixteenth and leave the beautifully engraved bonds of Gougem and Graftem without buyers. One of these calamity clackers, Gov. Haskell of Oklahoma, is even in favor of the abolishment by congress of the New York Stock Exchange. Other enemies of Wall street and our blessed banking system want to make it a felony to issue a share of stock in excess of the value of a proposition and withdraw from private banking institutions the authority to issue money. They claim, oh Lord, that the issuance of paper currency, like the coining of gold and silver, is a sovereign function and should not be delegated to any corporation or private citizen, and that under the presesnt system the prevention of periodical panics will be absolutely impossible—ever and anon national confidence will take wings, progress falter, prosperity become paralyzed, distress weep in palace and hovel, and the great masses compelled to appeal to Thee to rain down cans of manna as slugs of mercy to Thy starving children, despite the fact that the fields have produced bountiful crops. If it be not inconsistent with Thy plans,

put a kibosh on this class of cattle. (A voice: "Down with the republic, up with a king.")

Lord, hasten the day when civilization will rest wholly upon the rotten basis of money. A commercial value is fast being placed upon everything—religion, politics, honor, manhood and virtue. The result is graft, bribery, prostitution, corruption and hell. Isn't it grand? ("Amen," "Glory to Mercury, the god of thieves.")

The world is facing a crisis which not only involves the progress and prosperity of mankind, but threatens the very existence of all the civilized nations of earth. May our nation, oh God, be the first one to fall in the general crash.

There was a republic in Venice for eleven hundred years, in Athens for nine hundred years, in Carthage for seven hundred years, in Rome for five hundred years, in Florence for three hundred years, in the Netherlands for two hundred years and our own republic at a little over a hundred and thirty years of age is tottering to its fall. And now, Divine Spirit, make us to understand that we are but a breed of moths flitting in the light of one brief day between a night that had no beginning and one that can have no end. This old world rolled on through countless ages, through joy and through sorrow, through glory and through shame before we appeared for a flash upon the scene, and will so continue after we are gone. Inasmuch as the time is so short we must pounce upon our fellows and do them to death, getting in our best licks while the haymaker is unobscured in the heavens, for we will all be a long time dead.

And now, "Lord, lettest now Thy servants depart in peace." All these petitions, oh Lord, we have the nerve to ask in Jesus' name.—AMEN.

At this juncture a cousin Jack miner—one of those fellows who, during the excitement and development of Goldfield, when "leasing" and underground thievery was at its height, spent \$300 to \$500 in the bars and bagnios every night on a daily wage scale of \$5.00 a day—got up and requested the Butte's crack Boston and Montana Band to play "Turkey in the Bloody Straw" and the grafters adjourned to go out over town and apply the carmine. The festivities and evil associations of the evening were too much for the editor, who was swept completely off his feet, at 4 A. M., being so dead to the world that his good right leg could have been sawed off without the emission

of a single grunt. Yes, at 4 A. M., beneath twelve feet of snow, the editor and several of his brother sports were carried upstairs by the piano player and two or three of the girls, but all managed to get down by 7 P. M. the next evening. All ate a hearty supper and were eager for another course with John Barleycorn over the hurdles.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

* * *

Mrs. Hoke and Mrs. Moke of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church of Butte decided to pay their regular quarterly visit to the patients in the State Insane Asylum at Warm Springs, Montana. The editor of the X-Ray was invited to go with them and accepted the invitation. The matron in charge of the institution welcomed the party cordially at the front entrance and led us up to her private snuggery, where tea was poured. All of us being religiously inclined, we fell to talking of death bed repentances and cancers of the stomach. Mrs. Moke expatiated at length as she chewed up cookie after cookie on the lamentable frivolity of her late husband at the time of his death.

"How did he die?" asked the matron.

"He fell off a scaffold——"

"Through a trap in the floor?" asked the editor.

"Not at all, the poor man——"

"The rope got tangled around his neck, I suppose?" queried the editor.

"Look here, Mr. Davenport, I don't want any of your insinuations. My husband——"

"Come now, friends," said the matron, seeing signs of a storm, "have another cup of tea and then we will visit some of the patients."

After five or six more cups of tea a piece had been poured, the party proceeded to the general ward and rubbernecked around curiously, much the same as visitors do when they enter the animal tent at the circus.

"Here," exclaimed the matron, "is a man who in addition to his mental troubles has just been operated upon for appendicitis. He will be well enough to get up in a week or so."

"You poor dear fellow," cried Mrs. Hoke fervently,

"how are you feeling?" The patient sized up his visitor good naturedly and evidently imagining she belonged to Butte's high society, replied: "Pretty skookum. By the way, you haven't got the 'makings' of a cigarette on your clothes, have you?"

Then Mrs. Moke butted in and told how her brother had had his appendix taken out some years ago in Salt Lake.

"In Salt Lake! Well, I declare!!" ejaculated Mrs. Hoke in a tone of surprise.

"Don't you suppose they can perform the appendix operation in Salt Lake?" snorted the editor in disgust.

Mrs. Hoke coughed in a deprecatory fashion and said she supposed they could. Continuing, she said:

"And what did the doctor do to you, my good man?"

"He did what I wish to Christ you women would do," observed the patient, rolling over and turning his face to the wall.

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Moke.

"He cut it out."

The matron, observing that several of the other patients were starting to laugh, hurried the party out of the general ward and took them along a corridor to the private wards. Knocking at a door a feeble voice was heard to say:

"Come in."

There lying propped up on pillows was a sad looking spectacle. He was a stalwart and able-bodied employe of the big Washoe smelter at Anaconda, a man in the prime of life apparently dying. He seemed to be gasping for breath, his eyes were glassy and his fingers clutched the counterpane nervously.

"My poor fellow," said Mrs. Moke bending over the sick man with tears in her eyes, "is there anything we can do for you? Is there any message we can take to the loved ones at home? Have you any favorite hymn you would like us to sing? Is it well with your soul? Or would you like us to sit on the edge of the bed and be with you when the end comes? Perhaps a chapter from the Bible would be a comfort. My poor man, do confide in us and say what you would like."

"Well, I'll just be G—d d—d if I wouldn't like to get a hold of a good stiff horn of whiskey, ladies," said the patient emphatically and in a tone of voice that seemed to shock the visitors.

"The doctor said I was to be tapered off gradually and

here I haven't had a jolt for at least thirty minutes."

"But," said the pretty nurse who had just stepped into the room, "you have had 21 whiskeys and four bottles of beer to-day already. I'll fetch you another, but mind, this is to be the last for an hour."

"Twenty-one whiskeys? Aw, hell, that is nothing!" cried the sick man petulantly. "The kind of bender I have been on in Anaconda for the last three weeks calls for more than that to taper off on."

"Then he is not about to die, after all?" whispered Mrs. Moke in disappointed tones to the matron.

"Not he," said the matron leading the way out of the sick chamber.

Entering another door an extraordinary sight met their gaze. The patient was chasing himself around the room in his shirt tail, whacking away at imaginary objects with an umbrella. The ladies hastily withdrew.

"He will soon get over that," said the matron. "Yesterday he was trying to take the rattlesnake from around his neck and wanted to hire a lot of messengers to pick flowers from off the tops of the telephone poles. If it wasn't for those iron bars he would probably jump out of the window."

"Bless my soul," said Mrs. Moke.

Walking down the passageway the party then came upon a little, natty, gentlemanly individual attired in a short night dress, bare legs and feet, a tiny blonde moustache about the size of a Swede's eyebrow, a Stetson hat on his head and carrying a suit case. He was standing half inside the door of a room and was making strenuous enquiries about trains.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," he said, "but I have tried all the mining camps in the west and I believe I will try the second largest mining camp in the world, Johannesburg, South Africa. Can any of you ladies tell me from which side of the depot the train pulls out for Johannesburg?"

The matron quickly summoned some of the male assistants and the barelegged man who wanted to go to Johannesburg was hustled off to his own room and finally induced after endless coaxing and the promise of a snifter of booze to go to bed.

The party then entered the female ward.

"Here is a woman that was once the lioness of Butte's high society, but look at her to-day," said the matron.

"I think I have her pedigree—excessive cigarette smoking and absinthe frappes, is it not?" queried the editor.

"Exactly so," said the matron. "Over yonder you see a woman hugging and kissing a Teddy bear and trying to get it to take milk from her empty breast. The loss of her first born dethroned the poor creature's reason. Here is a poor woman from Helena who has almost lost her sight from trying to keep tab on Heinze's somersaults in Montana's politics a few years ago, while over yonder is one of your Galena street prostitutes from Butte. She is suffering from a combination of paresis, paralysis and locomotor ataxia, but in reality it is simply a case of syphilis in the tertiary stages."

"I think we have visited enough patients for the day," said Mrs. Hoke.

"Wouldn't you like to see the delirious and demented woman who slit her throat from ear to ear last week over her losses on the races in Butte?"

"Not to-day," said Mrs. Hoke.

"Some other day, maybe," suggested Mrs. Moke.

The matron led the way to the front entrance.

"Well, come again, friends, goodbye."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

The party started for the front gate some hundred yards from the building. The entire lawn was covered with "trusties." These were patients whose condition was not considered dangerous. Some hundred feet ahead and perhaps a rod to the right of the path could be seen a rose bush. Through the rose bush could be seen a man on his hands and knees glaring wildly at the oncoming party. Mrs. Hoke and Mrs. Moke retreated to the front porch of the asylum, while the editor walked towards the patient cautiously and with "long teeth" like a country bumpkin about to envelop his first glass of lager beer. The patient suddenly got up on his feet and made a bee line for the editor. For some unaccountable reason the latter failed to run towards the asylum, but hotfooted out across the lawn. The race seemed to amuse the hundred trusties of both sexes, as shout after shout and cheer after cheer went up. Across the lawn sped the racers. Down through the orchard they traveled at furious speed some fifty feet apart. A hedge fence was cleared by both at a single leap. An

irrigation ditch twelve feet wide with running water was easily cleared and a patch of sagebrush was encountered. Here a jackrabbit was aroused from his nest and led the procession. But the jackrabbit soon gave signs of not being in form. For a hundred yards it kept about four feet ahead. Whenever the editor turned to the right or left to try to get around the animal it would likewise turn.

"Get out of my road, you mule-eared scoundrel. If you can't run yourself, if you are carrying too much weight or the track is heavy and you can't run, get out of the way and let somebody run that can run."

At this point the patient overtook the editor.

"One, two, three, tag, you are it," cried the patient in childish delight as with crossed fingers he tapped the editor on the back three times. "Pretty boy, pretty boy, your necktie is clear up over the back of your collar. Let me fix it for you."

Holy smoke! Three-fourths of a mile covered in a little over three minutes and scared out of a year's growth by a foolish simpleton who wouldn't harm a fly! Wouldn't it be well for the editor to remain at the asylum and assimilate some sense and let his captor escort Mrs. Hoke and Mrs. Moke back to Butte?

Late that night the editor and the two ladies pulled for Butte. These church committees in some way resemble the old lady's bread pills. While they do no special good, they also don't do any harm.

* * *

Decoration Day has come and gone. From the northern lakes to the sun-kissed southland and from the rockribbed shores of New England to the Golden Gate, a grateful people gathered about the graves of their heroic dead to drop a tear of joy and grief and lay a scented rosy wreath upon the countless mounds that enclose their sacred dust. The resting place of some is marked only by modest slabs, while others sleep silently in the shadow of stately marble or enduring bronze. But a vast number sleep in the dreamless dust where they fell in southern glen, mingling their blood and ashes with their brave brother foe, their graves unmarked and unknown. While mortal hands moved by loving hearts could not strew their dust with garlands, the Angel of Nature deftly wove the gentle rain and pearly dewdrops with streaks of starlight and the golden flowers of every hue and planted their feet in the blood-soaked

earth of battlefields, where bending they stoop and kiss with blushing lips the hallowed dust of the brave, asking not whether in life they wore the blue or grey. Noble lesson! This is a united country. No North, no South, no East, no West, except Butte, "the hell of the west." Here in Butte the customary ceremonies were gone through with reverently by many, lightly by others. No small portion of the procession to the graveyard, however, consisted of livery rigs filled with men who talked about mining stocks all the way out and had flasks in the bust of their breeches. After the ninth inning at the cemetery the whiskey was unsheathed from its glass scabbard and used to reduce the speed record from the graveyard to the Nine Mile house. Say, on the dead level, isn't this a fierce town?

* * *

We were in error in the last issue of the X-Ray in stating that the elegant Floriana Twostep of Dixon, Ill., who has been visiting her cousin, the charming Mrs. Lookout Chair of Anaconda, has returned to her eastern home. That's what we get for cribbing our society news from the Anaconda Standard instead of having a special correspondent upon the scene of slaughter. Her many admiring friends will be rejoiced to learn that Miss Twostep is still in the smelter city. In fact, she couldn't be removed with a box of Hercules powder and a traction engine, having mashed to a pulp the heart of the Rev. Nincompoop Schreecher, this being the first time she has "kenoed" after sitting in the matrimonial game for eighteen years.

Mrs. Lookout Chair, who feared that cousin Floriana had pounced upon her for permanent support, set the trap that is expected to transfer the Illinois chromo into a parsonage.

The engagement has not been formally announced, but it is daily expected by the quid nunes, for Miss Twostep has had her face enameled, purchased a new "rat" and an entire set of pads and is borrowing duds right and left in which to spread the eagle, while Rev. Poopy hangs around the Mrs. Chair mansion with a pathetic look on his face suggestive of a hungry bull pup eying a rump bone through an impassable picket fence and has preached five times upon "The Power of Love."

Miss Floriana is not so young as she used to was, but is still full of copper water, ginger and cow itch and is capable of driving an obedient husband at an almighty rapid gait.

* * *

"Buckets" will not play the races next week. He says:
 "I played my money on a bobtailed nag,
 Somebody bet on the grey."

It is one of those inexplicable mysteries of human life—when "Buckets" puts his hard earned mazuma on a seven-time winner, the pesky skate is invariably seized with an attack of locomotor ataxia right in the middle of the race.

* * *

Two Butte traveling men boarded the North Coast Limited at Livingston, Montana, a few nights ago bound for Butte to spend Sunday with their respective families. They discussed the weather and business in general, when the conversation drifted upon the subject of their families.

"I just telegraphed my wife from Livingston that I will be home to-night and she will be down at the N. P. depot to meet me and greet me with a kiss," said one of the T. M.

"What a chump you are," said T. M. No. 2. "You can bet I never let my wife know when I am coming home. And no matter what time I get into Butte I always hang around the Butte Hotel or go upstairs at the California or go up to the Silver Bow Club until about 2 A. M. Then I go out to my house on the West Side, ring the front door bell and then run right around to the back door and grab an ax. The last man I chopped up is now out of the Sisters' Hospital after a month's siege and is doing well, thank you."

* * * *

A prominent society girl of Butte's West Side was sitting on her front porch reading the last issue of the X-Ray. She suddenly stopped reading, peeled off her shoes and stockings, turned her stockings inside out and then replaced the aforesaid shoes and stockings upon her limbs again. An interested neighbor viewing the performance, called across the fence for an explanation.

"I'm just reading Warren Davenport's concentrated, double-distilled extract of truth and cussedness called the X-Ray, and it is just such awfully hot stuff, I had to turn the hose on myself. This dope would convert an Arctic iceberg into a Turkish bath. I love my molten lava, but oh you X-Ray!"

* * *

That was a remarkable incident at the Broadwater Natatorium in Helena last week during the Elks' convention.

As every one knows who has visited the noted resort, the swimming pool is about 75 feet wide and 250 feet long,

very shallow at one end and some 15 or 20 feet deep at the other end.

A party of Helena society people, together with visiting Elks and their wives, visited the natatorium one afternoon and indulged in the swimming and bathing opportunities. The visitors, attired in bathing suits, were all in the shallow end of the pool except Prof. H—— in one of the dressing rooms.

Miss M——, a society belle of Great Falls, had started out to demonstrate that she could swim the entire length of the pool and back again. When at the deep end of the pool Miss M—— was unfortunately seized with cramps and sank to the bottom. When she arose to the surface her screams of anguish could be heard all over the natatorium. At the shallow end of the pool in one of the dressing rooms was Prof. H——, who had just peeled off his bathing suit, dried himself with a crash towel, preparatory to donning his clothes. When Miss M—— screamed for help, Prof. H—— ducked his head out of the dressing room door and took in the situation instantly. Dashing out of his dressing room and past the 60 or 70 ladies and gentlemen in the shallow end of the pool he ran down the 250-foot sidewalk along the side of the pool at a Nancy Hanks gait, as naked as a hairless Mexican pup a la Doukabour, and plunged into the water to the rescue of Miss M——.

A bystander had noted her predicament and at her first screams had plunged, clothes and all, into the water and succeeded in landing the unfortunate girl high and dry out of danger before Prof. H—— could reach her.

A few hours later, after Miss M—— had been rescued and told of Prof. H——'s gallant efforts on her behalf, the entire party except Prof. H—— were in the parlors of the Broadwater Hotel awaiting the supper gong. In walked Prof. H——. Miss M—— arose and extending her lily-white hand to him, most graciously remarked:

"Prof. H——, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your brave and heroic actions upon my behalf this afternoon. You risked your life to save mine. How in the world can I ever, ever, ever repay you? You certainly demonstrated to the satisfaction of all of us that you are every inch a man."

Bow wow! Come in, the water is fine.

* * *

Geo. H. Beasley, editor of the Inland Empire, published

at Moore, Fergus county, Montana, has the world by the tail on a down-hill pull. If he doesn't "sell out" to the Amalgamated and spoil it all, he is the coming "it" in Montana. On page 70 of R. L. Polk & Co.'s 1906 directory of Fergus county I notice the following ad: "The wonder of newspaperdom. The growth of the Empire has been one of the most wonderful ever recorded in the history of newspaperdom in the west. Starting in a town with barely 100 population and in less than six months reaching a circulation of 600 copies."

My Gawd! If I could look ahead six months and see by the aid of 200 newsboys in Butte, train agents, news stands and individual subscriptions my list would go soaring up to the 600 mark, I expect I would go plumb daft, lose my head, desert the "straight and narrow," etc., and go scorching down the primrose path with Blondenette or Mimosa San, originally of Japan. The X-Ray is going to hitch its wagon to this blazing luminary out in Eastern Montana and see if it can rip up the celestial scenery in a similar manner.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

The editor of a similar rag over in Dawson county is not overly pleased with the manner the people in his community are helping him to build up an Examiner or an American, and is thinking seriously of moving to Butte and engaging in a catch-as-catch-can with the printers' union. Cheer up, little boxcar, you may be a great freight shed some day, like the Inland Empire.

* * *

Did you ever edit the Pumpkin Center Bugle, the Poseyville Clarion, the Crossroads Prevaricator or the Cheeseville Sleeping Powder, or any other little weekly rag in a small Montana burg? We have—at Havre, Forsyth and several other places. The Clark-Daly feud salivated Montana with small newspaper plants. Every whistling post and water tank precinct with six votes in it had a newspaper furnished it. When political high tides went out these plants and editors were left upon the rocks.

The bones of most of these editors are side by side with those of the buffalo—starved to death—while the plants have been taken up by smart alecs just out of college from

the east. The impoverished editor, like Artemus Ward's mule, is an "amoosin' kuss." He pokes his meddlesome little snout into everything. When he places the AWFUL seal of his disapproval upon any one throughout Montana, the latter is expected to sew up and quit. He imagines the 350,000 people of this state are sitting up at nights to see what he has got to "say." He is as busy as a canine eunuch where its kind do congregate, as garrulous as a toothless grand dame at a sewing circle and imagines he is "making the town."

He generally begins by getting a "stand off" from some Minneapolis firm, like the John Leslie Paper Company, for a little type, and then goes out and proceeds to exchange a few acres of advertising space for something to eat. He succeeds first rate in his work of reforming the tariff and telling the sun where to rise and set until 90-day notes fall due, then he falls through a hole in the seat of his pants. The constable comes down on him with attachments, the paste sours, the office cat hunts another "home," spider webs are spun over the sawdust cuspidore, the cylinder press no longer sneezes and the worn type and wood base railroad cuts are covered with dust. But he cuts a wide swath while he does last. In order to even get the ads and keep the paper on its feet till the notes fall due he must pursue a laudatory policy and soft-soap everybody and everything in sight, except the rival newspaper.

Good God! It's a wonder somebody did not spit upon us in those old days, drown us, pick up our remains and bury 'em in a pill box. Here are a few samples of the kind of guff we used to get off in order to propitiate the furies, smoke a few sleepy subscribers out of their holes, as well as maintain our position as a He-Liberty Enlightening the World.

(No. 1.)—*Hot Shot at Our Rival.*—"If our informants are correct there is a curious animal at large in this town and we can but wonder that some enterprising museum manager does not capture it and exhibit it as the missing link. One man described it as a cross between Balaam's ass and Barnum's What-Is-It. He says it is apparently about 30 years of age and walks on its hind legs. Before making its appearance here it was seen in Nebraska. Its habits have not been closely studied as yet, but its principal amusement seems to be playing at running a newspaper. Whenever it can borrow a shirt-tail full of pied type from

this office and get its rickety old Washington hand press in working order it sets to work with all the gravity of a Cheyenne squaw hunting for greybacks and gets out an edition which, when carried to the postoffice, oftentimes fills a flour sack half full. It continues this fruitless industry until the humane society, fearing it will overwork its mentality, sends the sheriff to remove its playthings. It was probably a pet in some Nebraska printshop, for it can construct words of large movable types, but has as yet given no evidence of continuity of thought. It calls itself 'Uncle Ira' and sometimes it names its little papers, the last one being called the 'Times,' the title being correctly spelled and placed in proper position.

"This pitiful poll parrot insinuated in its last issue that we were jealous of its presence here. Mercy, no. Our only fear is that it will not remain and continue to play scarecrow, scaring out real live competition. We are the people."

(No. 2.)—*After receiving a pass from Jay-Jay Hill.* "It affords us unbounded satisfaction to be able to cover the heart with the left hand, shut our eyes, shrug our shoulders, lift our little right hand six inches above the head and swear conscientiously that the service of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and the Burlington is undoubtedly the most perfect in the whole civilized world. Trains run like clockwork at a phenomenal rate of speed all over these great systems exactly on schedule time. The lines of Mr. Hill form a perfect network all over Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana and Washington, and it affords a feeling of pleasure to know and be able to state that they are all doing well, despite an annual 'hold-up' at Bear Mouth, Montana. This prosperity is due to the excellent roadbed, the colored porters, the circulating library in the observation cars, their refusal to float the flag of prohibition on their diners, champagne corks hitting the ceiling with the force of a pum-pum bullet at all hours of the day and night, and the really beautiful ties, each and every one of which are worth four bits and are much superior to the ties used by the cheap rummy, Harriman, on his lines in the middle west and southwest.

"The popularity of the Hill lines is explained by their give and take—heavy on the take—way of doing business, their kindness and consideration to the shippers and pro-

ducing classes of the northwest, the granting of terminal rates to cities like Spokane, their total sinking of self in their anxiety to please the public. May they live long and prosper."

(No. 3.)—*On the election of a justice of the peace.*—"Deacon Goosegrease, our talented fellow townsman, was yesterday elected to the onerous office of justice of the peace. It is only fitting that all of these years of unremitting toil in the political arena should culminate in Mr. Goosegrease's election to this high office, which in conjunction with his duties as dog-catcher will keep him a very busy man. We feel sure we are voicing the sentiment of the whole community when we say that he is eminently fitted for these two positions. That Mr. Goosegrease may pass down through the vista of life with joy and happiness and fulfill his duties to the satisfaction of himself and the public and the dogs is the earnest wish of the Ripsnorter, the Bugleblast or whatever your weekly torment is called."

(No. 4.)—*For Dances.*—The famous Bradley-Martin ball was cast completely in the shade last evening by the dance given at McIntire's Opera House by the Modern Woodmen. The costumes were ravishing and as one walked through the brilliantly lighted building adorned with rare and costly exotic plants, listening to the intoxicating strains of Hilla's orchestra, one could imagine himself in Fairyland. A recherche supper was gobbled up with great gusto and did great credit to the reception committee, etc. It was the swellest blowout in the history of Chouteau Co."

(No. 5.)—*For Concerts.*—Gadski, Scotti, Plancon, Calve, Eames, Melba, Yaw, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Tetrzini, Witherspoon, Michailowa, Journet, Patti, Neilson, Caruso, Edith and Edna Wilma, all rolled into one and coming down the homestretch on the stage of 'The California' in Butte singing 'Dixie' in the zenith of their powers are not to be mentioned in the same breath with Miss O'Shankessey, who sang last night in Tom Alexander's hall. Miss O'Shankessey, who created quite a furore last year in Goldfield, Tonapah, Rawhide, Eli and other Nevada points by her marvelous renditions of 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark,' 'Harrigan, That's Me,' 'Oh, Gee, Be Sweet to Me, Kid,' 'Did She Slip and Fall or Was She Pushed Over' and similar ballads, is, without doubt, the most wonderful cantatrice in this or any other country. The singers and accompanists showed themselves to be the

greatest singers and accompanists of the age and a hearty vote of thanks was passed by everybody in sight.

The sum of \$1.25 was taken in, which was forwarded to Butte to be applied on the fund that is being raised to add a new wing to the Butte Home for Fallen Dining Room Girls—stop barking, Tige—and Renshaw Hall flusies afflicted with chronic nymphomania in the tertiary stages. If you don't know what nymphomania means ask a policeman."

(No. 6.)—*For the farmers.*—"The Farmers' Alliance of Deer Lodge valley held their regular monthly meeting in Tanglefoot Hall, Deer Lodge, Montana, Tuesday evening. The Alliance decided to back Mr. Abe Lovejoy to a man in the bitter fight he is waging against the Amalgamated Copper Company, the poisonous sulphur fumes of their big \$7,000,000 smelter at Anaconda, Montana, having completely ruined his fine and dandy rock quarry, for which he is asking a redress in the modest sum of \$300,000. Some 200 lawsuits have been waged by the ranchers of this valley the past year against the great Standard Oil smelter octopus for the destruction of their hay gardens. But Mr. Lovejoy finds himself in the most pitiful plight of all. Those who have had their meadows ruined by the sulphur fumes and half of their livestock killed can take their remaining livestock and move to some other part of the state and commence over again, but Mr. Lovejoy cannot move his rock quarry without great pecuniary outlay and inconvenience to himself. It is hoped by all that he will show this great \$155,000,000 corporation where to head in at. The attorneys for the Amalgamated Copper Company claim that if these persecutions are kept up the smelter will be compelled to close for all time, which will in turn close down all the great mines of Butte and bring about industrial paralysis all over Montana, but the Farmers' Alliance were not to be bluffed out in their theory that one hair on the tail has a perfect right to wag the whole dog.

"The action of Mr. Henry Peekaboo was also approved. Mr. Peekaboo is endeavoring to secure \$15,000 damages from the Northern Pacific Railroad for the loss of a very fine cow named 'Granny.' Granny would not assay \$15,000 in intrinsic value, being worthless as a breeder and a milker and too old and scrawny for beef, but she was a family heir loom and had been handed down through several gen-

erations. There are those who insinuate that Mr. Peekaboo drove Granny upon the railroad track in the dark of night and strapped her down to the rails in order to have cause for action, but these reports are unfounded. Up to the hour of going to press the Northern Pacific had not instituted proceedings against Mr. Peekaboo for landing its crack train, the North Coast Limited, in the ditch as a result of having run over the miserable old pack of bones, resulting in the death of the engineer and fireman and half killing a hundred passengers, who are demanding personal injury damages aggregating half a million. Mr. Peekaboo is one of Montana's 'Arly Settlers' and a bushwhacker, having decided to make Montana his home in the early 60s to escape military duty in the civil war.

"Thirty years ago when the Northern Pacific engineers were surveying a right of way through Mr. Peckaboo's 50c per acre land, he ran the engineers off his place with a shotgun and the railroad had to force their way through by means of appraisers. For many years he was impervious to the advances of civilization, but now that the railroad and the onward march of progress have multiplied his land two hundred fold, Henry has gradually become reconciled to the Northern Pacific until the untimely death of Granny stirred up his old-time animosity.

"The question of patronizing home merchants vs. the mail order houses was brought up. After much discussion it was decided not to play any favorites, but to pursue a 'live and let live policy.' About one-half of the Alliance, those who have the ready cash in hand, will continue to buy everything they eat and wear of Montgomery, Ward & Co.; those who must have credit will patronize the merchants of Deer Lodge valley.

"The farmers of our Deer Lodge valley are all progressive up-to-date men and believe that all wealth belongs to those who coax prosperity out of the soil. In view of the on-coming harvest and the spirit of the times, it was decided to adopt the 8-hour system for their harvest hands—eight hours work before dinner and eight hours work after dinner.

"The miners of Butte who come down here the coming summer for a month's outing to smash up farm machinery for \$2.50 a day and incidentally get away from the terrible heat of the hot boxes in the Butte mines, must not feel cut up if they are worked so late at night and rustled out so

early the next morning that the lanterns they use to put away their teams at night don't have time to get cool again before they use them in the morning to harness up for the next day's torture.

"The meeting closed with McCormick in the lead, Deering second, Plano third and Moline left at the post.

"Cheer up. Every day will be Sunday by and by. And every night will be Saturday night, when we get to blowing in John D. Rockefeller's coin from our lawsuits."

* * *

Johnny had donned his first pair of long pants and the proud boy and his mother started out to Columbia Gardens. Boarding a car, when the conductor came around to collect fares, Johnny's mother handed out five cents for Johnny's fare and ten cents for her own. The conductor remonstrated:

"Madam," said he, "I can't carry that great big hulk of a boy clear out to Columbia Gardens four or five miles for five cents. The fare is five cents to any part of the city, but ten cents to Columbia Gardens. Why, he has on long pants and must pay full fare."

"Well," said Johnny's mother, who wasn't too old to feel her oats occasionally, "inasmuch as Johnny has on long pants, you may take the dime for his fare and the five cents for my fare."

After a slight hesitation the conductor grinned from ear to ear. All same Billie Kersands. "I guess that is poor. I guess that isn't one on your Uncle Dudley. All right, it goes."

When the conductor then extended his hand to collect the fare from a good looking flusie hasher from the Florence Hotel she struck him a blow that sent him sprawling to the mat—hit him with a chunk of molten slag weighing at least 1,200 pounds, by chuckling at the top of her voice:

"Ah there, old cockie, here's where I ride for nothing. Now please don't say you are from Missouri."

The conductor then threw up the sponge and retired from the ring to join the motorman. As he thought of the 15c fare he had been hornswoggled out of he looked at the pretty waitress and then at Tommy's mother and grunted good naturedly: "You and mother—all same wise old owls."

* * *

Two Butte high school sisters were talking it over in the sitting room of their West Side home.

"Why, Agnes, why are you blushing so?"

"I never was so embarrassed in my life. Your sweetheart just kissed me out in the dark hallway as I came down stairs and then said: 'Beg your pardon, I thought it was your sister.' Oh, dear me."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, why, oh fudge, I was just so kerflumixed that I thought I was being introduced to some one and blooming imbecile that I was I burst out, 'The pleasure is all mine.' Kick me."

* * *

The state asylum for the deaf and dumb is located at Boulder midway between Butte and Helena. A Butte gentleman returning from a week's vacation at Boulder Hot Springs relates an amusing incident of his visit there. He was walking the principal street with a Boulder gentleman when he noticed a bunch of a dozen or fifteen boys on the opposite corner wildly waving their arms in midair above their heads and going through all kinds of calisthenics with their fingers. On inquiring of his friend what was the cause of all the commotion the Boulder man simply replied:

"Oh, that is nothing. We see that every day. Those boys are simply a crowd from the deaf and dumb school and they are out bright and early this morning giving their college yell."

* * *

It was Friday afternoon in the South Butte schools.

Teacher—Jimmie, you go to Sunday school on Sunday, don't you?

Jimmie—Yep, ma'am.

Teacher—And I presume you attend the Inter-Mountain League ball games out to Columbia Gardens Sunday afternoon?

Jimmie—Betcher life.

Teacher—Now, Jimmie, from which do you derive the most benefit? Suppose you were a grown man and had little Jimmies of your own, where would you want them to be on Sundays, in Sunday school or attending the ball game?

Jimmie—Well, I tell you, teacher, it's just about a standoff. I go to Sunday school and the teacher says,

"Jimmie, stand up for Jesus." And then I go out to Columbia Gardens to the ball game and no more than get up in the "bleachers" and become interested in the game and some walloper from up behind me keeps yelling out: "Jimmie, for Christ's sake, sit down." So there you are.

* * *

An old maid from Helena was shopping in the city a few days ago. In the evening she pulled into the Mantle Block and engaged a night's lodging. She was shown up to her room by a Chinese servant.

"John, look under the bed and see if there is a man in this room," said the old maid.

"Me name no John, me name Charley," said the chink.

"All right, Charley, look under the bed and behind that dresser and in that closet and see if you can find a man."

The chink did as instructed, but could find no dead game sport hidden away.

"You are sure there is no man in this room?" again spoke the lady.

"No, lady, no man in ddis room," said the Chinaman, beginning to get sore at the old maid's persistence. "Charley go over to Butte Hotel or California Blewery or Silver Bow Club and get you a man and bling him up if lady really want a man." Bingo!

* * *

All of Butte's social blowouts have suffered greatly the past six months on account of the absence of the prime society pet, Mr. Cissy Highroller. Last fall Cissy came home from Seattle all crippled up from rheumatism. He certainly was in bad shape, many of his friends offering to bet that there was no more rheumatism in Seattle—Cissy had it all.

With the orchestra softly playing "HoneyBoy, I Hate to See You Leaving," in utter despair Cissy journeyed to Arkansas Hot Springs, that Mecca for all poor penitents of whom it can truly be said that "the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." The thermal waters of Hot Springs and the efficient skill of Drs. Greenway and Garnett are bringing him around all right, all righto, it's going to come out in the wash, although Cissy avers, in the language of Milton's "Paradise Lost," that he has been "hurled head-long flaming from the ethereal sky with hideous ruin and combustion down to bottomless perdition, there to dwell in adamant chains and penal fire"—in fact, "Home

ain't nothing like this." He says he feels as if he had received a life sentence, but hopes by good behavior to receive a pardon in two or three years.

Butte people returning from Hot Springs, after a month's outing for their "general health," all report Cissy the same old boy, old boy-o, except that he seems to be developing the religious side of his nature and is being permeated with the penitent atmosphere that Hot Springs is wrapped in. Cissy has dissolved partnership with cigarettes and Old Crow and almost any day around Billie Maurice's Bath House can be heard humming to himself that good old hymn:

"And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stain."

Such a life of rigid celibacy compared with the rate of speed Cissy used to put scenery behind him on the turf here in Butte is hardly conceivable to his friends here. Yet amid all the trials and tribulations of ill health, Cissy has not deserted his Butte sweetheart, but is demonstrating by his correspondence to her that he is "true blue" and not simply a "friend in fair weather." With his usual nervine and stiff upper lip he takes advantage of her innocence and ignorance of the ways and wiles of a wicked and perverse generation by dividing all Gaul into three parts and handing it out to her in such outlandish chunks as:

"Cheer up, Mary, don't be sighing, sighing,
There's a rainbow in the sky;
You look sweeter when your smiling, smiling,
And the love light's in your eye.
Wedding bells will soon be ringing, ringing,
Ringing love for you and I.
Mary, dear, do not fear,
We'll have babies by and bye."

Cissy still finds time in his southern home to devote to society, however. Almost any evening as the fashionable mixed audiences from all the society centers of the United States assemble in evening dress at the Arlington or the Eastman hotels to drink in the mineral water and orchestra music and perhaps cut off a few laps and trial heats tripping the light fantastic, Cissy can be seen the center of a gay party of the smart set, the cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers.

Cissy's many friends are all anxiously awaiting the time

when he will have recovered completely from his horrid rheumatism and can come home to dear old Butte, where absence making the heart grow fonder, he will be received with a perfect ovation. Such is life in the greatest copper camp on earth—and every other city of any size in the country, for that matter.

* * *

A prominent Anaconda society woman who has been visiting in Butte for several weeks returned home very suddenly and unexpectedly last Sunday, having received a letter from her husband stating that he was having a good time.

* * *

Senator M—— of Red Lodge, Montana, is one of the freaks of the Treasure State. A few of his friends seem to think that he has simply “Plucked a lemon in the garden of love, where they say only peaches grow,” but the great majority of people are of the opinion that he has been browsing around on the range, partaken too freely of obnoxious weeds and become “locoed.” All same “White Line.” The press of the state fairly slopped over the column lines a few years ago concerning an affaire d amour of which he is alleged to have played the heavy villain. Senator M—— evidently is not accustomed to “mounting barbed steeds to fright the souls of fearful adversaries,” preferring to “caper nimbly in a lady’s chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute.”

As the story goes, Senator M—— was spending the evening with a Miss B——, a society belle of Red Lodge. During the evening the wily senator began to feel his oats and attempted to lunch at the dewy portals of Miss B——’s gum receptacle. Miss B—— did not go out and get a good-sized, able-bodied adult fence picket and slap it across Senator M——’s main entrance with sufficient force to cave in his whole countenance. She simply resented the senator’s brazen offer to swap spit, and thereby hangs a tale.

Whether Miss B—— has a sweetheart somewhere whom she was afraid might find out that the senator had been “tenting on the old camp ground,” deponent saith not.. The circumstances in detail of Senator M——’s attempted coup d’ etat are not familiar to the X-Ray. “Tulip salve” may be one of the essential ingredients of Senator M——’s make up, causing him to have burst forth to the lady faire,

in the language of Shylock, "You take away my life when you take away the means whereby I live." While on the other hand the lady may have considered the introduction of such evidence as totally incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. Perhaps the roundelay which Senator M—— caroled at the feet of Miss B—— was a wild imitation of those which Solomon poured forth to his sweet Rose of Sharon: "Behold, thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair. Thou hast dove's eyes, thy lips are like threads of scarlet. Thy breasts like young roes that feed upon the lilies. Set me as a seal upon thy arm. For love is strong as death, jealousy cruel as the grave." Or Senator M—— may have demonstrated himself to be an A 1, simon pure, 18 karat lallygagger by throwing his lunch hooks around Miss B——'s lovely diaphragm and giving her an old-fashioned Ella Wheeler Wilcox-polar bear hug, bursting forth in melodious bay:

"Oh darling, what essence of ebulent words
 Shall paint the mad panic that curdles and curds
 The ultimate juice of my innermost self.
 For your sake my Edenish, Aidenish elf.
 Oh, what would I do if you could but see
 How charming and proper and sweet it would be,
 With amorous arm in one clamorous twine,
 Let me crush your dear lips and damage your spine.
 Let me gnaw at your neck with a passionate greed
 That double discounts a bull pup at its feed.
 Let me suck your red lips and your tongue in cahoots,
 Till I yank out your quivering soul by the roots.
 Let my ravaging, ravenous, rapturous shrieks
 Hurtle to heaven in strident streaks.
 Let me drink at the ardent Cupidical cup
 Till I burst into flame and at last burn you up.
 Oh sweetheart; oh angel! divine fellow clod!
 I'm dying for you! help!! help me!!! Ah, God!!!!"

It were idle to speculate further concerning the affair only to state that Miss B—— went into the Carbon County courts and demanded a few of Uncle Sam's long green, illuminated mental anguish plasters as a poultice to heal the hurt that honor feels, causing Senator M—— to rear up on his hind legs like a fool country horse at first sight of an automobile—and the courts promptly handed her a package where the bottle got the cork.

Dear, or dear, oh dear, oh dear! Why is it when asked

to osculate a woman invariably declines, resists pressure and whimpers "Oh don't," even threatens to scream—sets up a bigger cackle than a bantam hen that has inadvertently laid an ostrich egg—in her efforts to do the bay steer act? How the great horn and spoons is a fellow to know whether she means business or simply making a grand stand play. We can't all be mind readers and Anna Eva Fays. A guy sort o' hates to overlook these important bets, have his stock sink 101 below par and be voted a pie-bald chump by some vivacious Elsie who has had her mouth all puckered up for weeks in expectancy, yet here was our own and only Senator M—— who became hypnotized by the poetry of his peri's personality and swooped down upon the object of his adoration only to have his pleasure marred by a damage suit, as well as having the ridicule of all Montana come down on him with all the force of a ten-ton pile driver hitting a hot custard pie.

Perhaps the decision in this case is all right after all. Had it been the reverse it would have established a bad precedent and before long many women would be passing the tambourine for free will offerings of gold, frankincense, weinerwurst, mush and myrrh—seek remuneration for the same kind of kisses which they waste upon other women and colicky kids.

The evidence submitted to the court has not been fired into the X-Ray office and we know not upon what the plaintiff based her plea for damages—whether it was the kiss per se or the manner in which the goods were unloaded that constituted the casus belli. The evidence at hand does not state whether Senator M——placed the kisses where they would do the most good, lost them among her bangs, as is the custom with big brothers, or tried to slide 'em down the back of her neck a la the heroes upon the vaudeville stage. It does not state whether he tried to snatch this kiss on the fly like a left fielder nailing a skyscraper or a half-starved homeseeker tourist grabbing a Montana depot lunch counter sandwich as the train pulls from the station or whether he tried to take an hour and a half to let it soak in.

In all probability Senator M——wears a moustache through which he has been straining lager beer and mock turtle soup, and grabbed Miss B——like a boy at the county fair seizing the greased pig, mussed her hair, deranged her ribbons and crumpled her dress, only to leave upon the lar-

board cheek a blister smelling of plug tobacco, brilliantine, booze and chili con carne disinfected with sen sen. Under such circumstances Miss B—— should be given a million dollars damages with instructions to collect it with five hundred sticks of giant powder. There must be something wrong with Senator M——'s make-up, for the man who knows how to kiss a pretty woman seldom ever gets into court.

Preparations for executing the sacred rite should commence by calcimining the teeth, sandpapering the chin and formaldehyding the breath. Lead bright-eyes out into the dewy garden about 9:30 P. M., beneath the thick foliage of the grape harbor until the moon—good old moon—is eclipsed by a cloud. (Here in Butte where there is no foliage we have the "Ladies' Entrance.") Then proceed to annex her to your territory by slipping one arm about her tapering waist and draw her firmly to your manly brisket. Of course she will whimper "You horrid thing, now stop," but pay no attention. She may resist real hard and make you feel temporarily as if the last dentist that had operated upon you had made a mistake and yanked out your backbone instead of one of your teeth. But "a faint heart never won a fair ladie" without the head getting cracked with a bumbershoot occasionally. Keep everlastingly at it. Use as much gall as a mop-peddler, be as hard to down as a divorce scandal, hang on with all the persistence of a concert hall girl perishing for beer and percentage. Manage to tilt her chin at an angle of 45 degrees and for God's sake don't gab too much. Give her plenty of time to wonder what on earth is going to happen next. Be sure her father is tied and the bull dog comfortably settled in bed for the night. A fellow's nervous system must be just exactly right to get the best results from the osculation. Now, on with the dance. Don't trail your pompadour in the dust by banging away at the persimmon like a tailless Shanghai rooster picking corn off of a cob, for that is merely a touch of flesh, like slapping yourself in the face with a slice of raw ham. Take your time and swoop slowly and blithely down upon her rosy lips and stay there like a carrier pigeon just coming home to roost. She wants to call you "a naughty man" and threatens to "tell ma," but just keep on grinding. She will protest that she is real angry but she will not sue you for damages. She will be so busy watching for another cloud to pass over the

moon that she will forget all about Montana's corrupt courts.

If Senator M———— will kindly follow the X-Ray's advice the next time he attempts to nail a little of that "lingering sweetness long drawn out" we will guarantee that the strong arm of the law in Carbon County will not jerk his collarbone loose with the charge of unbecoming conduct towards young ladies. Senator M————, come away from that horse's head.

* * *

Just got back from Spokane on the North Coast Limited with only one ear frozen off. Got off light and easy. Jim Hill's sunshine method of heating his passenger cars "underneath" is simply abominable. Spokane is the same old Spokane except she is spreading out like the flames in a sash and door factory and improving vastly in a metropolitan sense. The street cars run on Sunday, the night hack lies couchant on the curb of Riverside avenue, the bartenders are piloting the schooners up and down the slippery bar and the bicycle girl is churning the atmosphere with her shapely legs like the piston rods of a pony engine. The churches have paid choirs, the Spokesman-Review Chronicle crowd control the newspaper situation, Davenport's restaurant is still the finest cafe between Sherry's and the coast (not the writer but another Davenport), the Washington Water Power Co. as it has done for the past 35 years is still holding on to all the water power sites along the river with all the fierce avivty of a reuben freezing on to his Waterbury as he enters the amphitheatre, while J. J. Hill has promised terminal rates in the year 2008. But the sporting fraternity of Spokane are up against it. Mayor Moore of Spokane is a peach, but the sporting fraternity declare he is a rotten one. He has closed the Comique and Couer d'Alene variety theatres, the saloons are closed at midnight and on Sunday and Spokane's underworld district broken up. Mayor Moore and the city council are galloping around like a bunch of bobtailed heifers during fly time, trying to make people "good" by due process of law. With everything closed down on Sunday in Spokane it is dry pickings. The day's programme for the young man who has a room and boards out is easy to figure out. He heals himself with a couple of bottles on Saturday night to tide him over Sunday, lays in a copy of the Butte X-Ray and a few magazines and

lies in bed all day having a doggone good read. Long towards evening he dresses himself and goes out to hoist the big feed. Later on Tommie This and Billie That drop in for a smoke, the cards are produced, the corks are drawn and the little old stacks of reds, whites and blues carefully counted out. While the evening chimes are calling people to church Tommie is gently reminding Billie that it is his ante.

What the devil is the matter with Spokane, anyway. She seems to be giving common sense the Siberian shoulder. The people of Spokane are full of energy and seem to be able to grasp great business problems with a comprehension that means success and industrial prosperity, but when confronted with that century old question of the social evil they act more like boobies than sensible men of the world. Spokane will eventually find that this evil can be handled only in one way—segration. Spokane and every other city of equal size—100,000 people—needs a tenderloin district, just as badly as it needs a place set aside for the disposal of garbage. Men who fail to recognize this and denounce the idea as immoral merely betray their own unfitness to tackle the problems of a big city. The opinions of such impractical chumps are not worth considering for a moment. The question must be met face to face by men who are alive to existing social conditions and accept the world as it is to-day with no frills about how they would like to have it. We have watched scores of large cities in the United States try to break up their red-light districts when under the influence of a spasm of moral reform and the result is invariably the same. These unfortunate women have to live and their hands and weak minds are not trained in a way to enable them to make a livelihood in any other way. People will not buy corner lots in the New Jerusalem when there is a hyena pent up under the corset. What is the result? When driven from their place of segregation they scatter and poison every part of a city, until it becomes speckled and fly blown like a cheese full of maggots. Along the finest avenues and streets, in flats and in city blocks, these peroxide objects d'art and articles de vertu malheureux will abound in seemingly endless variety. More than that they permeate every part of the residential sections of a city, ensconcing themselves very comfortably right in among the honest burghers and their wives and daughters. To comply with the law only one

woman is allowed to reside in a house. With this state of affairs surrounding him, a Spokane gentleman was recently put in the following embarrassing position. He and his wife were entertaining some friends one evening when his little girl climbed upon his knee and commenced her innocent prattle:

"Oh, papa, there is such a pretty lady moved into the house next door. She is an awful pretty lady, papa, but what an awful lot of closed carriages drive up to the door during the night. What do you suppose—"

"There, there, Nellie, dear, slip a few Bryan and Taft slides into the phonograph and let's have some chin music."

"With pleasure, papa, but don't you think it is awful funny to see so many hacks—"

"Well, dearie, she probably belongs to the W. C. T. U. and receives reports from hack drivers who have taken the poor drunk men out to the hospital. She probably sends nick-nacks out to the sick men."

"What a good lady she must be. I believe I will go over and see her to-morrow and—"

"No, you don't! You mustn't look at the house as you pass by! You, you, er let's go upstairs, Nellie, dear, and get some new slides for the phonograph."

Read on, MacDuff!

A man prominent in church work built a two-story building in the suburbs of Spokane on the street car line to Hillyard where Jim Hill's railroad shops are located. On the ground floor he carries on an extensive grocery business with four clerks, but the second floor he was never able to rent until the moral wave hit Spokane. Now a handsome lady occupies the apartments on the second floor and pays a good stiff rent for them. What distresses the X-Ray is not the sly hypocrisy of this dear, good, pious, old church member but the moral welfare of those four young men clerks, all members of the Y. M. C. A. "Jerry, hike upstairs and tell Jimmy to roll his hoop down here at once if he don't want to get fired. The store is full of customers."

Here is another true story illustrative of a certain phase of Spokane's duplex social life:

A gentleman left the Spokane Club considerably later than usual one night. It was raining in perfect torrents and the last car had sped its way. Living away out in the south part of the city several miles from Riverside avenue,

he hailed a cab and hastily told the cabman his street and number. Away rolled the cab driven by a cabman made prosperous by the moral wave changing social conditions. On arriving at his house he jumped out of the carriage and hastily disappeared within the portals of his home, forgetting to stop and pay the hack man for his fare. The hackman thought nothing of the unpaid fare for a while, supposing that by waiting for upwards of an hour he would have the same man as a passenger back to the city again. Some lady friends happened to be spending the evening with the clubman's wife playing progressive whist. Hubby joined in the card game perfectly unaware of the hackman outside. Two hours finally elapsed when the card party was startled by a ring at the door. The lady stepped to the door to see who in the world could be calling at such an outlandish hour of the night in such a terrible rainstorm, as the elements were showering down. On opening the door a hoarse voice went hurtling through the hall: "Say, loidy, fer gudness sake is dat guy going to stay here all night." These ridiculous situations caused by the moral wave hitting Spokane are only trifles.

The serious side of the situation comes from the doctors. Since the Mauds and Tessies and Coras have been routed out of their quarters, the doctors claim they should come out boldly and tell the city administration a thing or two. They claim that under the reform wave the causes of "rheumatism" have become so numerous among the young men of the city that they are unable to cope with it. Of course the newspapers do not mention this side of the infernal situation. It is talked about in many circles of the city, however, and commented on freely in the clubs.

Another and far worse feature of this distressing situation is the fact that with this new state of affairs, the number of young girls in their teens being ruined and sent to Rescue Homes is beyond all comprehension. Yet when the sensible, level-headed fathers of Spokane, who realize that they are confronted with a condition and not a theory, want to erect a barrier in the shape of an underworld district that will protect to a large degree the innocent, the youthful and the weak, the "moral element" commence prating about "compromising with sin." If the well-meaning, moral element of Spokane could only be saved from themselves there would not be so many ruined homes in Spokane. Truly the old saw that use to grace the first

page of Puck "The least governed, the best governed," possessed more truth than poetry. We wonder how many of the good, christian people of Spokane who approve of the manner these poor peroxide holders of losing tickets in the lottery of life are being hounded and driven off the earth, really realize what they are doing.

The inhabitants of the underworld are more to be pitied than censured. They are a never-ending and perpetual source of study to the broadminded, scrutinizing student of human nature and social conditions and are not half as black as they are painted. It is only with consolation's silken folds that you can wipe sorrow's tears away. These pitiful creatures have to live and they can't get back among their sisters higher up. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," said Bobby Burns. But it isn't a marker to woman's inhumanity toward a fallen woman. If a girl makes a side step in the rough journey of life she is scorned and dishonored in the eyes of her own sex. Why will women lift their skirts aside when passing the fallen women and then sit upon the lap and be fondled by the seducer? Nine out of ten of the fallen women in Spokane's underworld were put there by some scoundrel who made gilded promises of ease and finery. In a few weeks she is swallowed up and lost to the world—whiskey, morphine, a life of hell on earth; while the seducer marries, has a nice home, a loving wife and children, becomes an ardent church worker, dies a natural death and over his grave a shaft of granite records to the world an everlasting lie for centuries to come. Oh, Christ Jesus, where are thy pitying tears! My God, why sleep thy thunderbolts!

Do the people of Spokane really want a moral city? Let them re-establish a red-light district in as obscure portion of the city as possible for those who have gone beyond recall and as a preventative of rape and seduction. Then let them strike at the root of the evil. Let them "bawl out" in their every paper and from their every pulpit and upon the screen of their every moving picture show the name of every scoundrel that seduces a young girl in her teens and fails to make good when the crash comes. Let Lothario be taken into the jail yard, stripped of every vestige of clothing, strapped to a whipping post and horsewhipped within an inch of his life. Clothe the city physician with power to get busy with the surgeon's knife in case a second offense is committed. A little of the old

spirit of Montana's vigilantes injected into Spokane's social life would work wonders. All over our country in every city and hamlet in the land there are men daily conspiring to destroy the virtue of school girls in short dresses. We see in the press every day accounts of outraged relatives shooting in cold blood the stinker who by artifice and design has wrecked a young girl's life. The supreme law of all law is the unwritten law. The only hope of any nation lies in the purity of its homes and the virtue of its womanhood. They are the citadel of our national life. There is no criminal this side of hell so infamous as the contemptible whelp who deceives by artful practices young womanhood and robs her of her virtue. Nature in her creative forces never grew a more beautiful flower than a young girl, and man should never cause her to hang her head in shame. In all her purity she is the fairest flower in the garden of nature and should never be bitten by the frost of man's hellish lust.

The following poem by Homer D. Trask, entitled "The Wayward Girl," is appropriate:

Everybody seems to slight her,
 This girl of ill renown,
 And those who should assist her
 Are the first to turn her down.
 Oh, proud, cold-hearted woman,
 Why scorn this wayward one,
 Maybe her sins would not compare
 With those that you have done.

You think that you'll be classed with her
 If seen with one so wild,
 For everybody says she's
 But a wayward, wicked child.
 Do you call yourself a Christian,
 And hold yourself aloof?
 Just ask yourself if your own life
 Does not need reproof.

Did you ever stop to ask yourself
 What made this fair girl wild?
 Perhaps that she was tempted
 When merely but a child.
 Do you think that God in heaven
 Thinks you are doing right,

While you do not help his lost ones
Out of darkness into light?

Just cast aside your foolish pride
And get to work for God,
If you wish to read his promises
Christ offers in his word.
For when her days are over,
And we meet before the throne,
It may be that her place near Him
Will be nearer than your own.

Here is a poem by Ernest McGaffey, entitled "The Prodigals," that is true to life.

"When the roses of summer were budding and blooming,
And the yellow wheat bent 'neath its burden of gold,
The Prodigal Son came world weary and tattered
To the home where his footsteps had echoed of old.

And they clung to his garments with tears and caresses,
Till the cup of his welcome ran over with joy,
And the flowers of love and forgiveness were woven
In a blossoming crown for the Prodigal Boy.

When the icicles hung from the eaves and the branches,
And the winter winds moaned round the dwellings of
men,
Forsaken and homeless the Prodigal Daughter
Crept back to the home of her girlhood again.

But they turned her away in the storm and the darkness
To the icy cold winds, with their chill piercing breath,
And the pitiless curses that followed her footsteps
Were fierce as the tempest and cruel as death."

The X-Ray wonders how many of the good Christian people of Spokane who are demanding that this illicit traffic be suppressed at any cost would be willing to give one of these girls a chance even in their kitchens. Sooner or later Spokane will thoroughly deodorize and disinfect herself with common sense, abandon the street walker system and re-establish a red-light district. And after all dear, patient, well-meaning world, that is the common sense way of looking at a situation that has puzzled civilization for

thousands of years before Solomon established his own little private tenderloin with 700 wives and 300 concubines. If you can do nothing to help unfortunate women don't hound them. Segregate them in as small a place as sanitary conditions will permit and keep that place out of the sight of decent men and women and especially children and you come as near solving the social evil as is possible to solve it. Under our present capitalistic system there is no remedy. People who have lived all their lives in the country or in small towns ranging in population from one to ten thousand will please not butt in too strongly with opposing opinions on this subject, for its a 100 to 1 shot that they don't know enough to know that they don't know anything about it. The writer, a few years ago, held the opposite opinions—when going to college at Bird Center, Iowa.

* * *

While in Spokane the editor of the X-Ray had the pleasure of meeting his old friend, Jeremiah Tightwad, candidate for mayor of Spokane on the Good Citizens' League ticket. Jeremiah was born and spent 53 out of 56 years of his life on the Skunk river bottoms and in and around Salem, Iowa. Jeremiah's grandfather came to Iowa in the early '30s and got possession of 2,000 acres of land when it was worth four bits an acre. It has been handed down from father to son until it is in Jeremiah's possession to-day and worth \$150 per acre. Three years ago his wife died and he came to Spokane to be with his only son. Although possessed of an ample fortune of over a quarter of a million, Jeremiah believes that "Satan finds something for idle hands to do" and divides his time between rustling accident insurance and his duties attendant with being president of the Good Citizens' League, which is trying to run Spokane on a Sunday school basis. The editor had the pleasure of reading a letter which Jeremiah was about to mail to his old friend, Bill Cornrows, village dog catcher at Salem, Iowa:

Spokane, Washington, March 25.

Bill Cornrows, Esq., Salem, Iowa,

Friend Bill—I hope you are quite well. I see by the Salem News that you have captured quite a number of dogs lately, which ought to make you quite solid with the village reeve. I was glad when you took this job off my hands three years ago for there was no money in it. How-

ever, I am glad to see that you are making a success of the great work connected with your office and I shall always follow your career with interest. Twelve dogs in the pound at once is a good record.

As I wrote you in my last letter, I am running for mayor of Spokane on the Good Citizens' League ticket and having all the churches back of me expect to win hands down. If elected mayor of Spokane I expect to make a great killing with accident insurance. I can work sandies on all the clerks and minor officials around the city hall, intimidating them into taking out policies in my company, while as chairman of the police committee I will have no difficulty in inducing the policemen to take insurance whether they want to take it or not. Once I am safe in the mayor's chair I will be able to overawe half the town into taking out policies with me. Leave it to me, Bill.

As mayor, I can drop into every house in town under the pretext of inquiring if the sewerage and lighting system along their avenue is satisfactory. The householders will be tickled to death with this condescension on the part of their beloved mayor and will admire his solicitude for their interests. I shall be asked into each house and while pawing over the family album and inquiring about relatives will spring the insurance gag on them and nail 'em to the cross. Oh, joy, it's almost a shame to take the money.

My experience in municipal affairs in Salem will be of great assistance to me here. When I was a boy Salem had barely 500 people, when I left, three years ago, after I had spent an arduous lifetime in building up the place there were all of 800 if not more. It was I you will remember who was the means of getting Hans Norwood to come from Keokuk and establish the first blacksmith shop in Salem. It was I who officially welcomed the first barber from Ft. Madison who set up his striped totem pole in Salem lending him \$3.75 from the pound fees to pay down on his plush chair. It was I who practically got Jimmy Coppers to come from Burlington and accept the job as town marshal. It was I who got daddy Henderson his job at \$30.00 a month as brakeman on the daily mixed train on the K. line between Keokuk and Mt. Pleasant. It was I who tore down the circus posters of Ringling Bros. portraying a number of trapeze performers flying through air in tights, winning commendation therefor from our beloved pastor,

Rev. Poundparty. It was I who notified that woman to vacate that house at the outskirts of town thus carrying through to a successful issue my first crusade against vice. True, the unfortunate dame was afterwards found frozen to death in the hazel brush but the morals of the young men of Salem were saved. No fairies flourished around Salem while I was there, for I froze 'em out. It was I, who induced Rev. Poundparty to come from New London and start up the revival at which Bill Simons who kept the billiard hall and sold hard cider, was converted at the mourners' bench while the choir was singing:

"Hallelujah 'tis done,
I believe on the Son,
I'm washed in the blood
Of the crucified One."

With all this varied experience in the upbuilding of Salem I feel peculiarly fitted to run the affairs of a city like Spokane with over 100,000 inhabitants. As I said before, I have the solid backing of the church people of Spokane, most of whom have moved here from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio and am running this campaign on what is known in Germany as an anti-heuck-schoppen platform and have come out very strongly against the Ethels, Blanches, Suzannes and Blondenettes. The other candidates for the mayoralty, unfortunately, have this in their platforms also. But while they are in favor of segregating the dames-aux-camelias in one stamping ground on a back street, I am in favor of burning them up alive in an incinerator. The early Christians used to do this sort of thing and why shouldn't we Christians of this day do likewise? The newspapers in Spokane are rotten. The Spokesman-Review, the Chronicle and the whole bunch of them are not as good as the Salem News. They make me sick. All of them are opposed to my candidature and one of them alluded to me recently as a haybag, whatever that is. Well, good bye, for the present, Bill. As soon as I get to be mayor, come out to Spokane and I will give you a job on the police force.

Yours truly,

JEREMIAH TIGHTWAD.

* * *

Here is what is going to happen to many a resident of Seattle and other coast cities during the year 1909. Lay

the scene of the following dialogue in Posey county, Indiana, or any old place back east:

"I've just got an idea," said the grey-haired head of the family, a man of three-score years.

"High time," ejaculated the good wife, entering the door from the front yard, where she had just chased a marauding hen out of the pansy bed.

"Something I was reading the other day about a family reunion started me," said the husband. "There was 198 of 'em in the family counting descendants of course. I mean that there were three of four generations and they all got together and got photographed in a group. Wasn't that nice—all getting together and having a sociable time?"

"Oh, well, I don't know, it would depend on the family," said the wife.

"Of course there are always some members of the family who are not exactly—well, you know."

"Indeed I do! There is your third cousin, that 'impossible' man, Heinze of Butte, as Mr. Lawson says of him."

"Oh, you needn't pick on Heinze, he is all right. He went out there to Butte a few years ago a stripling of a kid and commenced working for \$5.00 a day for the Boston and Montana Company, capitalized at \$40,000,000 and in a few years he had his old employers in the hands of a receiver. In 1899 Rockefeller and Rogers and Lawson and a few more of them bought a controlling interest in six big copper mining companies of Butte—the Anaconda Co., the Parrott Co., the Butte & Boston Co., the Boston and Montana Co., the Washoe Co. and the Colorado Co. and merged them into one big company, the Amalgamated Copper Co., capitalized at \$155,000,000. They wanted Senator Clark and Heinze to put their mines in with them and thus form a combination of everything in Butte, but the latter gentlemen wouldn't do it.

"Heinze had a lot of mining litigation with the Boston and Montana Company and when the big Amalgamated was formed with all its wealth and all the hundreds of millions of the Standard Oil back of it, it looked as if Heinze's warfare would be about as effective as a bob-tailed woodpecker a hammering away on a California redwood. At one time he had nearly two hundred lawsuits with them involving mining property worth nigh onto \$50,000,000. Millions of dollars were spent in Montana

politics in 1900, 1902 and 1904 by both Heinze and the Amalgamated in electing district judges and supreme judges under which this litigation would be settled. But Heinze nearly always licked 'em. The Standard Oil spent seven years' time and \$20,000,000 in money trying to drive Heinze out of Butte without a hat on his head and after all they had to come to his terms and pay him twelve to fifteen millions for his mines. Show me another man who ever made the Standard Oil come to time. Heinze was good to the people. He always paid better wages than his enemies and he was the father of the eight-hour law in Montana. The people in turn gave him his judges and thus the litigation all went his way, and the way he did cut the hearts out of the Standard Oil gang and hand 'em to them on plates for a while was a caution. Heinze is a wonder. He is the greatest fighter among the captains of industry that the United States has ever produced. Water will not rust him, a bullet would not pierce him, he has no conscience to trouble him, the explosion of a trainload of dynamite or an international earthquake would not disturb his mental equipoise, no instrument can cut him, acid would not eat him, whiskey is powerless to rot him, women cannot wear him out, a hundred-ton pile driver, Jim Jeffries, nor a diamond drill cannot make a dent in him, nor could the ravishes of leprosy and tuberculosis destroy a single tissue in him. He is the toughest nut the upper and nether millstones of America's organized capital and organized labor ever tried to crack. I doubt if the electric chair at Sing Sing would give him a headache."

"Lemme see," said the good wife, passing the thread through her mouth before jamming it through the needle; "didn't he go down to New York in 1907 with his fifteen or twenty million and get to be president of the Mercantile National Bank with deposits of \$65,000,000 and the Standard Oil crowd in the panic of 1907 and 1908 cleaned him of all the money he had spent ten years in fighting them for in Montana? They say, to-day, that Heinze and Morse and Thomas and the whole Heinze crowd are broke and mighty small potatoes in New York. Morse is in the penitentiary for 15 years and Heinze also in trouble. When men sail so high it must be awful to cut loose from their balloons and have their parachutes fail to open."

"Well, my good wife, it may be justice but I would gamble that it is Standard Oil persecution—they are making

an example of these men. Heinze made the mistake of his life when he sold out in Butte. There he owned the courts and had the people with him but when he invaded the enemies' country where they own all the courts he's up against a different proposition. I don't know how Heinze is fixed to-day, but if he gets on his feet again and gets out into Montana he will be a multi-millionaire again in a few years. And he will go back to New York and break some of those Standard Oil men yet. He is a young man yet, only a little over 40 years old. Heinze is all right. He may need money badly to-day but he will come out all right. Heinze is all right."

"So it seems."

"Besides I could name a few of your relatives if it came to that."

"Now, my dear husband."

"Well, why are you attacking my relatives then?"

"I'm not."

"Well, let it go at that. What I say is we ought to overlook some little weaknesses that they have. Blood is thicker than water."

"What on earth are you driving at?" said the wife.

"Well, I was thinking that we've kind of neglected our relatives, especially those way out west. Ties of kindred ought to count for something but we hardly know our own family—with one or two exceptions, of course.

"That is so," said the wife plying the needle to beat the band.

"One goes to Texas, others to Alaska and California and Nebraska and they marry and have children and their children have children and we don't know anything about it. You can write of course but that soon drops off."

"You are right," agreed the wife.

"This hardly seems to me the right thing. Now, there is my second cousin Ezekiel out in Seattle. I haven't seen Zeke for nigh onto 15 years. I've only heard of him three or four times and then only indirectly. A traveling man was telling me the other day that Zeke has piled up a right smart parcel of this world's goods and has a swell house in Seattle way upon a high hill overlooking the bay."

"Do tell! Lawsy me, who would have thought it!"

"I was glad to hear that because I was afraid that Zeke wasn't cut out for much of a success in the west, but it seems he has been able to get in with some of the yegg men,

highbinders, real estate sharks, porch climbers and 'stick-up' men and has got a hold of 'his.' Bully for Zeke."

"But I thought you didn't care much for Ezekiel. Isn't Hiram, your other cousin, out on the coast somewhere?"

"Yes, but he is busted higher than a kite and is working on a salary, hasn't enough coin to crush a cockroach. He lives in 'Frisco and after the earthquake for a good many months Hiram flapped the skin of his belly around his backbone like the wind blowing a wet dish-rag around a wire clothes-line. Hiram is gritty though and doubtless walked the streets many a night to save the price of a bed and then slept all day to save the cost of eating. It's no use bothering Hiram, but I would like to see Zeke, dear good old Zeke."

"How about William, your other cousin, that went west 10 or 12 years ago?"

"Forget it, forget it. The last I heard of Bill he was in jail. Bill turned out to be no good and a dead beat. When nature was supplying us with brains she gave Bill his after all the geese had been supplied. Bill is a disgrace to the family. He is the deadbeatenest critter that ever lived and if we had broke him right square in two and fed the best half of him to the buzzards before he got out of knee pants, it would have been a heap better for the family's good name, for he was never worth the value of the diaper in which he was wrapped when first weighed. Some day Bill will get his hide filled so full o' buckshot that it will take an extra team on the hearse to pull his consarned pesky carcass to the hasbinery. But just now I'm thinking of Zeke out at Seattle. Old woman, what's the matter with going out to see Zeke next summer?"

"Shall we take the children along?"

"Of course. Take 'em all. Zeke has a good-sized house and it will be better than going to an expensive hotel or dodging the greybacks of the 15-cent lodging houses."

"When shall we go?"

"The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition which will be held in Seattle opens June 1st, 1909, and closing October 15th, 1909. We will leave here about May 25th and remain out in Seattle all during the fair. I have wanted to see the coast for a great many years. There will be special rates upon the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Great Northern and Canadian Pacific and all it will cost us will be our railroad fare both

ways. They are going to have a big Administration Building, Manufacturers' Building and a big twin Agricultural Palace, Machinery Hall, Fine Arts Palace and lots of other buildings. Then they are going to have the 'Pay Streak' where the hoochy coochy dancers churn the atmosphere. I've hearn tell so much about the Missouri giantess, Ella Ewing, that I want to see her and they say she is going to be there too. They say she is so tall that if a woodpecker would light upon her bustle the poor bird would get dizzy and fall off trying to distinguish objects down on the ground. She carries with her a leetle fellow so short that he could use Kohler's one-night corn cure for a headache remedy."

"It will be a mighty fine trip."

"And if Zeke is as well off as they say he is I may be able to make a touch."

"Will you write to Zeke and tell him that as a family we are coming?" asked the wife.

"Old woman, I've a notion to crack your head wide open with a sponge. Write to Zeke! Well, I should say not! He might go raging up and down the coast like Satan with the toothache. We will just go to Seattle first and then drop in on him some morning as gently as a red-hot liner reaching out after the stomach of the short-stop. If he can't stand the gaff we will come that 'blood-is-thicker-than-water' gag on him, holding out the olive branch till our arms ache. Dear, good, old Zeke."

"But he is only your second cousin. Don't you think it would be an imposition for all of us to—"

But her words were not heard. The prospective trans-continental traveler and relative panhandler had gone out into the chicken yard to salt the hens.

Yes, this is what is going to happen to many a resident of Seattle and the coast cities during the year of 1909.

* * *

"Fred S——— was fined \$25.00 and costs or the alternative of two weeks in jail Tuesday for assaulting Dr. M———. Dr. ——— appeared in court with a pair of very black eyes as proof of the charge. Mr. S——— paid his fine."

Social circles in Anaconda, Montana, are turned upside down. The above item in the police court news of the Anaconda Standard last Tuesday hides one of the best stories ever sprang upon the Montana public. The wife

of Fred S——— conducts a fashionable apartment house in Anaconda and among the boarders is Dr. M———, a dashing Apollo Belvidere with just a bit of a rep. as a lady-killer, the idol of the smelter city society girls. Another interesting personage is a handsome hired girl, so luscious in fact that Mrs. S——— always keeps an eye on her when Mr. S——— is around. Did you ever know a wife that was not suspicious of her husband when a good looking flusie is hashing in the kitchen? That's the reason that the ugly ones are so all-fired popular with the good housewife. Mrs. S——— was informed by her husband Saturday that he would have to be in Butte all day Sunday on some business matters and would leave on the evening train. This is an old gag of Anaconda husbands when they want to be a little bit gay. Mrs. S——— imagined herself wise to this old game and concluded to set a trap. She told the hired girl on Saturday night to come up and occupy her room while she herself hied to the hired girl's room and went to bed. Sure enough, by George, a little after midnight a gentle rap came to the door. She slipped out of bed in the darkness and let the knocker in.

No, no, no, no, you're wrong. That's where you are away off. It wasn't her husband. It was the dashing and sporty doctor who had come up at midnight's holy hour with a Bible under his arm to read a few chapters out of the blessed scriptures to the pretty hired girl. The lady screamed. The sporty doctor tried to apologize for his would-be missionary intentions, both rushed out into the well-lighted hallway and a dozen heads were poked out of as many bed room doors to ascertain the excitement. In the meantime the innocent husband had arranged his business affairs in Butte by long-distance telephone and had come to the customary apartments of himself and wife to retire for the night. Something had caused the wire in the electric light globe to break and when he went to turn on the juice there was nothing doing in the glim line, so he commenced to disrobe in the semi-darkness to the tune of the hired girl's snoring. When about half undressed his wife's screams outside at the other end of the hallway attracted his attention and he opened the door and stepped out into the well-lighted hallway just in time to have his wife rush past him into their apartments and to catch sight of the sporty medicine man hotfooting it down stairs.

In the general commotion half of the boarders were out of their rooms as if a fire alarm had been sounded. The general racket had awakened the hired girl, who had arisen and lighted an oil lamp setting upon the dresser. When hubby stepped back into his apartments and saw his wife and the hired girl in night dresses all three collapsed. The wife was so mortified at being seen coming out of the room with the sporty doctor that she could not look her husband in the face and rushed screaming out of the room, tore down the hallway, entered an empty room, locked the door and transom and fell in a dead faint on the bed. The injured husband was so disgusted and embarrassed at being caught in union-suit attire with the hired girl and so maddened and infuriated at the sight of his wife and the doctor coming out of the room with the subsequent sprinting of the pill artist down stairs, that he was soon snorting like a regiment of gasoline engines. Hastily donning his clothes he rushed down stairs and towards the police station, spilling canine epithets right and left, muttering to himself that if he met that doctor there would be a fight or a foot-race that would develop either hair on the breast or grass on the grave. And sure enough they met, Marquis of Fistbury rules, the doctor being flat on his back and unable to take the count at the end of the first round. They all understand each other now. The hired girl is now hashing in Butte, the doctor has changed boarding places and a penitent little wifey has made her husband a hundred promises of ten-thousand horse power each that she will never, never, never again doubt his devotion and faithfulness to her. And the next day it did not snow, Tige.

* * *

If you are loafing around the Waldorf-Astoria and have nothing to do but strut around in Peacock alley, should you feel like talking to a Butte man, the X-Ray will put you wise to a sure method of picking one out of the bunch. Walk up to some bright-looking specimen who looks as if he might hail from the west and whisper "base ball" into his ear. If he commences to jump up and down like a fice dog in high weeds and excitedly yells "rotten," he is from Butte all right, all right-o. No other tests are certain, although a good guess might be made by asking him to have a drink. There is still another way. Approach him with a proposition that he purchase 1,000 shares in some company capitalized at 'steen million or that he pay

you \$30.00 for the insertion of his picture and a lot of bull con. in some newspaper and if he bites he certainly is from Butte.

* * *

We have one man here in Butte who, though liberal enough in all large ways, is a little close when it comes to trifles. Recently he came upon his friend, Emil Hansen, standing upon the stone steps of the Butte Hotel.

"Hello, Emil, what mischief are you up to now?"

It was an opportunity long desired, and Emil replied:

"Oh, I'm just waiting around for somebody to come along and buy a drink."

"All right," was the reply, "I'll—I'll join you."

* * *

A scene in the primary grade of the Butte schools:

Teacher—"Now, children, God gave you your little feet to run with and your little noses to smell with."

Nellie Fewclothes of Dublin Gulch—"Teacher, God did not build my brother Johnny that way. Johnny's nose runs and his feet smell."

* * *

Wee Jimmie had listened attentively to his Sunday school teacher read that chapter in the Bible in which the number of Solomon's wives are recounted, and was immersed in thought.

"What are you in such a deep brown study about, Jimmie?" inquired the teacher.

"I was thinking what a big bed King Solomon must have had."

* * *

A newly-married Irish couple of Butte were spending their honeymoon traveling through Ireland, the land of their birth with Pat, a valet, who was somewhat peculiar in his remarks. Pat had been cautioned not to tell people that the couple were newly married. When the bride and groom left the hotel a crowd of vulgar observers thronged the carriage way. Pat was, in consequence, called to task.

"Pat, did you go and tell these people that we were newly married," said the groom angrily.

"Indade and I did not. I told 'em that yer honor and my lady were NOT married."

* * *

Dr. Slashem, the rising young Aescapulus, who recently graduated from the University of Rocker with the degree of P. B. B. U. (President of the Butte Butchers' Union),

performed his first major operation last Tuesday at one of the local hospitals. In order to prepare his nerves for the trying ordeal the brilliant young surgeon flung six or seven jolts of Green River under his belt. The victim was the editor of the X-Ray, who lay in a nude condition under the influence of an anesthetic, ready to be operated upon for a type of rupture known as anguinial hernia. Dr. Slashem surveyed his patient critically for a moment, and then proceeded to wash his hands in a bi-chloride solution and letting out a few whoops grabbed his cleaver and commenced dancing around the operating block in regular Indian sun-dance fashion, wondering from which side to commence. Finally he decided that a good horn of Scotch would be about the proper caper and four ounces were sent chasing after the Green River. Poising his axe in midair and bracing himself against the wall to get a good start, with a running, hop, step and jump, Dr. Slashem lit upon the editor's nude form like a thousand of brick, stabbing the victim in the abdomen several times. Into the gashes and rents he inserted his arm its entire length and then began a circular movement of his arm as if hunting for lost property. At this juncture the nurse diffidently drew his attention to the fact that he had cut into the wrong side. Whereupon the doctor nonchalantly remarked, "By George, so I have. How funny!" (Yes, d— funny, everybody laugh). Moving around on the other side of the table Dr. Slashem braced himself against the wall again and repeated his field day exercises, once more ripping open his victim. The patient, beneath this rough-house treatment, began to show symptoms of returning consciousness, seeing which the doctor leaned over the table and breathed into his victim's face, whereupon the unfortunate editor relapsed into insensibility. At this juncture the book-keeper of the hospital chanced to stroll into the room. He gave the victim on the operating table a searching glance and remarked, "Doctor, that is the editor of the X-Ray."

"Is that so? Has he deposited the money with you for this operation?"

"No, sir, but then he is good, perfectly good, you know."

"The hell he is. The idea of his coming up here and flopping down on this table without first putting the cash in my paw. I am done till the money is in sight. He can sew himself up when he comes to. Where is my hat?"

The operating room was deserted for an hour. When the editor regained consciousness his screams of anguish attracted one of the nurses to his room. "My God," moaned the patient, the tears of anguish streaming down his cheeks, as he noted his resemblance to the fall guy on the first page of the almanac, surrounded by the twelve signs of the zodiac, "why don't the doctor sew me up?"

"Dr. Slashem positively refuses to proceed with the operation until the money is paid," said the nurse.

"Well, for the love of Moses, why didn't he say so before he started in? I have on deposit in W. A. Clark's bank enough money to pay for ten operations like this. Get me a blank check book, quick."

The editor hastily wrote a check and dispatched a messenger boy in all haste for the money. The messenger came back empty handed. It was Saturday and the banks of Butte close at 12 o'clock on Saturdays and 3 o'clock on other days. Being informed of this Dr. Slashem growled, "Tell Davenport he will have to remain on the table as unfinished business until Monday. I'm too busy to monkey with him anyway, being down for a paper before the Silver Bow Medical Society next Monday night, the subject being 'The Noble Work of the Physician and the Blessings of Modern Surgery,' and I haven't written a line of it yet."

The editor, after sending for half a dozen friends, managed to get one up to the hospital. The friend had no money in hand, but put up his diamonds to the value of several times the price of the operation. Late Saturday evening Dr. Slashem, after much urging condescended to finish the operation.

Several weeks later, the editor of the X-Ray appeared before the regular monthly meeting of the Silver Bow Medical Society (which includes all the butchers of Butte) and made a bitter protest of the treatment he had received at the hands of Dr. Slashem. Did the Butte Butchers' Union censure Dr. Slashem? Well, hardly. They simply wheeled around in their revolving chairs and laughed for about five minutes. One of them remarked that inasmuch as the X-Ray had been cutting into everybody in and around Butte, turn about with compound interest was only fair play.

This rather "riled" the editor who cut loose as follows:

"I believe I have the pleasure of addressing the Silver Bow Medical Society, although a more appropriate name

might be "The Butte Butcher's Union." Some of you doctors will abort the same as they do in places of lesser renown than Butte. No one ever hears of any of you being punished for this dangerous and criminal offense. An occasional one, it is true, makes a botch of the job and kills the woman, in which event there is a passing scandal lasting in some extreme cases here in Butte as high as 72 hours, but the abortionist gets off in the long run. The victim, being dead, cannot say very much in her own behalf, while ante-mortem statements are easily contradicted by the medical murderer, who finds no difficulty in bewildering a coroner's jury with a learned and technical explanation of the cause of death. There has always been an enormous lot of aborting done in Butte. You doctors know this is so, although, of course, it is only a small percentage of you who stoop to this risky practice. The fees in such cases are usually large and fancy, especially from patients who are unmarried, the woman in the case being naturally scared out of her wits and an easy prey for an unscrupulous physician. The worst feature of the business is that you guilty scoundrels are protected in a tacit way by your medical brethren who are innocent and with whom a policy of silence within the sacred circle of your profession seems to be the most important part of your ethical code. Professional etiquette, I believe you call it. The importance of this policy of discreet silence within your profession may be observed in the cases of deaths resulting from carelessness, clumsiness, negligence, bungling or just ordinary incompetence on the part of the butcher. Such cases are seldom brought to the attention of this society. Not at all. The incompetent or negligent physician having passed on his exams. and qualified as an M. D. is licensed to kill off with impunity all the patients he can get. He has his diploma. Should he be possessed of a wise air and a good sick room manner, he can hornswoggle the public for a long time. The other doctors won't give him away. Heavy on the professional etiquette.

What I should like to see incorporated into the Montana statutes is a clause compelling every one of you roosters who loses a patient to ride in an open vehicle at the funeral immediately behind the hearse. In this way everybody in Butte could soon tell which were the careful, competent, successful physicians and which of you are the dubs. It would, moreover, be a direct incentive to members of your

so-called "noble profession" to take some pains with your cases and when necessary call in other doctors for consultation, thus minimizing the chances for and sad consequences of professional mistakes.

Over in Helena there is a doctor who has been up in the courts a half a dozen times in the last ten years for malpractice and is notorious in this respect; yet he has always managed to evade and even defy the law and it is probable he will always be able to do so in the future. He is rich as a result.

There is one doctor in this assembly for whom I feel sorry. He has followed this dangerous practice for years, but a year or so ago desired to quit it. He has lately, however, been forced to continue it against his will by his patients, "respectable married women of Butte's fashionable West Side, moving in good society." They threatened to squeal on him.

Gentlemen, I thank you.

After this the doctors fell to discussing peculiar confinement cases. One doctor told of a case at Feeley, the third station south of Butte, on the Oregon Short Line. He found it necessary to stay all night at the residence to see the woman through safely. In the morning as he was about to leave he saw a letter on the table written by her husband, who is the section boss at Feeley. It was addressed to the supply department of the Oregon Short Line railroad in Butte and read as follows:

Feeley, Mont., Aug. 3rd.

Pat: Send me a keg of track spikes bi furst irate. the old woman had anuther kid last nite. also a keg of ten penny nales.

MIKE.

Another doctor told how he was called to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan in Butte—which one of the even hundred John Sullivans in Butte deponent saith not—to attend her during confinement. They had agreed in advance that be it a boy or girl they would call it Heinze. When Heinze Sullivan was born it came—dead. The name had killed it.

A third doctor then told of a case that came under his observation at Dillon, Montana. A well known woman there had been back east visiting her relatives and went to hear a political speech by Teddy Roosevelt and gazed intently at the speaker during his two hours' speech. Sev-

eral months later her baby was born with a very peculiar birthmark. It was born with a full set of teeth.

Finally a visiting doctor from Fort Benton, Montana, arose and gave the following experience:

"I was called to a confinement case at the home of a tongue-tied man in Fort Benton recently. I arrived at the house and went upstairs to do the trick while the anxious husband fretted in the parlor downstairs. By and by I went downstairs with a smile on my face, told the man everything was over, the mother doing well and that incidentally my fee was \$25.00."

"Ith it a boy?" asked the anxious father.

"No," I replied.

"Then it musth be a girl."

"No," I replied again, thinking to have some fun with the man.

"Well, what on earth ith it, doctor, a hermaphrodite,"

"It's a Teddy bear," I replied.

At this the man commenced running all over the house pulling down the blinds.

"Great Thscott, doctor, we mustn't let in the sunshine. If that bear sees its own shadow in about six weekths I'll have to pay you another 25 thsimoleons."

A young medical student then arose and asked if there was any authentic way to determine the sex of children previous to birth.

The editor of Butte's great family journal broke up the meeting at this point by suggesting that over-anxious parents could put their minds to rest perhaps by calling in the aid of science—the Roentgen X-Ray machine.

* * *

A Butte man and a Helena man who had been intimate friends for many years were sitting together in the Lambs' Club in Helena talking about one thing and another when the subject of conversation fell upon their wives.

"By the way, are you going to send Nell to the Yellowstone Park this summer for her usual outing?"

"Not on your life," replied the Butte man, who had been hit hard by the slump in stocks the past year, "If my wife breaks the seventh commandment this summer, by God, she will have to stay right in Butte and break it with me."

What ho, she bumps again.

* * *

What's this? A circular emanating from plutocracy's headquarters somewhere in the east which says that "there never were so few poor people in any land as we have in this land to-day, and those who are poor are kept down by physical and mental defects. The fact is the potentates of the dinner pail own pretty nearly everything."

How true! How true!! Eight or ten thousand Butte miners toil eight hours a day from 100 to 2,800 feet underground in the hottest holes this side of Perdition simply to work up an appetite for *pate de foie gras* and pie on three plates. It isn't that the miner cares for the paltry \$3.50 a day. He is fearful if he doesn't keep up a constant hay-foot-straw-foot-belly-full-of-bean-soup gait he'll get the gout. He returns at nightfall to his palatial residence in Dublin Gulch, peels off his "digging clothes," takes a perfumed bath in a marble basin, crawls into a silken robe de chambre, gets on the outside of a quart of imported champagne, lights a three-for-a-dollar cigar, places his trilbies on the ebony and rosewood upright, throws his dreamy, soulful lamps at the frescoed ceiling and simply wallows in sybaritic luxury. It is such a comfort to this "potentate of the dinner bucket" as he gazes around over the richest 3,000 acres in the world to realize that he "owns almost everything," has but to lift his little finger to make such miserable peons as John D. Ryan appear as insignificant as a dollar bill at a gambling bazaar conducted in the name of Christ. But somehow he is not contented. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," and this sceptred "man in the overalls," surfeited with life's choicest luxuries, puffed up with the pride of power and the impudence of wealth, reads his Appeal to Reason and is a kicker; manifests a disposition at times to treat his unfortunate brothers of Wall street with contumely and contempt.

"There'll come a time some day," etc.

* * *

Speaking of capital and labor, "look upon this picture and look upon that":

It is the gold room at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue, New York. Enter John D. Rockefeller, William G. Rockefeller, John D. Ryan and about thirty other Standard Oil-Amalgamated Copper millionaires. They seat themselves in swansdown chairs. The air is laden with perfumes of Araby the Blest. The table is abloom with flowers of

every hue. Diamonds flash from every breast, while the golden gleam of the table service recalls Cleopatra's banquet, where she dissolved priceless pearls and drank them to the health of Marc Antony. A glance at the menu cards reveals the fact that the four corners of the earth have been ransacked to contribute to the pleasures of these men. There is not a delicacy they cannot command, not a wish they cannot gratify. Pomery Sec flows like water. The repast of Dives was a beggar's crust compared with this banquet. The feasters linger long, grow glad and hilarious. Why not? They have just cleaned up \$15,000,000 in clean profits the past year from their Butte copper mines. What of the future? A thousand millions of undeveloped wealth still remain in the Butte mountain and they have the copper market pretty well in their control. And best of all, they have their life-long foe, their bitterest and most successful antagonist, the stubborn, pugnacious, German-blooded Butte miner, F. Augustus Heinze, upon the hip, his Butte mines in their control, a large part of his fortune in their coffers.

Now for another picture:

Mirror in your mind's eye Pat and Mary, a son and daughter of the Emerald Isle, having cast their lives together for all time and eternity. From childhood they have heard their parents speak of Marcus Daly's towns, Butte and Anaconda, Montana. Conditions being too oppressive on the "ould sod," with light hearts and willing hands they set sail for the land beyond the setting sun, where the common people bear rule and the lowest laborer is a sovereign and the superior of Europe's haughty lords. They are soon in the supposed "land of the brave and the home of the free," the "blessed refuge of the world's oppressed," and soon find work and hope in the greatest mining camp on earth. No Lucullan feasts make up their existence, yet 'tis a happy home made happy with manhood's dauntless courage and woman's deathless love. Poor in gold and goods, yet richer far than Fancy ever feigned in hope and happiness, the young husband toils day by day amidst the frightful gases, copper water and powder smoke in the earth's torrid bosom, hoarding his wages, while the rosy cheeked little wife denies herself a thousand little things that women covet in order that they may get a start in the world.

Very soon prattling voices and baby feet fill this little

home on the Butte mountain with gladness and sunshine. Beautiful in the parents' eyes as Grecian sculptor's dream are these offspring of this happy home.. No crowned empress or emperor so imperial seem as these fond parents as they sit and watch their children at books or play, drinking with greedy ear the admiring teachers' repeated tale of triumphs won in class rooms or playground. Aye, Pat and Mary are so happy that they can almost kiss the earth where "all men are equal before the law."

But soon is that happy scene changed. One day the dead wagon drives up to the home and a man at the door tries to break the news to her as gently as possible that there has been an accident at the mine, a tremendous cave-in of ground, and Pat was caught by the hanging wall. Before he can finish his sad message, others are bringing Pat's lifeless remains upon a stretcher through the front gate. My gracious God! What a breath from hell blasting this humble home. The husband of her bosom crushed out of existence without a word of warning to himself or family. Can you conceive of language strong enough to express the grief of this rosy cheeked daughter of Ireland as with maniacal screams of anguish she throws herself prostrated upon the corpse of her lord, bewailing her widowhood, begging of him to speak one word and striving to staunch with her skirts the life tide of her loved one, while her children are clinging around her knees and gaunt women of the neighborhood speaking unknown tongues are flocking in to ascertain the cause of the excitement.

A jackass coroner's jury composed of employes of the mine owners, men afraid to render an honest verdict lest they lose their own jobs, return a verdict to the effect that the company was in no way to blame for Pat's death. Then comes the struggle of the widow to sustain herself and fill the mouths of her babies, and too often in the fierce unequal struggle of the Butte mob is she swept into the underworld.

"'Tis true, 'tis a pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true."

Aye, deaths of this kind are nearly every-day occurrences in Butte and happen a hundred times a year or more. Yet greater and grander than all your princes and potentates of earth; nobler than all your Wall street money barons; manlier than all your John D. Ryans spouting

inaneities at Silver Bow Club banquets amid much wine and walnuts, was this stalwart, wealth-creating, home-building young Irish Butte miner, yet silent as his own sealed lips is the trumpet fame.

He is only one of a hundred brave men who—remembered to-day, forgotten to-morrow—go to their doom each year in the desperate battle for bread in the Butte mines, yet over these dead heroes of the industrial army no imposing cenotaphs rise, no costly Hennessy mausoleums charm the eye, no gigantic monuments aspire to kiss the clouds. They sleep in Butte's silent city of the dead, unwept and unsung save by their immediate loved ones.

The English language is totally inadequate to describe the present scene, for any true picture of Death's annual harvest in the Butte mines would, like Medusa's awful face, transform all those who gaze thereupon to stone.

* * *

Silver Bow County, Montana, is a veritable Gibraltar of Democracy, and long may it remain that way. Never in its history was it more ably officered than at present.

Tommy Walker in the county attorney's office is O. K. His success in life may, in a measure, be attributed to his faculty for hard work and his natural human attitude toward his fellow men. He is a self-made young man and they always win out in the long run. He has worked in our mines and smelters—side by side with the writer in the has-been M. O. P. smelter—and earned his own way through law school. He will not get the big head like so many other public men who have been hoisted into seats of honor by the people of this county. On the contrary, Tommy is a mighty good mixer and as common as an old shoe. His extraordinary gift of remembering names and faces is mainly due to the personal interest he takes in those he meets from day to day. Yet Tom is no mere glad hander. He is a young man of cultivation, a sound lawyer, an honest politician and the right man in the right place. Keep him in the office as long as he can be induced to take it. The day will soon come when from a financial standpoint he could do much better for himself on the outside.

In the person of Sheriff John J. O'Rourke the office could not be more ably filled. He is in no sense of the word a four-flusher. His regime is not characterized by the digging up of half forgotten statutes and inflicting

them upon the people in a way to make the great masses wish he had been born with four legs, so that he could be killed off without a spraining of the conscience. He believes that one man's liberty ends only where another man's rights begin, and that in a big mining camp social conditions, in a way, demand a different interpretation of the law than in other communities—tending to the widest individual liberty possible. Keep him in the sheriff's office.

Jerry Lynch, John B. McClernan and Michael Donlon should all be given life sentences at hard labor upon the district bench. The editor of the X-Ray has enjoyed the personal acquaintance and friendship of these men for nine years. They stand to-day accounted among the ablest members of the Silver Bow County bar and the ablest men ever elected to the district bench. The legal profession to-day demands a high order of ability, while the judiciary, it is needless to say, require a rare combination of talent, learning, patience and industry. The successful lawyer and the competent judge must not only possess a comprehensive knowledge of the science of jurisprudence in its various departments, but must also have a fund of broad, general information that will enable him to cope with the intricate questions and determine with accuracy the points of law gleaned from voluminous text books and reports that apply to litigated interests. These three men possess all of these qualities. Without wishing to detract from the qualifications of the other two, we would call especial attention to the manner in which Judge Donlon has made himself a terror to the murderers, thieves and criminal element that for years terrorized the decent law-abiding element of this community and which made the name of Butte a stench in the nostrils of the whole universe. His reputation for meting out justice is getting to be generally known throughout the entire west and the Johnny Yeggs and "stick-up" gentry in general are beginning to realize that it is best to give Butte a wide berth. Keep these judges on the district bench as long as they desire to stay. They can't be beat.

* * *

He was a college graduate without a trade. That was his excuse for being a failure in life. He sat on the floor in the steel cage on the upper deck of the Silver Bow county jail, Butte, Montana. His elbows were on his knees and his chin was in his hands.

"I feel just like a prostitute, for I certainly have got down just as low as I can get," he muttered to his pals. "This is certainly a tough country. Things went against me until I went broke and being a stranger with no "pull" I was compelled to go out and work on the new grade of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. I worked a week and then drew my time. They took out two dollars for poll tax and two dollars for road tax and after deducting for board I quit \$2.50 to the good. I came into Butte and hadn't been in town an hour and I was "vagged" and here I am for 90 days. It is an outrage."

"The best is none too good for youse," said Eddie Fay, a confirmed hophead.

"Good morning, boys," said the sheriff genially as he passed through the corridors.

"Good morning, h——, it's whiskey we want," said Dago Ike.

"And blue ointment," moaned the college graduate, scratching the back of his neck.

"Gimme a shot o' dope, Eddie, dese pains are killing me," said Skinny Bill to Eddie Fay.

"Aw, guan, chase yourself, you bloke. Ise only got two shots of morphine left."

"Well, dat is one shot a piece."

"Yes, but one shot only keeps a man in misery, while two shots chases de pains all away. Better dat youse should suffer than that both of us should suffer."

"Without me dope Ise feel likes I'd been bit by a blue-gummed nigger, kicked by a blind jackass, clawed by a buzzard and buried face downward behind de barn, resurrected and rolled down hill in a barrel," said Skinny Bill.

"Dey tells me, you college guy, youse was educated fer de ministry," said Eddie. "Youse don't look as if youse knew wedder Christ was crucified or hit wid a bag of sand. Youse looks like an A. P. A. ter me—one of dem guys wot tink de Catholic church is trying ter dig a great big grave, dump Uncle Sam into it and den pile a cathedral in on top of him. Youse was never cut out to t'row bouquets at Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I hates dese preachers worse den a pickaninny hates a pinworm. If I'se t'ought dey wuz any preacher in dis bunch I'd climb his frame, using his ribs for a stepladder. Deys no good, deys no good. Dey gets de bank door notice "Closed" every time dey tackles Eddie. Dey shines out like paste dia-

monds at a nigger dance, but deys no good. De Salvation Army is de only fellars wot comes to see us-ens here in de coop. Deys all right. Dey don't try ter distill saving grace outen amen groans. Dey brings up de shoes and de coats and de big feeds. Dey is all right, dey is. But de preachers is too much hair and holiness, weepin' fer de sins of de world wid one eye and a watchin' de collection basket wid de odder. I'se can't stand 'em around me. It's like sittin' on a hill of red ants and tryin' ter look unconcerned."

I wonder how the election is going to come out?" said the graduate, pouring over a newspaper.

"I hopes dey hits Rockefeller wid a cake of ice a weighin' 6,800 pounds," said Eddie. "He's puttin' de country on de bum. De runaway automobile is about de only t'ing de trusts can't control."

"Did I hear youse say youse just come in from de Milwaukee grade?" said a delapidated looking specimen of humanity, crawling out of his cell, being in jail for having swiped a clock from one of the public school buildings in Butte.

"That's me," replied the graduate.

"De chuck wuz fierce and as fer wetting your craw wid deir William Jennings—take it away. (In Montana railroad camps where fresh milk is unobtainable a substitution is used, which generally consists of sixteen parts water and one part condensed milk.) A guy couldn't walk thru deir bunkhouses on stilts widout gettin' crummy as a pet coon. Still, it beats burrowing in dese Butte mines and havin' all Silver Bow county come a tumbling in on you. You see, pard, it was dis way. Me and Slim and Fatty got tired a rastlin' wid the stormy end of a No. 2 shovel and quits for Butte to get a few slops of hooch. So we tackles de guts of a rambler. Neider de hoghead in de engine nor de shack back in de crummy wuz wise. Comin' into Butte we ditches and pulls fer de jungles, where we jams into about 40 udder 'bos. Fatty goes up de main pike and buys a top skin at the t'ree balls and brings it back to de nest and wot do you t'ink? In de mornin' some cat had clawed it. Then I'se went out and glommed a ticker from a knowledge box and went up de main stem and peddled it fer de glue. I'se brought back a combination to de jungles and jest as I wuz undressin' de Murphys (peeling the potatoes) de bull came in and glommed Fatty and Slim

and made me tail on behind. Dat's why I'se here in de cave now."

Most of the prisoners were silent during the time the King's English was being burned at the stake. Nearly all of them seemed to be dejected, more or less, while all, with the exception of the college graduate, seemed to be human driftwood without object or aim in life. The college graduate pulled out some papers from his inside coat pocket and began to talk.

"Boys, let's all brace up and be men. Let us not be discouraged with our surroundings. Let me read a few poems. They are from my own pen. Here is one I call "Make Good:"

MAKE GOOD.

Cut out "if," "could" and "should"
And start in to saw wood.
You can still have the best
Things in life, like the rest
Of the men who've achieved
Just because they believed
In themselves. You're deceived
If you think fortune comes
With the rattle of drums
And a fanfare of state
To hand "yours" on a plate.
That isn't the way
That she visits to-day.
You must get out and hustle
And rustle and bustle,
You need all your muscle,
For you've sure got to tustle.
Plunge into the fight,
Hit to left and to right,
And keep crashing and smashing.
Don't let up your striking
Till things meet your liking.
For God's sake stop bawling,
Instead do some mauling.
It makes the world bitter
To look at a quitter.
Fate scowls when she sees
A "grown-up" on knees.
A man with his health
Is a mine jammed with wealth

Full of unexplored lodes—
 Why the freckled backed toads
 Have the sense to keep jumping,
 And here you are frumping.
 Come, now, strike your gait.
 It isn't too late.
 There's no such thing as fate.
 Drop that fool talk of luck,
 Get a grip on your pluck
 And buck.

Begin
 To grin
 And win.

Here is one that is not so bad. I call it

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who works,
 The man who toils while the next man shirks,
 The man who stands in his deep distress
 With his head held high in the deadly press,
 Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows
 The value of pain and the worth of woes,
 Who a lesson learns from the man who fails
 And a moral finds in his mournful wails.
 Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays
 In the unsought paths and the rocky ways,
 And perhaps who lingers now and then
 To help some failure to rise again.
 Yes, he is the man who wins.

The following poem describes what I call "The Butte Spirit." A man is never down and out until he has lost faith in himself. It hits thousands of western people who are holding mining stocks which they bought before the panic:

I like the sort of fellar that can stand a tough defeat,
 I like to see him scramble and get upon his feet.
 It does me good to listen to his wild, defying roar—
 "I'll pay you fellars back," he yells, "just wait a year or
 more."

You don't catch him a lyin' down and hollerin' enough—The fellar that I'm talking of—he ain't that kind of stuff. He sort o' rubs his head a bit and tho' he may be sore, He's on his feet a yellin' out: "Just wait a year or more."

He knows he did the best he could, he doesn't stop to fret, He's sure that with another chance he could do better yet. He crawls right out from 'neath the wreck all cut and bruised and tore,
And shakes his feet and whoops it up, "Just wait a year or more."

Just then a couple of "trusties" came in with several gallons of coyote mulligan stew and the prisoners went after it like a score of famished tomcats pouncing on a crippled canary.

* * *

"Please, sir," faltered the elevator boy, "I would like to get off to attend the baseball game at Columbia Gardens this afternoon."

"No you don't," snapped the boss. "You have no more intention of going to see the game than I have. You are out for an afternoon of fun. You want to attend the funeral of your grandmother. I'm dead next to you, my boy."

* * *

The boodling politician entered the editorial sanctum of the X-Ray and pointed his diamond embellished finger at the peaceful editor.

"Say, look here, Davenport, you attacked me outrageously in the last issue of the X-Ray. You editors have asbestos hides upon you three feet thick and I don't suppose it does any good to 'roar' about it. But it is some satisfaction to meet such a scoundrel as you are, face to face, and nail the lie. Do you understand?"

"My dear sir, you couldn't nail anything," replied the editor slowly, without lifting his eyes from the paper he was reading.

"Houzzat?" roared the visitor.

"Don't you realize that you are in Butte, the Gibraltar of organized labor in America, and that you don't carry a union card? A man dare not nail down the lid on an empty cigar box in Butte without belonging to the carpenters' union? If you go to nailing a single lie around

here, I will telephone to F. W. Cronin, secretary of the Silver Bow Trades and Labor Assembly, which is a union of all the fifty odd unions in this camp, and you will be boycotted into bankruptcy inside of thirty days. A banner declaring you "unfair" will be paraded up and down in front of your place of business and you will be cut cold by the Barbers, Bellhops, Bakers, Bartenders, Beer Bottlers, Brewers, Bricklayers, Building Laborers, Butchers, Boiler-makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Confectioners, Clerks, Cigarmakers, Cooks, Electricians, Engineers, Hackmen, Horseshoers, Ironmolders, Lathers, Laundry Workers, Locomotive Engineers, Messengers, Machinists, Musicians, Miners, Newswriters, Painters, Plasterers, Plumbers, Porters, Pressmen, Pool Room Markers, Smeltermen, Stage Employes, Street Car Men, Shoemakers, Swampers, Structural Iron Workers, Tailors, Teamsters, Telephone Operators, Tinnners, Trainmen, Typos, Women's Protective, Woodworkers, Workingmen," etc., etc., etc.

Whereupon the four-flushing politician collapsed in a heap on the floor and on recovering consciousness crawled over and commenced kissing the feet of the peaceful editor. Butte is Butte.

* * *

At the present day members of trade unions come pretty near holding the balance of power all over the United States—if they only knew it—and rank with the farmer in producing the wealth that makes a country great. Organized labor is distinctly in the ascendant and has become a power in the land and will become more powerful if they will only hang together like bees, instead of allowing capital to split them into warring factions for their own destruction. Unionism is nothing new. After the peaceful reign of Numa Pompilius—Plutarch states that he followed Romulus to the throne about 90 B. C.—the spirit of the conquest was awakened among the patricians. The gates of Janus were thrown wide open, Mars turned loose the pups of war and Rome was converted into a vast arsenal.

The artisans were put to work by the thousands to forge the steel that was to pierce the bodies of those who had no love for them and for whom they in turn could have no love. Trade unions of sword cutlers, arrowsmiths, shield-makers, manufacturers of darts, javelins and spears—each

of them separately named and organized under the ancient federation—sprung up rapidly on all sides.

Union men constructed the famous ballistae or stone throwers, which flung projectiles of various kinds with deadly effect into the ranks of the enemy.

The author of "The Ancient Lowly" says that "For at least 500 years the armies used union made wagons, union made swords, union made javelins, helmets and shields; wore union made shoes, trousers, hats and coats." Middlemen and shopkeepers were scarce among the Romans.

Before its vast expansion in the Christian era, commerce was under the ban of the aristocracy, being looked down on with contempt the same as was manual labor. Labor unions were often not only the manufacturers of their wares, but also the direct distributors of them to the consumer. There were unions of actors and musicians. The passion for diversion controlled the multitudes then as now and tremendous audiences turned out to witness the antics of the "end men," "vaudeville teams," "high kickers," et al. The actors who performed the ancient religious plays commanded the favor and friendship of Alexander the Great, Nero, Hadrian, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus and Caracalia. Alexander the Great, on the death of his friend Hephaestion, assembled over 3,000 minstrels and actors to do fitting honor to his friend in a several weeks' carnival. The theatres were such whoppers that roofs were impossible. The spectators seated themselves upon stone seat "bleachers" for eight-hour shifts at a stretch, unprotected from sun, wind and rain, moved to tears by a tragedy of the matchless Sophocles or driven bughouse by the immortal wit of Aristophanes.

Rome contained many race courses that covered an enormous area. The Circus Maximus, where the gladiatorial combats were pulled off, was 2,100 feet long by 400 feet wide and had a seating capacity of 480,000. The popularity of actors made organization easy and they were not only nationally but internationally organized. Archaeologists have established the fact that there was such an international society with Bacchus or Dionysus for its patron divinity, and that the headquarters of this international society of artists was at Teos, Asia Minor, with branches in Gaul, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Phrygia, Palestine, Macedonia and Greece. While this ancient federation of labor was presumed to include only those engaged in the

histrionic and musical professions, it is known now that its scope was far wider, gathering to its protective fold the tent makers, the masons and makers of musical instruments, gardeners, engravers of inscriptions, makers and menders of theatrical and other garments, cooks, butchers, water carriers, scenic painters and others. Having this knowledge of the formation and existence of these unions of antiquity formed into associations for the improvement of their lot, one may be all the more eager to learn what the intimate nature of these associations was, how they were managed and governed and compared, if any basis of comparison exists, with the unions that the 3,000,000 mechanics of the United States have formed to raise the standard of living of the workers in their trades. In the first place the element of religion seems to have played an important part in the labor associations of antiquity. Intensely religious was the pagan world, after its own fashion, and in this respect the mechanics did not differ from the rest of society of which they formed a part. Each of the powerful aristocratic families had its tutelary divinity favorable to its fortunes and the unions found it convenient to accept one or another of these gods in order to minister to their own spiritual comfort and to win the friendship and favor of the reigning houses of the time. Moreover, when a war was raging, when suppression was imminent and the power of the unions was endangered, this religious aspect was of great moment in helping them escape from the ravages of persecution. Indeed, so pronounced was the religious feature that some of the learned authorities hold that these ancient organizations were formed solely for religious purposes, but this point of view is easily contradicted by the mass of evidence which shows their purely economic aims and their persistent endeavor to control the material welfare of their members. The assessments and dues seem to have varied but little over a great sweep of time, inasmuch as it has been discovered that the fishermen's union of Hierapolis paid the same initiation fee in the first century A. D. that was demanded 350 years before the Christian era. Fines of one sort and another and contributions added to the funds in the general treasury of this ancient organization of workers.

* * *

Yes, yes, to be sure—the happy Butte couple after being the geographical center for cataclysms of rice and revelry

boarded the "Burlington" at 11:30 P. M. bound for Chicago to pass their honeymoon in New York or Florida, as the case may be. Heigho! And as the train pulls into Billings, Montana, a little after eight the next morning, chic little wifey comes trip, trip, tripping into the dining car in curl papers and her dressing jacket and dark circles under her eyes, having been unable to sleep a wink all night on account of the rocking motion of the sleeping car as the train was passing over the Rocky mountains.

"Pass the mustard—thanks. Pleasant weather we are having in Montana these fall days, eh? And such lovely nights, too."

Heavy on the lovely nights.

* * *

"Come down to my barn and have some parsnips with me," telephoned Miss Red Cow of South Butte to Miss White Cow out at Columbia Gardens.

"Thanks," replied Miss White Cow, "but I have eaten too much already. There is a pretty summer girl asleep in a hammock out here and I have just eaten her Merry Widow hat. Oh Lordy, I'm afraid I'm foundered."

* * *

Education! What a subject! Millions of dollars wasted and millions of lives ruined by supposed education! It's an honest fact that America expends about \$200,000,000 annually upon idiotic collegiate systems that inspire her children with contempt for honest labor and unfit them for earning a living, which spoils millions of expert farmers and prosperous mechanics to make empty-headed and worse than worthless professional men. Our schools and colleges have so long been considered America's crowning glory that any discussion upon the subject in the way of criticism is looked upon as the slobberings of a crank, yet we firmly believe them to be one of the greatest evils of the age, the assassin of genius, the mother of mediocrity.

It were a hundred times better to teach the average boy how to build a fence, construct a house, dress a beef or re-sole a pair of shoes than to read Euripides or "pony" his way through three or four years of Latin. Our present school system simply fills a boy's head with false ambitions, then kicks him out into a hard old world to hang as a genteel pauper upon the bedraggled skirts of a servile "respectability."

The average college graduate, especially from our sec-

tarian schools, can tell how much pie was absorbed by the Philistines, how much putty was used under the reign of Ptolemy, what cured Moses of the measles and whether Job scratched himself with a broken pie plate or backed up against a stump, but slammed up against the business world he can hardly find either end of himself in the dark. The proof of the pudding is in the getting of it thereof in between your grinders. The writer is a graduate of the Iowa Wesleyan University, class of 1900, and knows. He came to Butte after graduation with the firm intention of accepting a position as president of some of the Butte banks and came within an ace of having to compromise the matter by going out and herding sheep. His "mortar board," Oxford gown, bull hide diploma and Beta Theta Pi fraternity pin did not seem to be what these great mining corporations were in need of. So he got busy with pick and shovel, hammer and drill, 1,200 feet underground in the Nipper mine and inside of 60 days was laid up for repairs in the Murray Hospital with a broken arm.

Rar, rah, rah, hip, hi, hoo,

We are monkeys, who are you?

You are monkeys, too—and that was no lie.

Gentle reader, did you ever stop to reason out why the Scranton Correspondence School has been such a phenomenal success? It is simply because it fits its graduates to make a living and successfully battle with the world. It was founded by Thomas J. Foster in 1892 and in the short space of 17 years has developed to such gigantic proportions that to-day it is capitalized at \$10,000,000, keeps fifteen lecture cars constantly traveling over the country, has 208 courses and the enormous enrollment of 1,070,000 pupils. Before the panic it had 20,000 pupils in Montana alone. Think of it, will you, one-fifteenth of the population of this state enrolled in a school 2,500 miles from home plate. Most of these "got off wrong" in their early education and are now trying to re-trace their early mistakes and fit themselves for the practical duties of life.

The boy that starts at five years of age in our great cities yelling "uxtra," by the time he is twelve years of age has his noodle so sharpened that in a business deal he can make the ordinary college graduate of 25 stand in the shade and look wild. His seven years of hard knocks from the world has hardened him and made him sharp as a serpent's tooth. A college education develops the mind in

a way and brings out the finer, gentler graces, but it puts on no armor plate, and a man must be a salamander in an asbestos overcoat to succeed nowadays. The business world to-day is a swarm of serpents, knotted and conglomerated, hissing and writhing in horrid and venomous passion. The man who starts out in life with a college diploma, no means, no pull and no profession except his Latin, Greek, History of Philosophy, Mental and Moral Sciences, stands about as much show as a red flannel shirt at a Bradley-Martin ball. Colleges have ruined millions of bright boys, making plow horses out of record breakers and dudes out of sensible youngsters.

To run a genius through the average college is like running a young eagle through a threshing machine. It takes years for him to recover from his injuries.

Elbert Hubbard says "to take a boy away from the business world between the ages of 18 and 22 with four years in college is to run the risk of ruining him for life." Bob Ingersoll dubbed the average denominational college of America as a "storm center of misinformation, a place to polish pebbles and dim diamonds."

Alexander Pope evidently had the average college graduate in mind when he spoke of

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

Behold United Germany standing forth a giant because Bismarck mocked at precedent. Although discovering a new world, Columbus scorned the schools. The learning of the Levites was ignored by Christ Jesus; Lincoln is the one great man America has produced, and Lincoln was his own alma mater. Instead of splitting rails, had the fates sent him to college with a thousand or so a year to blow in, he would probably have developed a head of chrysanthemum hair parted in the middle, cultivated the Henglish Hawkcent and Harvard lope, rode a "pony" as far as the sophomore year and spent every season at Saratoga or Newport. You can no more breed a world pusher by much of our present education system than you can rear an Ella Ewing in an ink bottle or a Jim Jeffries in a jug.

Our great colleges to a large degree resemble gigantic hoppers into which multifarious minds are thrown as raw material and come out mental carpet tacks for holding in place some great corporation carpet. Let a young man enter any of the large eastern universities whose enrollment

registers three to five thousand and what attempt is made to measure his individual capabilities—to determine whether the Almighty intended him for a preacher or a potato peeler, a Massillon or a “mucker” in the mines? None whatever. He is lost in the mob. He is handed the catalogue containing a curriculum as unyielding as the bed of Procrustes; the youthful Westinghouse and the ox calf, the budding Milton and the embryo banker, the weigher of the stars and the offspring of the hot tamale peddler are all fed on the same intellectual fodder.

The English in our schools to-day is no more the English of Macaulay and Johnson than dog Latin is the language of Cæsar and Cicero and Livy—elocution in colleges no more the oratory of the world’s greatest orators and actors than a clarionet is a caliope. The first thing a young man has to do when getting out of college and engaging in active journalism is to unlearn some of the idiotic syntax of the schools. Our schools are the victims of follies and fads. The useful seems to be a habitually neglected for the useless.

There was a time when the learning of the world was locked up in Greek and Latin, but that is no longer so, for every Greek and Latin book has been translated into English and can be read in a few hours. The struggle for existence in this country has become so terrific that millions of children must take up life’s battles in their teens with only a few years of schooling, hence the man who puts them to wearing themselves nutty over dead languages commits a brutal act. It is a brutal waste of time and “not even the gods can recall the past.”

Teach the little ones to READ; then they hold the key to all knowledge and can do whatsoever they wish with it. It is O. K. that we teach, at public expense, the children of the poor to read and write—afford them an opportunity to acquire the rudiments of an English education—then put them on Life’s gridiron and see what develops. If a man is really deserving and hungry for a superior education he is going to find some old way to get it, for poverty never was and never will be a barrier to the Pierian Spring.

Books can be had almost for the asking. While bending over the forge men like Elihu Burritt have become learned. Others in the light of tallow candle or log fire have worshiped at Minerva’s shrine. And it is always such men that have made their names to go aringing down the

centuries—men whom some blessing in disguise kept out of the clutches of the gerund grinders or were strong enough to break through the turtle shell of dead formalities miscalled education. Hundreds of young men working in these Butte mines could become distinguished ten years hence in the world of belle-letters if they would only commence saving their money and spending their leisure hours in the Butte city library instead of sitting around a "freeze-out" table arranging the details of the next road house prize fight over twenty or thirty whiskeys.

The great middle class, that bulwark of strength in every country, is being wiped out, and as a nation we are dividing into two classes, the excessively rich and the frightfully poor. To escape the latter class calls for titans of brass rather than he-nymphs and she-men. Education in bringing out the gentler graces too often weakens rather than strengthens, and when the unforeseen thunderbolts of fate smite the victim he is unable to recover and make his mark in the world.

If the schools of the country would spend more time teaching the duties of citizenship to their pupils, pounding into them the fundamental laws of health and principles of morality and imparting general information useful in every walk of life, cap-sheaf it all with some useful trade and Scranton Correspondence Schoolism and less in ramming them to the nozzle with the dry sawdust of idiotic text books, much of our present educational system which is now an actual detriment could be transformed into a potential blessing.

Think it over.

* * *

Following his custom, our genial friend, Judge Donlon, by all odds the most fearless terror to murderers, thieves and the criminal element in general that ever sat upon the district bench here in Butte, asked of the defendant, a burly, low-browed scoundrel who had been convicted of murdering a poor old couple to rob them:

"Defendant, have you anything to say?"

In a cheerful tone the criminal replied:

"Just one word, judge, I'm opposed to capital punishment."

The man's wishes had no effect on Judge Donlon, however, and he sentenced the prisoner to be hanged by the

neck until dead in the usual place in the jail yard back of the Silver Bow county court house.

A few days before the execution the wife of the condemned man was admitted to his cell.

"John, I want to bring the children to the hanging. And they all want to come, too."

"No, no, no. I can't stand for that. The sight of the black cap adjusted over my face, the drop and my writhings would be a spectacle they would remember to the last day of their lives. You **MUST** keep them home."

"Aw, now, John, you never did want the children to enjoy themselves and have a good time."

* * *

An Englishman of high degree traveling through Montana on a sight-seeing tour told us a rather astonishing story at the Lambs' Club in Helena a few nights ago concerning Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone was on a visit to the Isle of Man and it fell to this Englishman, as the oldest member of the House of Parliament, to show him around a bit.

There was an odd "character" on the island, an old worthy about 80 years old, who expressed a strong desire to see Gladstone. On being introduced the old chap said:

"Mr. Gladstone, I am proud to meet you."

"Delighted, I am sure," said the great man.

"Do you know, Mr. Gladstone, that I come of a very remarkable family?"

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised," said the G. O. M.

"Yes, sir, my brother and I lived together and lay together for nine months and never exchanged a word."

"Most extraordinary!" said Gladstone gasping.

"Yes, sir, for nine long months. We were twins."

Then the Grand Old Man lay back in his chair and laughed for about five minutes.

* * *

Some fool Butte woman has been writing to Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the San Francisco Examiner, wanting to know "If it is perfectly proper for a 16-year-old girl to go walking with a grown man after 10 P. M. without a chaperon." Of course this gives the effervescent Ella a chance to unbottle a column of her syndicate slush upon a defenseless public. The X-Ray can answer that question in few words and without boring the public. Of course it is perfectly proper for a 16-year-old girl to go walking with a grown

man after 10 P. M. without a chaperon—providing they don't stop, but simply keep right on walking. Ante and pass the buck.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Vere de Vere of Miles City, Montana, have returned home after an extended "sponge" on eastern relatives. They were accorded a perfect ovation at the Northern Pacific depot—by their creditors—another illustration that "absinthe makes the heart beat faster."

The Vere de Veres are a very old family, so old in fact that it requires frequent fumigation, and are related by poetic license to Lord Tennyson's Lady Clara by the name, "the daughter of a hundred earls," the proudest spirited hussy and heart wrecker of her day and generation. The Eastern Montana Vere de Veres toil not neither do they spin or possess copper glance that cometh to the grass roots, yet Solomon in all his glory did not attempt to pile on so much canine.

* * *

"Are you the editor of the X-Ray?" said the caller.

"No, sir," said the office boy, "the Big Noise is out; but I can take any kind of news."

"Why, it is this way," said the caller lowering his voice, "my wife gave a small party last night and I am willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in the paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society news," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right, you don't understand. I wrote this copy myself and I put in a line or two that says 'Mr. Few-clothes assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That is the exact way I want it to go in and I don't care a cuss if it costs a dollar or so more. I want my friends to know, by gosh, that I still belong to the family." Here's hoping this poor cuss can soon be able to sing: "My wife has gone to the country. Hurray! Hurray!!"

* * *

"Jew Jess" is a name familiar in police court circles in every mining camp from Dawson City to Johannesburg. As a member of the demi-monde and a pickpocket she had few equals in the civilized world. It used to be no trouble for her to stand a hundred yards from a railway track and pick the pockets of a man standing on the back platform

of the observation car traveling at the rate of 60 miles an hour. It is said that there is honor among thieves, and it is so in this case.

Below you will see where Jew Jess paid an obligation gladly. The following letter to a Mercury street bartender proves that there really is honor among a certain class of thieves. We publish it as a touching tribute to the honesty of one of the most notorious "touchers" the west has ever seen:

Yakima, Wash., July 1.

Dear old pal—I enclose you a postoffice money order for \$10.00. You will remember when I dropped off in Butte for a day last March and was stranded you handed me a ten-spot to get out of town on. I must confess that I was not quite sure whether I would ever be able to pay you, as I have been awfully hard up and things have not been coming my way. But I am quite flush now. The Methodist conference has been in session here all the past week. The weather here is fine, though cloudy. Your old grab hook,

JEW JESS.

* * *

Rev. Johnsing, one of the old-time hellfire and brimstone slingers from the red hills of Gawgy, has been in Butte recently stirring up the cullud population concerning the welfare of their souls. The African M. E. church undergoing extensive repairs, the evangelist secured the Silver Tip saloon on East Galena street, which is the rendezvous for the colored sporting fraternity of Butte, and last Sunday night handed out the following chunks of tobasco sauce to a large, mixed audience:

Bredren and Sistahs—I'se a leetle bit hoahse dis ebening, but if "you all" will pay me yo' attentioneses I'll endeavah to speak a few wuds on de subject of "de great day of de wrath hab come and who will be able to stand." When de great day ob de wrath hab come and Gawd came down from his chariot home on high, de sinnahs will run to de mountains a hollerin' "rocks fall on us"—hide deir faces from de sight ob de libin Gawd—turn away from Him for He knows dem not.

You hyah the Lord say that mawnin, "Take my swawd, take my razzah an' sharpen 'em in the poah sinnah's blood. Where did my Jesus die? On Calvary Hill. Whut did He say, my good bredren? You may pull my temples down, but I'll build 'em up again. I see de Jews take my

Jesus and nailed Him on de Cross and laid Him in de grave and de Holy Angel flew from de sky and rolled de stone away and set my Gawd free.

And now He's gone to prepah a place and no man shall know de day nor de houah when he will retuhn.

But when He retuhns He'll bring a boat wid him. He'll sail all troo creation. He'll stop at ebery station. He'll take on every nation. And it mattahs not wedder its de black man or de white man or de red man, so he's a child of Gawd, bawn of His spirit, washed in His blood, he can get on dat boat and start up to de hebenly skies above and you'll hyah the Lawd say dat mawnin' "I want no liahs, I want no t'ieves, I want no backbitahs, I want no black trash from Havre, I wants nuffin but de righteous. I'se tellin' you bredren and sistahs if yo' git on dat boat you'll hab to learn to pray. Oh, my sinnah, git down on yo' knees and pray to Gawd to save us from dis dyin' worl', help us in the world to come—sinnah man a standin' at de gates ob hell, de gates flew off and de sinnah man fell. Lawd help us up into de world above. (A female shout, "Tell it all, good bruddah, tell it all.) Where golden streets and diamonds flow. Way up in de upper world, Lawd, I can feel de holy fiah am a buhnin' in my heaht—yaas, good Gawd, where de streets are all pearl and de gates are all gold—where de moth and de rust will not corrupt nor t'ieves break troo and steals.

"Oh, my soul am heben bound,

Glory hallelujah,

Shout heben's kingdom glory down,

Glory hallelujah,

Shout, shout, becos de debil's about,

Shut de doah and keep him out,

Glory hallelujah."

At this juncture Sister Mandy came forward leading her pickaninny and both flung themselves upon the mourner's bench and Mandy burst out:

"Oh Lyawd, dis ebening I'se humbly bowin' deoun on dis hyah mawner's bench to whispah a few lovin' wuds into thine Fathah's eahr. Oh Lyawd, my son is hyah on dis yah mawner's bench. He's in de dahk and you knows der am only one road and if he stahts in de wrong road. Oh Lyawd, he will land in de bottom depths below. Oh Jesus, please meet my boy half way and guide his foot-

steps in de right road above so he not gwine to stray from de mighty fold.

"Oh, good Lyawd, I know yo delibahed Jonah from de belly of de mighty whale and Oh, good Lyawd, I know yo delibahed Daniel from de lions' den and den de Hebrew chillun from de fiery furnace, so de Good Book de declah, and I knows yo can take dis little black pickaninny into your lubin' arms. Lawd, help poah niggah Liz obah on Pleasant alley. Niggah Liz done been all crippled up wid de rhematiz for nigh on fo' months and being nigh onto 70 years ole is moughty pohly, deah Lyawd. All dese petishions we asks in Thy name.—AMEN.

After the services had finished Rev. Johnsing made a pastoral visit to the home of niggah Liz on Pleasant alley in the capacity of spiritual adviser and found the venerable old lady not so ill as reported. She was comfortably nested in her old rocking chair smoking her pipe and pretty well encased in hot water bags, gaining sweet peace and comfort from reading aloud Rudyard Kipling's poetical masterpiece, "Take Up the White Man's Burden."

* * *

To the Four Hundred of New York—

Butte's Four Hundred, through its official organ, the Butte X-Ray, sends greeting and sympathy. Sympathy—that's what we said. At a range of 3,000 miles it would seem as viewed from the highest pinnacle of the Rocky mountains east of Columbia Gardens, that you are in a peck of trouble that will not be settled without cruel suffering, the shedding of barrels of tears, the expenditure of barrels of boodle, a'l because you high-toned tramps are pulling into Gotham. All summer you have been flirting promiscuously in the mountains and displaying your padded underpinning at the seashore. You are now ready to take up indoor dissipation and lay bare the other end of your anatomy. Don't think for a minute that way out here in wild and woolly Montana we think you members of New York's Four Hundred are immodest. Helno. There is a small portion of you New York society women that is seldom seen by the public at any season. It is a sacred circle fully two inches broad, covered by your belts and known in western mining camp parlance as "possible." The Frenchiest ball room corsage is usually carved higher, the most stunning bathing suit at Bar Harbor cut lower than this horizontal median line. Whether this is a con-

cession to decency or hygiene cannot be told at such long distance, but the all important fact remains that in the summer you New York society women expose yourselves up as far as "possible" and in the winter time as far down as "possible," but you positively refuse to expose "possible." This equator on the female form divine where the corset gets busy with its most remorseless grip, seems to be considered by the more conservative members of your aggregation as highly improper to expose.

Whether from the summer or winter point of view; whether floating the winsome fair or sensuous ocean rollers that break in slumbrous thunder on a beach of shimmering sand or bending o'er beauty's chair in perfumed ball room while voluptuous music wakes all the latent passions of the blood, the o'er curious eye of the male New Yorker encounters that d—d provoking belt. He never gets to see "possible." As soon as all of you get back to home plate the fight will commence as to who are to be the social autocrats for the next four or five months. There must be a bell wether for the willies, a lead ewe for the opposite sex. They squat in judgment on all social matters and split hairs to see what is and what is not, consider the claims of new candidates for admission to your royal hive of human vermin and whether the correct handshake for the next several months shall be a hip shot and a nervous giggle or the extension of the arm in the shape of a rainbow on a champagne jag. A thousand matters come before such a court of adjudication—such as the number of lovers many of you married women may have, your "old man" having a given number of millions; if it be "au fait" for a debutante to get orry-eyed beastly drunk or a flusie of two seasons to cuss except in her morning gown and smoking jacket; the propriety of serving cock-tails and cigarettes to ladies at swell feeds and if it be the duty of a gentleman to rush to the rescue of the reigning belle should she be so unfortunate as to spill herself while making a Marie Antoinette bow.

What is the tariff, an elastic currency, our developing markets in the Orient or the race problem compared to the solving of these important questions of social etiquette. Even the quality of Jaeckel's silver fox furs, Greenhuts' Parisian hats, Geo. Frost's "Boston Garter" and Aultman's theatre gowns drop into oblivion like a campaign promise after election by comparison—do not elicit a rotten

egg or a handful of confetti, so interested is all Gotham in your present titanic struggle for social supremacy for a brief season. Way out here in Butte, far away from the scene of battle, we are watching the battle from afar, as depicted by the New York dailies and Col. Mann's Town Topics, and can but wonder that the 10-cent moving picture shows have not inaugurated a series of films showing the struggle on canvas.

The life and death struggle between Jere Murphy, Doc. Eggleston, Pat O'Farrell and the rest of Montana's campaign liars in days of old during the seven years' copper war did not stir the sluggish blood as does the battle royal between you he-things and she-things of New York for the jackass prize and jennet pennant respectfully.

We said he-things, but on second thought ask for a recall. Some of you are posing as men, it is true, but your soupy expressions and effeminate apparel suggests that you may be tenor singers, hermaphrodites or disciples of Oscar Wilde.

If so, it is dead easy to understand why New York business men permit such a gang of brainless muttonheads to bathe and bike, dance and flirt through the golden summer days with their wives and daughters at flip sea-side resorts, while pater familias remains at home and cheerfully foots the freight. Elisha Dyer, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Perry Belmont, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and some more of you are all causing a wave of printers' ink to go surging across the continent describing your antics. Mrs. Ogden Mills doesn't seem to be spending much money with the press, a slight which the latter fiercely resents, but just the same she is in the race and throwing dirt like a thoroughbred—has the rest of you society fillies breathing so that you can be heard four blocks. Just who is going to get under the wire first in this controversy is problematical to a degree. It can be taken for granted, however, that the biggest ass between the Battery and the Bronx—if he have the funds to play the fop—and the woman who piles on the most dog in vulgar display while within sound of your revelry people stand starving, destitute and desperate, will be accepted as the social leaders of the dirtiest and most disreputable flock of ducks that ever disgraced the earth.

Respectfully,

THE X-RAY.

* * *

At the last session of the Montana Press Association in the Helena auditorium, the editor of the Butte X-Ray responded in the following words to the toast "The X-Ray In Its Relation to the People of Butte and Montana":

"No state in the union is blessed with so ably edited a county seat weekly press as Montana. No state in the union is so cursed with a bound, gagged, hogtied, corporation owned daily press as this same state, Montana. You gentlemen who edit the daily papers of Montana are all crackerjack fellows and personal friends of mine. It is simply a bread-and-butter proposition with you. Some of you are Clark editors, some Heinze editors, most of you are Amalgamated-Copper-Standard Oil editors, but precious few of you are people's editors. You editors of corporation dailies are not your own bosses. You vehemently denounce your political opponents. You unblushingly defend your friends and either neglect to mention their crimes or criminally lie about their sins and in every way deceive your readers. You have the courage of your convictions. You are zealous in praise and defense of your party. But you can do nothing else. You are paid to do it. You lie every day in order to keep your pods filled with pickled pigs' feet and cold mince pie. If you told the truth at all times, for the good of Montana you would not eat for you would be bound to denounce a great many political rascals who are corrupting the state and buncoing the people. It so happens that the politicians are your masters. They pay you to defend them. They are your companions in crime. The weekly press is fearless but has little influence outside its own immediate sphere. The daily press has the influence but it is paid to keep the truth from the people. Gen. Eagen, during the "embalmed beef" army scandals swore that Gen. Miles "lied in his throat, lied in his mouth, lied in his heart, lied in his head and lied all over." But you gentlemen who edit Montana's daily newspapers have Gen. Miles whipsawed and across a barrel by 40 rows of apple trees. Unionism has scarcely a friend among you. Bigod but you are a crooked bunch! You feed the working people on falsehoods and keep them in ignorance of the frightful condition of Montana's political life. You lead them to believe that base representatives are the life and strength of Montana and without suspicion they support these corporation blacklegs, who already have plenty of pie in the pantry

and corn in the crib at public expense. That Montana should flourish in prosperity every man should be interested. Doubtless most men desire to live up to that responsibility but you editors of the reptile press thwart this desire and in the guise of friendship choke and blight all the fruits of patriotism. You wantonly deceive men who love the "Treasure State." You lie and mislead well-meaning, patriotic men to act just opposite to their desires and instead of doing the state good, to support factions and men whose policies put into practice are well nigh as detrimental as war, plague or famine. Political writers who write in truth and sincerity are invaluable to Montana to-day. They care little for party. They want to see their state succeed. They write for their state's welfare. But they are few. Like all other workers of good they are ridiculed at times by the minions of evil and even hurled into jail and the only way to combat them is to fight these devils with the fire of ridicule. Some give the independent press but little attention, but every day men are reading their words, are seeing the truth and arraying themselves on the side of patriotism.

"They are slaves who fear to speak,
For the fallen and the weak.
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Of Montana's dozen or fifteen daily papers many of them ably edited from a literary standpoint, none of them can be called a paper of the people, with the exception of one bright oasis in the desert of journalism—The Great Falls Tribune. All hail to its brave and brainy editor, W. M. Boles, who has done more in the way of lashing recreant public officials than all others combined. History and a knowledge of human nature convince us that it is almost an impossibility to absolutely cleanse Montana's public life, but certainly a great deal can be accomplished by turning on the X-Ray and keeping the light of exposure constantly on, perpetually calling attention to the main-springs of the evil. Well does William Lloyd Garrison say:

"They tell me, Liberty, in thy dear name
I shall not plead for all the human race;
Some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme and glorious fame
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine base
And as an equal brotherhood embrace
All people and for all fair Freedom claim!
Know this, oh man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
God ne'er made a tyrant or a slave,
Woe then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image for to all he gave
Eternal rights which none may violate
And by a mighty hand the oppressed he yet shall save!

My little paper, the Butte X-Ray, is the infant of Montana journalism. As Minerva sprang full panoplied from the brow of Jove so did this infant burst out of my sky-piece where it had been murdering sleep for many months.

"Blaze with your serried columns,
I will not bend the knee
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm that now is free
I've mailed it with the thunder
When the tempest muttered low
And where it falls ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow."

Thus muttered the defiant Seminole as he hurled his withering defi into the face of King Humbert. A similar feeling comes over every man who has been a hireling on a corporation newspaper and after giving the best years of his life stultifying his talents, for someone else, finally gets in a position to hurl his jawbone thunderbolts exactly as he pleases without danger of sidetracking his coffee and sinkers.

Like all things at birth the X-Ray was small to begin with and its appearance before the public has been quite irregular. But large oaks from little acorns grow. There are scores of things in Montana that need to be X-Rayed. For the size of the city there are more contrasts of wealth and poverty and more inconsistencies in human nature in Butte than any spot between Honolulu and Hell. More people are a trifle daft on booze, peanut politics, the almighty dollar and in lambasting the sawdust out of the seventh commandment than any other town to my notice

and I have batted around over the Western Hemisphere from Boston on the east to Portland on the west, from Galveston and the City of Mexico on the south to Edmonton, Canada, on the north.

Montana needs at least one paper that will call a spade a spade clean up to the top of the spade's handle. It needs a few editors who have the courage and cussedness of their convictions and who will say what they consider best for the public at large and say it just exactly as they durn please, regardless of whether it is pleasing to the ears of W. A. Clark, F. A. Heinze, Jim Hill or the Amalgamated Copper Company.

Nearly every daily paper in Montana is either owned or in some way influenced directly or indirectly by Clark, Heinze or the Amalgamated Copper Co. The Butte X-Ray seeks its ends wholly outside of all parties and corporations and independent of their help or hindrance, a champion of the people, standing not for party but for the principle. It is for free thought and free speech, for the general betterment of Montana, for the masses of Montana against its classes, if the masses wrapped up in fifty different unions will stay within the bounds of reason; for the gospel of honesty and horse sense; for the religion of cold baths, clean lives and clean laundry.

When the head of a fraud or scoundrel whose practices are detrimental to the interests of the public at large is poked out of the window its contents will be examined by the X-Ray and the result printed that the public may act and profit accordingly. Here, where millions of dollars have been spent debauching the courts and legislatures during the long Clark-Daly fight followed by the Heinze-Amalgamated Copper war since 1899 there is certainly a field for a publication that will be a continual protest against chicanery, political thuggery, bribery, prohibition, fanaticism, graft, hypocrisy, social filth, thievery, cant, warty conventionalities, and oppressions of conscience hewing to the line, letting the chips and the fur fly where it will. People have wondered why there is no daily newspaper in this Butte field to really represent the people of Butte and Montana. Apparently the field is white to harvest, yet none enter to gather the golden grain. The principal reason is that it cannot be made to pay in such a sparsely settled state. You don't see Hearst invading Montana, do you? We have a monstrous big state. It

gives a man blind staggers to try to comprehend its size. It is 17,000 square miles larger than Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia combined, yet little Rhode Island, the runt of creation with her population of 470,000 has Montana outclassed by 170,000 and we only possess 3 electoral votes. The four leading papers of Montana, the Butte Evening News, the Butte Miner, the Butte Inter Mountain and the Anaconda Standard have never paid expenses summing up the years—they have all gone in the hole, some of them as deep as \$75,000 a year, but they are kept in the field for political purposes by the multi-millionaire mining interests back of them. If the Butte Miner goes \$75,000 in the hole per annum what's the odds? That is hardly two days' income for its owner, Senator Clark. Eh, Bill? These large financial interests such as Clark, Heinze, Hill and the Amalgamated control the destiny of all our large papers. They have placed their thumbscrews upon the brainiest of you editors. None of you would dare advocate any measure detrimental to your masters no matter how detrimental to the public, else you would be invited to step to hell quickly brother and watch the weather. The people are helpless. But Montana is not alone. With few exceptions the same is true of all great cities in America. When you turn to the editorial columns of the metropolitan press the opinions you find are machine made. The editors are hired and told to write—not what they think—but what their masters think. Thousands read this machine-made rot as manna from heaven. They drink it in as the true gospel, live by it, swear by it and die by it. In every state in the union the corruption that has existed so rampant throughout the body politic is awakening the people. It well nigh staggers belief to witness the vast changes that are taking place in our political and social life. And until achievements to the great benefit of humanity are enacted into law there is no likelihood of any let up in the agitation for reforms. As sure as God made little apples these reforms will come.

I want to protest with all the vigor of my pen and all the vitality of my soul against a hundred wrongs that are so apparent and are oppressing the people of Montana. And in my warfare if I find it necessary to interlard my editorials on national and state affairs, with racy stories,

the slang and lingo of the street, the minstrel, the club, the stope and of Jim Jill's "snakes" and "stingers," thereby holding the applause and patronage of the gallery and making my paper a self-sustaining institution in a state where very few, if any of its daily papers are standing on their own bottoms but each and every one of them propped up by corporate wealth, I trust that the patience of the better element of our citizenship will not give out, on the theory that the end justifies the means. There are some offenses, my friends, that cannot be reached by criminal statutes. In every section of Montana there are men of wealth and prominence whose power enables them to set the laws at defiance, either intimidate or gag the local press and ride rough shod over the entire community. It is worse in Butte than any other portion of the state but it exists everywhere. All such would continue in the future as they have in the past to go unwhipped of justice were not the X-Ray in the field to probe the body social and diagnose the situation that the public may act accordingly. If you have a nightmare existing in your community which you dare not publish in your local papers lest it mean boycott and financial loss, let me know all about it. If you are occupying a disappointed plane in life because 10 years ago the brands on your cattle were changed or your sheep "rustled" away from you by some white-livered cur who is now a bank president or irrigation ditch promoter posing as an industrial Cæsar developing the latent resources of a virgin state, give me the facts and the X-Ray will be Johnny-at-the-rat-hole.

How beautiful are those immortal words of America's poet of pessimism, Will Hubbard Kernan:

'Self should be as less than nothing, for it perishes as grass,

But the truths for which we labor from the world shall never pass.

They will burst the chains of bondage, help the races to uprise,

And with freedom's holy chrism will humanity baptize.

Mourn not, comrade, for the selfish losses that thy life hath known,

Weep not for the gauds and bubbles thou hast hoped to call thy own.

Thine hath been a bright evangel, thou hast held a torch in air,

Lighting on the struggling races from the realms of dumb
despair,

Though thy very name shall perish when thy life is ever
past,

Yet thy words and works forever, through the centuries
shall last.

Every good thought ever spoken, every grand deed ever
done

Is a fresh sword making surer that our conquest will be
won.

Conquest over rank corruption that hath ruled and ruined
long;

Conquest of the captive peoples over mailed and mitred
wrong,

In its palaces of splendor, in its forts and bulwarks strong."

Montana needs a paper of such a character that any man who has been gouged in a business deal, any man having been wronged by another individual who is liable to repeat the outrage on the public at large at every opportunity; any many or union holding the hot end of a corporation poker; any business man who has been hurled over the financial precipice and had his little business built up by years of toil and worry dashed to smithereens upon the cruel boulders of bankruptcy by the seemingly unreasonable demands of some union, can come or write to its editor, tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth and after telling it from the shoulder get it printed from the shoulder.

Merciful heavens, don't all stampede in on me at once. If only those who have been paying the members of the Butte Plumbers' Union a dollar an hour for filling their pipes and rushing back to the shop for more tools at the fast and furious rate of a 100 yards an hour, via every saloon in the camp, will come a trouping to me with their complaints, I'll soon be putting out a paper so large that it will have to be mounted on wheels and read from the top of a step-ladder. Montana needs the X-Ray to keep the social atmosphere clear in a score of her towns—especially Butte. It needs a paper that will in the language of the Salvation Army, scoopshovel bonnet brigade, "let a little sunshine in" on the codfish aristocracy of Butte even though it raises such a stink that the very buzzards will break their necks getting out of this section of Montana. The Hercules who would cleanse the Augean stables of

Butte's millionaire high society would be a crackerjack. He would have to have a cast-iron skull and wear Carnegie armor plate underwear. He would break his pitchfork every two minutes, aye, wash the entire city down on the flats. Butte's millionaire high society on a rampage resembles the annual First Ward Ball given in the Chicago Coliseum each year by Hinky Dink and Bath House John. Butte's millionaire high society and its attaches and hanger-on is infamy incarnate. It is worse than that. It is a hell boiled down to half a pint. Lawson and Mary MacLane have frequently tried to describe social conditions in Butte, but as there are depths in the ocean to which a stone will not sink, so is there depravity in Butte so fathomless that it is beyond the ability of mortal tongue to describe it. Drunkenness and about every other form of hideous debauchery known to infamy is altogether too commonplace in Butte's high society. And the worst feature of it is that a general knowledge of these things is not incompatible with social leadership. Public sentiment along these lines is as dead as the Parker presidential boom, nobody cares a fig—too busy running the long green to death. A man possessing wealth can be as unprincipled a scalawag as Caliban and make it scour in Butte all right, all right-o.

Catherine of Russia was an able woman, but a notorious prostitute, foul as Milton's portress of hell, a lecherous old battle-axe so infernally foul that Byron tells us "she loved every he-thing in Europe except her husband." If a woman possess wealth she can be a second Catherine of Russia and still be warmly welcomed by a certain element of Butte's high society—not all stratas, however, goodness knows, for there are thousands and tens of thousands of honest, virtuous people on Butte's West Side. Charity covers a multitude of sins but in Butte the almighty dollar gilds even moral guano with supernal glory. Men as guiltless of honesty as a thieving tomcat, lecherous old she-rounders that would not be tolerated by the inmates of the underworld are not infrequently found on Butte's topmost social wave. Every grown man and woman in Silver Bow county knows this statement is the truth, running around without its pajamas on—yet all doors fly wide open at their approach, their advent is heralded as a distinguished honor in every home. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the titans of intellect and the groveling ignorami all make their coattails the apex of a triangle, bowing and

scraping like a Pullman skunk struggling with a dollar tip, before these gilded thieves and high-toned harlots. The rotten bunch ought to be lashed with a whip of scorpions into the restricted districts where they properly belong. No wonder all the hand-to-mouth dudes are nutty to acquire a full-dress suit and break into Butte's millionaire high society—so high that it will have to charter a balloon to sail up to hell. A moneyless man is an unwelcome visitor at Ruth Clifford's Irish World, but "salvation is free" in Butte's millionaire society. Butte's codfish aristocracy is certainly a beaut.

Vulgar manner, overfed,
Overdressed and underbred.
Heathen godless—hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night.
Dwarfed the man, enlarged the brute.
Ruled by roue and prostitute.
Purple robed and pauper clad,
Raving, rotting, money-mad.
Squirming herd in Mammon's mesh,
Wilderness of human flesh
Crazed by Avarice, Lust and Rum,
Butte, thy name is Delirium!

Why, my friends, a certain element of Butte's 400 will gather together at social functions a la minks, look upon the wine when it is red and which in the end is supposed to bite like a serpent, sting like an X-Ray editorial and kick all the boards off of the back end of the barn and then roll home, puking on shirt fronts and alabaster hemispheres, drunker than Billiebedamned in closed carriages worse than Byron's horses and riders "in one red burial blent." Mysterious hacks, blackbats of the night, are flitting hither and you driving wifey out to the road-houses in search of a long-lost sister or to take up collections for foreign missions, while husband Jones is paying the freight, busily looking over the ledger, dodging the walking delegate or getting out rock on the two-thousand-foot level of the Anaconda mine. Czar of the darkness is the deaf, dumb and blind hackman. On to his job is he-o, on to his job is he.

Old rounder spiders are daily inducing innocent butterflies of the Butte high school to walk into their parlors—cozy "ladies' entrances" equipped with convenient sofas—where far away from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife

they can sit down and explain to these girls "how old is Ann."

Society in Butte certainly does need a daily nitric acid bath, but it will take someone with a better command of language than I possess to justly administer it. It is foul with a filthiness such as Shakespeare attributes to flies. At least this is the reputation that it bears both abroad and at home. That the obliquy is not altogether undeserved is evidenced by the fact that its doors fly wide open to women that have nothing in common with Cæsar's wife. Instead of being "above suspicion" their escapades are discussed in 300 bar-rooms of Butte, while ordinary demi-monde in the underworld refer to them as competitors and a very charity quality of competitors at that. The Saturnalian revels of ancient Rome were not a circumstance to the shameful orgies that at times transpire in Butte's high society. Similar conditions prevail in other cities of the Northwest, but they are not one, two, twenty-seven compared with Butte. Yet you gentlemen who edit the Butte daily papers are as silent as the grave on these things, the X-Ray having a clear field.

Here's to Teddy, rough and ready,
Population is his cry.
Get the habit, like the rabbit,
Get together and multiply.

Butte's millionaire high society and its bootlickers get together and then separate and then get together again, but by gum they won't multiply. It must be because the rickety breed has simply "run out." Butte's millionaire society is a "dry herd." A baby in Butte's high society would be almost as out of place as a gondola in a desert or a sun umbrella at the North Pole. When a woman in Butte's high society crucifies herself on the cross of one face she may promise to love, honor and obey, but she doesn't promise to incubate. Most of these high flyers are so cold blooded that if they should accidentally get snarled up with the Biblical and Rooseveltian precept their babies would be born with frost on 'em and in all probability they would embalm their first born and wear it as a brooch in their hair. Be it said to Butte's credit, however, that we have not as yet adopted the custom of jumping across the pond and having our calves dropped in a foreign pasture.

Gentlemen, I thank you.

* * *

There are thousands of cultured homes in Butte. There are thousands of fair daughters and wives in Butte as pure as the polar snows that rise above the glaciers, that are and deserve to be as far above suspicion as Cæsar's spouse, nevertheless, if all husbands in the greatest mining camp on earth could be wafted above the city like Don Cleofas and look with magic vision through every roof and tile, hades would be to pay with a frightful stringency in the money market. People get married in Butte on very short acquaintance. They live together a short time, get divorced and marry again on short notice, a sort of an endless chain as it were. A woman who can have two husbands in a twelve month is a stranger to that sentiment which makes the war horse linger at the dead soldier's grave and the faithful dog starve himself upon his master's grave. People who pass from the bed of one mate to that of another in one year are privileged to prate of passion, but when they talk of love it casts a shadow on the sun. A portion of Butte's high society is the exponent of the grossest animalism.

The average Butte business man is hard-headed but courteous. He reaches that stage in life when he wants a home of his own. He supposes he is getting married when in reality if he picks a heifer out of this Butte millionaire high society herd he is taking chances of going up against a government contract. Circumstances over which he has no control oftentimes compel him to cancel it sooner or later as proven by the divorce court record of Butte. Unlike the Roman sentinel of Herculaneum, hubby is unwilling to brave the resistless tide of molten lava and perish at his post. A man with a properly constructed head upon his shoulders demands something more in a wife than mere animalism. Anacreontics is all right for dessert, but it makes a poor steady diet. He wants love that is not lechery and companionship that is not all concupiscence. He demands worship that is not all drule and social intercourse that is not nine-tenths slobber. To the average Butte business man life is real, life is earnest, wealth power and fame are his ideals. To the average woman in Butte's high society, life is one long sensuous dream, "loves' burnings and raptures," and so they separate. People often say to me, "Davenport, why don't you get married and settle down and stop rambling around all over the United States and Mexico and Canada?" Great Cæsar, that is

easy. As it seems to be in Butte, a married woman is responsible to no one. She knows that if her husband works for wages he can't afford a divorce with alimony and has to keep her anyway. The marriage contract has made her irresponsible. At marriage the man becomes responsible for an irresponsible being. It is this that makes marriage a delusion and a snare in Butte.

A young miner working like a slave in these fearfully hot copper mines falls in love with a girl and thinks she is an angel, so he gets married without further investigation. If he stops to think at all—which he seldom does—he assumes that as he is responsible for her to the world, she will surely fulfill her obligations to him. The poor fool. He thinks vaguely that of course there must be some way of holding her to the contract of marriage. But he discovers later there is not. He will learn that he is “married,” but the woman is not, only so long as it suits her to be so. A woman can pass up the marriage contract in Butte for a multitude of reasons all good enough to satisfy her alleged conscience. She may not love this honest, hardworking young miner as well as she did before they were married; she may think after all that she likes an old sweetheart better and that it was only spite that made her marry this man; she may not have the good time that her fancy led her to believe she would have; he may not hand her enough of the mazuma to fool around the bargain counters with; she may not like children after she has had three or four and may feel that she is altogether too bright to be tied down with children; or she may conclude that he compares unfavorably with the jolly, up-to-date, lily-fingered, bachelor counter jumpers she meets at the dances out to Columbia Gardens. Hard work in these underground hells keeps him constantly worn out and “all in” physically, while she, with only a few dishes to dry, a floor to sweep and a bed to make, is enabled to keep herself constantly in championship form, an empress of physical perfection and eager to go out and mingle in the music and the bright lights and other high spots. So discontent with her husband grows on her and she does the other thing. At least this is so often the case in Butte that it makes a fellow tremble like an aspen leaf at the very thought of marriage.

A man cannot very well leave his wife in Butte unless he wants to get all snarled up in the courts for desertion

or non-support. A married woman's power is unlimited. Good women do not abuse this power but all bad ones do. All women are not angels nor all men brutes. We have good and bad of both sexes. It is one of those strange traits in human nature that women can't stand absolute devotion, which often weakens chains that the kicks and cuffs of brutality but weld the stronger. A woman loves to be boss, but she soon grows weary of it and rather welcomes the fingers of an Othello choking her wind off, if he loosens his claws in time to kiss her back to life afterward. Dog like she will trail after such a wretch into the very amen corner of hell. That is where really good husbands are not appreciated and get it in the neck. Women don't really want perfection in a man—it bores them. They like to secretly fear their lords, are more faithful to the club than the distaff. The first mistake a man makes when he is desperately in love with a woman and marries her is in being desperately in love, for in any marriage where one loves the most that one always gets the hot end of the poker to hold. This is only a man's viewpoint, however.

* * *

Butte is the limit in everything.

* * *

Little boys in knee pants are allowed on the messenger force to carry trays into the restricted districts and shady lodging houses, viewing sights therein that would make the angels weep.

* * *

People of opposite sexes meet each other in the gallery of the California Rathskellar each evening. After conversing around small beer tables for a few minutes they become seized with an uncontrollable desire to go off to some secluded spot somewhere and indulge in a season of silent prayer. All samee Haymarket, Sixth avenue, New York City or Bismarck Gardens in Chicago.

* * *

The X-Ray's telephone bell keeps ringing every minute in the day—anxious inquirers want to know if there is any truth in the report that Heinze is dead. To one and all we can say that the report is true. Heinze is dead—dead-erell in Montana. He committed suicide in March, 1906, down in New York.

* * *

The pawnbrokers, time-assignment sharks and “stick-

up" men have come to an agreement that when cows lay eggs and hens give milk they will reduce interest rates from 5 per cent. a month to 5 per cent. a year in this blessed town of Pantherville, Cannibal county, Montana.

* * *

The plumbers of Butte don't mind submitting to a beggarly eight or nine dollars a day, but they are about to demand that their hours of labor shall be from 12 at noon to 1 p. m.—with an hour off for dinner.

* * *

The hurdy-gurdy dance houses being out of commission, the city hospitals are beginning to howl because they are receiving no cases of dislocation of the spine, caused by excessive dancing of the pazamala and the turkey trot.

* * *

Honest working men anxious to work "rustle" months at a stretch on the Butte hill and there is scarcely a place in the city, winter or summer, where they can get a free bowl of soup to line their lank bellies, no place where they can bunk down on the floor free of charge and prevent the winter wind or summer sun from taking an inventory of every bone in their bodies.

* * *

Here in Butte there are at least several score of lawyers who will make a verbal contract with their clients to make certain collections for a certain per cent. After they plant their lunch hooks upon your corn they proceed to establish a new rate of collection and you have to throw up your hands or hire some other shyster to put the bud to lawyer No. 1. By the time both of the yahoos get through picking you, what you get out of the deal is so small that you can put it into the hollow of a mustard seed and it will have as much room as a moth ball in Lake Michigan.

* * *

When down and out a pauper cannot even die in peace in Butte without having a flock of undertaking buzzards flying over him squawking among themselves clamoring for his "stiff." Isn't it the truth!

* * *

We will speak out, we will be heard
Though all earth's systems crack
We will not 'bate a single word
Or take a letter back.

We speak the truth and what care we
 For hissing or for scorn,
 While some faint gleaming we can see
 Of Truth's redeeming morn.

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
 Let traitors turn away,
 What ever we have dared to think,
 That dare we also say.

* * *

The most startling event in Butte's entire history took place last Thursday. At exactly ten minutes past 12 a prominent business man entered the Butte Hotel cafe, brazenly wended his way to the rear, entered one of the boxes and closed the door behind him, hung up his hat, sat down to the table and ate dinner by appointment with—his own wife. The moral wave sweeping over the land has hit us and is beginning to bear fruit.

* * *

Mr. Dan Mullins, an old-time miner, has just returned from the Klondyke and dropped into the X-Ray office to get rid of his surplus cigars. Dan says high prices continue to rule in Dawson, which is probably the most expensive town in all the world to live. Everything is much dearer than in Butte, incredible as that may sound. God pity 'em. It seems that no article is sold for less than 25 cents as there is no money up there of a lesser denomination. Coal \$25.00 a ton; hay \$80.00 a ton; spuds \$14.00 per hundred pounds; beef 50 cents a pound; newspapers 25 cents each; three fried eggs \$1.50; beer \$1.00 a bottle and champagne \$20.00 a quart. That is pretty steep, Dan, still there is nothing out of the way with the price of beer. There are plenty of places right here in Butte—we are told—where they charge a dollar a bottle for beer. If all the men in Montana who have never seen the Klondyke, but at some time in their lives have paid a dollar a bottle for beer, were to assemble together at one spot it would be the biggest convention in the history of the state, the center of the mile track here in Butte would not hold it. Backed by the support of such an invincible army I could have licked Heinze in his palmiest days.

* * *

'One thing the X-Ray never has tried or never will try to do, either wholly or in part, and that is to "bawl out"

all the men and women in Butte living together in open and notorious adultery. Were we to even publish their initials the list would be so long it would bankrupt us. No, thanks, the X-Ray is not getting out a second edition of the city directory. If we can only secure as readers the entire adulterous Grand Army of the Silver Bow Republic our success is assured; we will soon be in the millionaire colony ourselves. A Mormon cannot now have a dozen wives in Utah, because the law forbids, but a woman can have a dozen husbands in Butte and the law doesn't seem to interfere. The clinging vine to the sturdy oak is a very pretty and chivalrous sentiment, but in Butte it is too often a poison ivy with a stranglehold on poor \$100 a month Mr. Oak. A hundred dollars a month! Why that would not keep some of these high flyers in violets. "Woman is the weaker vessel," says Pope. But she can break the best of men in this camp. A score or more of divorces in Butte's high society every year and more ripening all the time, and too often a third party is standing behind the scenes pressing the button. "'Tis true, 'tis a pity and pity 'tis, 'tis true." To-day Mollie and I and the baby are oh so happy. To-morrow there is a stray bull in the corral. "He rags and he bones and he bottles to-day." To-morrow Mollie and the baby are sent back east on a six-months' visit with relatives and hubby hits for Arkansas Hot Springs for an indefinite period, a friend of hubby' acting as the go-between, forwarding the wife's mail to the husband and the husband's mail to the wife with the latter in blissful ignorance. As our Butte product, Mary Mac-Jane, has truly said, "Life is a terrible thing."

In God's name what is this town coming to, anyway? If a husband or wife prove unfaithful what is to be done? The remedy is easy, but hard for hot-headed people to take. Simply let them go. Don't kill yourself or your life partner or No. 3. Let them go. Would you treasure the cocoon when the butterfly has awakened and taken wing? Would you try to give warmth to lips that thirst for other lips? Would you sleep on a heart that dreams of another? Would you draw to your breast a head that wearies for another pillow? Would you press to your heart the gilded wires of the cage if the song bird were gone? Would you crush to your lips always the chill face of a corpse? Will dead ashes kindle to warm life? Will wearied satiety give birth to quick passion? If they prove unfaithful what in

the dear God's name is left? What would you hold? Hands that no longer caress? Lips that are mute? Eyes that are chill? Body that shrinks? Throughout all history was ever the winged god held in bondage? Let them go. Better the silence of deserted Naxos than the awful farce of keeping a "foul cistern for toads to gender in." Better the loneliness of Elba than state that is a mockery. Better the desolation of Eugenie than the ghastly pomp of Louise. Rather the prison straw of Gretchen than the silken couch of Wales. Let them go. The years are seldom unjust.

* * *

Butte loves a fight—prize fight, dog fight, mining lawsuit, etc.—just so it is a fight. The Butte papers in the course of a year contain miles and miles of rot of what this pug says about that one or the other one. We all love the genuine sport, but this face fighting of the prize fighters is what we have most to fear. It is worse than a combination of Lawson and Heinze vs. the System—more destructive than the impact of the irresistible force and the immoveable object. It is the most terrible shape in which Death can come—worse than consumption's ghastly form, the earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm. It is steadily unscrewing the nut of modern civilization, enervating the universe with chronic ennui, precipitating a state of mental degeneracy and physical decay. Cut it out.

* * *

"Yes, Mary," said one of Butte's West Side matrons to her next door neighbor in confidence, "I do hate to have my husband kiss me after he comes from the barber's. I do so detest the odor of that horrid brilliantine on his mustache."

"Do you, really, ma'am? Why, tee-hee, I rather like it."

* * *

The following request comes to hand:

Glendive, Montana, July 1, 1908.

Dear Mr. X-Ray Man, Butte, Montana,

Mama says you possess a good deal of worldly wisdom and has suggested that I write to you and ask you your advice on how to be good.

Respectfully,

PRISCILLA CAUDLE.

(Be ugly and then you can't help being good, for the gang will cut you cold.—The Editor.)

* * *

Most people want to pile up a big fortune so that their children won't have to struggle as they have struggled. How foolish! They had better tie millstones around the necks of their children and throw them into the river.

How often, oh, how often, do you see right here in Montana cases where the pioneer toils and moils for forty years to build up a fortune and then lays down and dies. Along come his litter of pups and the way they do mow it down with flusies, race-horses, champagne, automobiles, and theater troupes, all their waking hours seemingly consumed in an effort to reduce the world's record for speed and booze with "Death Valley Scotty" special-train methods. As a rule people born with silver spoons in their mouths are not worth the powder to blowemtoell. "Beneath gold thrones and mountains, who knows how many giant spirits lie entombed?" cries Jean Paul.

Necessity is the mother of invention and genius ever suckles at Industry's fair breast. Call the roll of Montana's sons whose names will live forever in her memory—Clark, Daly and Heinze—and you will find their lives filled with long days of labor and nights of bitter agony—each in his sphere is and was a genius, but they were not born that way—they developed. There is not so much difference in the original mental caliber of men as supposed. The genius is generally an abnormality in which one or more faculties are developed at the expense of all the others. Such characters are originals and come only one in a box. There are few precedents by which such minds can be measured, no law by which they can be gauged. In whatsoever province genius may occur—literary, musical, industrial or pugilistic—it is generally accompanied by what the world considers a disturbance of the mental equipoise, when it is simply the ability for sweating blood and unceasing toil geared up to ten thousand horse power. Ingersoll truly says that "every success is built upon the ashes of a thousand failures."

* * *

That is a cracking good yarn that Father M—— likes to tell on himself when he gets among his brother priests of Butte. One of his parishioners of Celtic origin, noticed a basket of eggs sitting in front of Lutey's grocery store. None of the clerks being near Pat gloms the eggs and starts for home. On his way home he passes the church and remembering he had not been into confessional for

sometime, sets the basket down on the front porch of the church and starts in to see Father M—— and pony up for his past misdeeds. During the confessional he coughs it up that he has swiped a basket of Lutey's eggs.

"Oh, Patrick, you are a miserable sinner, you will do 17 prayers for your misdeeds. 'Tis near the supper hour and I will leave you with your Lord."

Passing out of the church Father M—— spies the basket of eggs and thinking to have some fun with Pat, picks up the basket of eggs and passes down the street covered with his priestly robes a la married woman trying to conceal a happy secret. Pat gets busy with his little old 17 prayers and on finishing makes a bee-line for his eggs. He suspicions Father M—— to be the "stick-up" party, but of course can prove nothing. A month later Pat was in to confessional again and in a burst of tears confesses to having broken his marriage vows for the first time. Father M—— upbraided him in terrible language for several minutes for being such a godless wretch and finally said:

"But, Patrick, you haven't told me what the lady's name is. Where does she live? Who is she?"

"Ah," said Patrick, his eyes twinkling merrily through his tears. "Faith and I'd rather not tell yure Riverence."

"And why not?" said Father M——.

"Begorra and I've not forgotten how you got next to my eggs."

* * *

Butte High School Teacher—"What is the chief aim of the governments?"

Pupil—"To stay in power."

That is certainly putting 'em over the plate.

* * *

He was only a Butte miner, belly up to the M. & M. bar, trying with a crying jag to brace the bar up and keep it from falling over.

"Everything I have, I owe to my wife," he howled like a sea lion, as the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Not quite everything—you must be full of rolled oats," exclaimed Al Cain, one of the most popular and handsome bartenders in Butte. "Don't forget that you owe me for them last two drinks. All the time, kiddo."

* * *

Senator Clark and Heinze and Buckets and Jack Munroe and Two Bit Billie and Mary MacLane and Mickey the

Greek and Gladys and Callihan the Bum and Stanley Ketchel and the editor of the X-Ray have all played their part in the upbuilding of the state of Montana and in giving it a name and fame throughout the world, but there is one that stands in a class all to himself. Twenty-five years ago, Charles M. Russell was an unknown range rider. To-day he is the most famous artist of his kind in the world. He is known as the "cowboy artist." He made his first reputation by painting a picture, entitled "Waiting for the Chinook" or "The Last of Five Thousand." The picture tells an interesting story. Russell in 1886 was in the employ of Stadler and Kaufman, large cattlemen. He had thousands of head of their cattle in his charge. During the winter of 1886 occurred one of the most severe snowstorms in Montana's history. Cattle and sheep literally died by thousands. Stadler and Kaufman, becoming alarmed, wrote Russell as to the condition of their stock in his charge. He did not write back, but drew a picture that will live as long as Montana is a state. All of 5,000 cattle had died but one and he drew a picture of a cow standing in a snowbank, a veritable pack of bones with a spinal column all humped up like a rainbow, the perishing creature surrounded by coyotes, waiting for the warm chinook wind to come and melt the snow that she might get down to the grass. The picture became famous. It is the most noted of all of Russell's works. When in the saloons of Great Falls or the Capitol building at Helena take a look at Russell's pictures. His pictures are of scenes that are fast passing away as Montana becomes "easternized."

* * *

The minister was in the midst of his sermon. Deacon Toogood was snoring softly in the amen corner. Priscilla Oldmaid was eyeing her neighbor's new bonnet and wondering why the Lord in his infinite mercy didn't send her a man. Yes, it was Sunday morning and passing the little church at this time were two gentlemen, discussing politics and other things. One was the editor of the X-Ray, the other an old Butte resident who for the past 15 years had resided in Salt Lake. They were walking from the depot to the business heart of Butte.

"I see that Groggins is running for sheriff," said the Salt Lake man; "what are his chances?"

"About as good as yours of entering the Mormon syna-

gogue without being a disciple," said the Butte X-Ray man; "he imagines he is climbing a persimmon tree, but the morning after election he will wake up and find himself lodged on top of a telegraph pole where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, but devil a taste of pie. The voters will stick a pin into the conceited bladder just to hear him pop."

"Why is it that there are always about fifty candidates for sheriff here in Butte?"

"Because, counting salary, boarding prisoners, graft and all, there is about \$25,000 a year in the office."

"How is the liquor business in Butte now?"

"All right except for the spasmodic and ill-advised attempts which have been made from time to time to try to make the people of Butte drink water. It won't work."

At this juncture they boarded the "Seeing Butte Car" for three hours of sightseeing.

"What is that large new building I see out on the flat southeast of the city?" asked the Salt Lake man.

"That is the Boozonic Temple and it ought to be about 35 stories high. It is a resort for Butte's played-out boozologists, the men who have grown grey in the service of Seagram, Wilson, McBrayer, James E. Pepper, Harper, Old Joe Gidson, Blue Ribbon, Green River, Sunnybrook, Kentucky Dew, Cedar Brook, Pedigree, Humboldt Rye and other promoters of the fountain of perpetual youth for which Ponce de Leon searched in vain. Some people speaking irreverently allude to it as the Poor House or Home for Unhinged Elbow Benders. In addition to the Boozonic Temple is a Boozological Garden as well as a well-stocked Boozological Museum for the use of convalescent patients. The museum feature is an excellent one, inasmuch as it affords the patients an opportunity of comparing the wild animals they have met during the earlier stages of their treatment with those provided by the management. The Boozonic Temple itself is excellently equipped, the furniture in all the best rooms being nailed to the floor and the walls being tastily decorated in padded canvas. The windows are all heavily fitted with iron bars as a prevention of burglary—perhaps. Each room is provided with a straight-jacket in case the patient should desire to rest his arms. In order to screen the patients from the morbid gaze of passers-by, a sixteen-foot, reinforced concrete wall with bits of broken booze bottles ce-

mented along the top has been erected around the premises. The one objection to the place is the scarcity of tonsil varnish—Scotch, Rye, Brandy, Tom Gin, Square Gin and Beer, to say nothing of good old Dublin Gulch Killmequick.”

“What progress is Montana making in an agricultural way, both as to irrigation and dry-land farming?” said the man from the town of the Bee Hive.

“Butte pays no attention to farming except to inquire about harvest time if the barley crop is “coming up.” Enough potatoes are raised in the state to supply the demand for potato brandy. The government is going to supply every farmer this year with juniper plants which in time will form a nucleus for a government gin mill. Up around Missoula, Hamilton and the Bitter Root valley they are making a success of the red apple. We had no apples until the last few years and as a consequence there was little or no hard cider manufactured and the “stone fence,” which holds the medal in every farming community back east in the cent belt for making the glad come, quick and cheap, was practically a *beveridgia incognita*.

The department of agriculture is beginning to take steps towards the cultivation of the cherry in Montana, a most palatable addition to every well constituted cocktail, and I see that the Farmers’ Alliance of the Gallatin valley, ever wide awake to the interests of her great home market in the consumers of this city, have as a body adopted the new Collins binder, which cuts the barley straws into handy bundles of a size suitable for baptism in long glasses.

It used to take 20 acres of range to fatten a steer, but under irrigation those 20 acres produce 100 tons of alfalfa that retails for from ten to twenty dollars a ton to the drivers of brewery wagons in Butte to feed their horses. A sugar factory has been erected at Billings at a cost of a million dollars and we feel certain that inside of five years its output will be large enough to supply sugar for the mixed drink trade in Butte. The next time you are in Billings go out and see the sugar factory. Visitors with letters of introduction and a pint flask are always welcomed by the watchman.”

The fares having been collected, the conductor perched himself at the rear end of the car and commenced braying at the passengers through a big long horn.

“Visitors of Butte, on behalf of its owner, Senator Clark,

the Butte Street Railway system extends to you a hearty welcome to this great mining city, and we feel that a few words of explanation at this time is both right and appropriate.

"Picturesquely situated as we are, within easy reach of the five large breweries and 300 transformer sub-stations, Butte extends right and left, north and south, east and west, up and down, in and out, on top and underground, expanding as she goes, swelling in her pride, puffing in her might, rising in her majesty, blowing in her coin and revolving in more or less eccentric orbits around Heinze, Clark and the Amalgamated Copper Company at divers times. Silver Bow creek, this beautiful stream to our right, rising in the mountains and falling in the summer, flows deep and swift right past the brewery without ever letting up and taking no stock in the Aetna nor any banks except its own.

"For years the water from these copper mines flowed into this stream and millions of dollars of copper flowed down the stream and eventually into the Pacific ocean, but the genius of man hath harnessed and curbed the prodigality of Nature.

"Behold yon precipitating tanks built in the creek bed, filled with old machinery, tin boilers, scrap iron and Cook Remedy cans. The copper water of the stream, flowing over this refuse, eats up the iron and tin and leaves a high grade copper precipitate in the tanks, assaying 75 per cent. pure copper. There are several dozen of these plants along this stream and they are all netting their owners a handsome profit. Fifteen years ago a miner discovered this process, secured a lease from the Anaconda Company for the use of the water and in twelve months' time had set the Chicago University back a quarter of a million dollars. When they tumbled to it they took the lease away from him and he went to Kentucky and bought a tremendous blue grass ranch."

"Wonderful," said the Salt Lake man. "By the way, this is Sunday and I notice that all the saloons are open. Butte is still a wide-open camp, I see."

"Yes, and always will be if the people are sensible enough to keep a ring in the nose of the Civic League and keep it from rooting up our personal liberties. The saloons are open 24 hours a day in Butte. Butte, like every city, is cursed with a few reformers, a class of men that gallop

up and down and over the hurdles at a Nancy Hanks gait during their younger and middle life and then during the fifties, when they get as bald as a tin roof and the leaf is turning into the sere and yellow, suddenly mount the steps of a second childhood and commence preaching morality to other people. By the system under which Butte operates now 30,000 workmen can get their elixir of life honestly and openly on Sunday, instead of hiking around to the side or back door like sneaking coyotes and tipping the wink to the mysterious employe 'with the key.'

"Butte's better judgment tells her that these 30,000 workmen have just as much right to 'rush the can' on Sunday as Clark and Heinze and Sellars Largey to their Scotch and soda at the Silver Bow Club. This highly sensible and just law makes Butte a model of moderation and sobriety on the Lord's Day and an example to such Pecksniffian places as Bozeman, Montana, where the man packs home his couple of bottles Saturday night and has himself and family half sloppy at the very moment they ought to be dressing to go to church. The saloons of Butte obey strictly the letter of the law and close regularly—every two years on election day."

The car was now ascending the hill to Columbia Gardens and the conductor once again put the tin dunce cap to his mouth and tore into the back hair of the passengers with his noise.

"The mountains you see one mile ahead of you is the main range, the very backbone of the Rocky mountains. Rain descending a mile and a half east of here goes to the Gulf of Mexico. Rain descending upon all you see in sight goes to the Pacific. Columbia Gardens. Thirty minutes for sight-seeing."

"Green grass," muttered the visitor. "The whole world thinks no grass can be grown in or around Butte. This beats Saltair in Salt Lake all to pieces."

"Senator Clark has expended \$700,000 in fitting up this place," said the editor. "Say, what you will about his political methods in accomplishing his life's ambition against his old rival, Marcus Daly, but every mother and child in Butte blesses Senator Clark for this place. If it was to be decided by the mothers and children of Butte who is to be our next United States senator from Montana—Tom Carter or W. A. Clark—oily Tom would have to go way back and sit down.

Columbia Gardens has never been a large dividend payer, yet the Senator spends money upon it as lavishly as a drunken sailor. It is his retreat, the same as was his Sabine farm to Horace. You see we have here a base ball park, large dancing pavilion big enough for a thousand couples to dance at once, several large conservatories, lakes with shoot-the-chutes, a large menagerie and zoological gardens, swings, merry-go-rounds, roller coasters and about every form of amusement on earth. Columbia Gardens is Butte's one perennial source of pleasure. The workingmen and their families—we are all workingmen or ought to be—look forward to Sunday and this splendid street car service out to this park.

For a few cents you get whisked out here, away from the grime and smelter smoke, with your best girl or the old woman and the kids. Here of a Sunday afternoon poor wearied humanity, worn out with incessant labor in fiery stope or behind tedious desk lolls beneath the trees, drinking in the music of rippling brook and Boston and Montana Band of 40 pieces; recuperating from the toils of the bygone week and gaining fresh strength and courage for the struggles of the next. Usually 400 to 500 couples are tripping the light fantastic in the pavilion. Occasionally some minister of the gospel or traveling evangelist, the product of some Massachusetts theological mill and upon the bridge of whose nose a fly might easily alight and kick both his eyes out without shifting position, becomes over-enthusiastic about this Sunday afternoon and evening dancing and urges everybody in Butte to attend. The people of Butte are broad-minded, traveled and educated, and they generally reciprocate and express their appreciation by turning out in goodly numbers to hear that same preacher preach. Oh my, what a long tail our cat has got."

"So you have churches here now, eh? Fifteen and twenty years ago churches were a scarce article in Butte."

"Yes, many people visiting in the city seem to enjoy the delights of a Sunday in the wild and woolly west by going to church. Consequently a small portion of our revenues is diverted from its natural channel in the saloons and flows into the collection plate in the shape of pennies. The spittoons and churches get all the pennies that come into Butte."

"What are the strong features of Butte's municipal government now?"

"Protection to life, liberty, the properties of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and the pursuit of happiness two blocks south of Park street," said the editor.

"How is the real estate situation?" inquired the visitor as we walked over towards the enclosure containing a cock and several hen buffaloes.

"When the mines are running business is brisk, when closed there is absolutely nothing doing. The only place in the city where realty values are stable is out on the flat about two miles south of Sutton's theatre. There lots four feet by seven can be purchased at a reasonable figure. These lots command a magnificent view of the Centennial Brewery, many of its best customers having made their homes out there already, while others are making active preparations to move in. The titles to these holdings, after one becomes firmly rooted in the soil, becomes doubly good, inasmuch as possession is nine points of the law. There are no complaints from them whatever as to the scarcity of beer and other necessities of life and no tenant who has once taken up his abode there has ever been known to leave of his own accord. No difficulty will be experienced in looking up his old friends, as the name of the tenant is in almost every case found to be carved on a neat stone coupled with more or less reliable facts and fiction. Butte's 'medical institutes' and 'men's specialists,' who have done all in their power to boom this end of the town, have been most successful and the place is filling up rapidly. Butte has improved wonderfully in fifteen years. The architecture and sights will be found worthy of your time. There is our Courthouse (Renaissance style) and the City Hall (Greco-Roman or Catch-as-Catch-Can) and don't forget to see the Florence Hotel with its magnificent Queen Anne front and Mary Ann behind.

"The leaning kiosk in Chinatown being used for a telephone pole must not be overlooked and don't forget the Butte Art Gallery. When the Illinois editors were out here last summer on an excursion one of them from 'Egypt' accidentally poked the end of his umbrella into the eye of a Madonna by Carreggio and kicked like a bay steer at having to pay 85 cents damages. He was one of those slouchy old codgers, reared on 'biled crorfish' and 'ager roots' from where not very many years ago the chief occupation of the people consisted in catching bullheads, frying out rattlesnake oil as an antidote for rheumatism, drinking

'sackafrack tea,' chawing 'natural leaf' and occasionally running for office, catching the vote of every 'arly' settler not too tired to drag himself to the voting booth or too ignorant of an impending election, by squatting on the park fence and trading jack-knives for coon dogs. Yes and you will find many famous paintings in the Butte Art Gallery, among which are 'The Amalgamated's Last Fight' a la Custer, painted by Father Time in 1906; 'Waiting for the Chinook' or 'The Last of Five Thousand Heinzeites' a la Chas. M. Russell, painted by Father Time in 1909, shows the editor of the X-Ray all humped up in a Butte snowbank, surrounded by Amalgamated wolves, after nearly five years' waiting for a MacGinniss chinook, the fight between Heinze and the Amalgamated for seven years being so bitter that upon the 'sell out' and settlement of the copper war 4,999 Heinzeites could secure no employment with the Amalgamated and literally starved to death; the 'Mayor of Butte and the City Aldermen in the Altogether;' 'Ten Nights in the Butte Hotel;' a life-sized portrait of Senator Clark standing on a billiard table singing 'The Star Spangled Banner;' 'The Modern Diogenes,' showing 'Jew Jess,' lantern in hand, hunting for an honest man in Montana politics.

"There are many other paintings that will compare not unfavorably with the works of the best masters and exhibited in the Luxembourg and in the Uffrizzie at Florence."

The editor and his friend then journeyed over to a cozy spot under the trees and commenced to talk politics—an endless subject in Montana. Three Butte gentlemen, Smith and Jones and Brown, joined the confab.

"They say Heinze was the cause of the great panic of 07-08," said the Mormon.

"They say lots of things. If his capers started the rumpus that upset all the banks in New York, which in turn upset the whole United States, what do you suppose he could do when devoting all his energies to one community like Butte? I tell you he and his \$80,000,000 corporation shook this \$155,000,000 corporation, the Amalgamated Copper Company, like a bull pup playing with a piece of rubber boot. Trying to make a non-resident of Montana comprehend the seven years' copper war in Butte is a good deal like trying to make a five-year-old child comprehend the furies of the siege of Vicksburg."

"Heinze and Clark are Montana's two leading citizens. Which of the two men do you admire the most?" asked the Salt Laker.

"The two men have very little in common," broke in Brown. "W. A. Clark is a policy player, his heart is frozen and his instincts are those of the fox. There is craft in his stereotyped smile and icicles in his handshake. He is about as magnetic as a last year's bird's nest. His suavity suggests the sinuosity of the serpent, his hypocrisy that of Uriah Heep. He ignores his constituency with the insouciance of Machavelli. On the other hand the errors of Heinze are human, his faults are those of the head, not the heart. There is a warm flesh and blood tint in his every fault that makes us admire the man though condemning myriads of his methods. He fights in the open—sets his battles in array and issues his defi like a knight errant of old. To be fought by W. A. Clark is to be peppered by a thousand petty darts that sting like pismires, but to be fought by Heinze means to be assassinated by a million Toledo blades hurled like thunderbolts through a coat of mail. Heinze told the people of Montana that as long as they would stay by him he would stay by them, and he did so and even longer. The people first broke the compact by putting on the district bench in Butte a district judge whom Heinze considered his enemy. When Heinze found that he was about to be crucified with a \$5,000,000 default judgment upon a cross erected by Judge Bourquin, it was either a case of sell out or be robbed out.

"Self poised as Washington, eloquent as Webster, courageous as Andrew Jackson, honest as Lincoln, the mental equal of a thousand of your W. A. Clarks, Heinze bore himself in the seven years' copper war with all the courtesy of an Arthurian knight and while realizing that he had been overthrown by fraud—struck in the back by base conspirators—accepted the adverse decrees of fate and left the field with clean hands, carrying with him the love and admiration of all men capable of appreciating creation's lords.

"For years the champion of a state wide party with no treasury save the funds that he himself supplied; basely deserted by the very people who profited by the eight-hour law which his splendid talents put upon the Montana statutes; handicapped at all times by the traitorous actions of legislators, county officials and mine bosses, many of

whom to-day owe Heinze for the very meat upon their ribs; preyed upon and constantly sapped by vampires of the O'Farrell type; hounded for years by the opposition of an aggregation with two thousand millions of wealth at its command; at the point of having all the magnificent industries that he had built up by years of toil, patience, suffering and anxiety swept away from him by this local judiciary, such was the desperate and exasperating position Heinze found himself in when he sold out to the Amalgamated.

The seven years' battle he fought against such overwhelming odds will go down in history as the mightiest struggle ever made by one man for individualism and individual rights since Rienze contended single-handed with the gilded robbers of Rome."

"Haw, haw, haw, such rot," said Smith, who had remained in spellbound silence listening to Brown's eulogy of Heinze. "We are all dead wise to Heinze. He reminds me of a wooden Indian in front of a cigar store, forever offering to the public the same old painted fraud. Since he deserted the people and sold out to the Standard Oil the day of his destiny is over in Montana, his rep. is irretrievably soured in the tureen, the star of his fate is in the mullagatawny. But we will have to admit that he was a wonder. Compared to Heinze, the Irishman's flea was the avatar of repose. He could go forwards backwards and progress to right while moving to the left, turn inside out, swallow his own corporositiy, sit down on himself and talk all at the same time. As an artful dodger he has Lawson skinned a Salt Lake block. Heinze possesses all the rugged cussedness and fighting style of Andrew Jackson mixed with the treachery and trickery of Aaron Burr. For seven years he made great pretense of patriotism but is a worthy disciple of Cataline. Lawson has shown us in Everybody's Magazine, that Heinze is afflicted with a chronic affection that might be called "expansion of the brain and contraction of the heart." He is one of the few men in the world capable of putting a crimp in Shylock. If he had Rockefeller's wealth and power every man, woman and child in Montana would soon be wearing dog muzzles, registering the amount of sunlight and air consumed and paying tribute therefor. He is a crass animal utterly incapable of appreciating those luxuries and refinements which his great wealth

affords, but grasps at gold because it gives him power to strut in the lime light. Seek gratitude in the wolf, altruism in the ape, charity in the hawk and appreciation in the bloodthirsty hyena, but none of these human attributes in the stony heart and crafty brain of F. Augustus Heinze. For seven long years he went strutting across Montana's political stage hiding the heart of an ass behind the lion's royal robe. For seven years he told us he would never 'sell out,' yet the moment he got his 'price' and a chance to bunco the investing public of Europe and America, he cast honor, manhood and the love of 350,000 people underfoot and groveled like a Senegambian helote before the leaden whip of the Spartan.

"After selling out for twelve or fifteen million, he has gone down to New York and lost it all. He will do well if he keeps the Standard Oil crowd from putting him in the New York penitentiary."

"The greatest friends of the people in all ages have been pilloried, imprisoned, poisoned, guillotined and crucified," said the editor in a tremulous voice, trying to keep back the sobs.

"I shall always respect Heinze for the gallant and successful struggle that he waged in the legislature of 1901 against W. A. Clark, H. H. Rogers and All Hell in forcing the passage of the eight-hour law by which 40,000 laboring men in Montana have profited ever since," said the editor. "You will never turn the miners of Butte against Heinze. When he left Butte, thousands of them underground were singing 'I can't help a-loving that man' and 'Honey boy, I hate to see you leaving.'"

"The development of all really great forces affords an interesting study for the mind capable of grasping and measuring them. The overflow of a river, the upheaval of an earthquake, the eruption of a volcano or the devastation of a cyclone arouse admiration even while they inspire terror or awaken awe. But it is the purely human force with its infinite variety as seen in fighters like Lawson, Roosevelt and Heinze which charms while in enthralls."

"Heinze posed as a Napoleon," said Smith. "What would he get in Butte to-day—ovations or eggs? Yes, look at Napoleon! He enjoyed the greatest of glory until he laid a sacrilegious hand upon the institutions of Christ. Then his star began to lose its lustre, his magnificence died away like a tainted lily and he passed the closing years

of his life in the greatest of obscurity on the Rocks of St. Helena. Heinze will spend his closing days on the Broadwater rocks of Helena, Montana or in Sing Sing if he don't leave the Standard Oil alone. Some of these days Heinze will snag his skiff trying to push some Standard Oil sandbar out of the river. Still, I trust for the sake of the inmates that Heinze will never land in Sing Sing or Deer Lodge. It would be unconstitutional in that it would be subjecting the prisoners to cruel and unusual punishment. They are criminals, it is true, but they should not be confined with a polecat and compelled to breathe contagion. They were sent to prison for reformatory as well as punitive purposes and how on earth could they ever become better men while thrown in constant contact with such an avatar of moral rottenness. Such cattle should be segregated that they corrupt not common criminals—should be herded by themselves like rotting lepers or killed off as human lice. The government, by special act of congress, ought to erect a stockade or moral pest-house for the incarceration of such creatures as Heinze and thus prevent ordinary criminals from contamination. No danger of Heinze ever being rotten-egged, for there is no decayed hen fruit in Montana so totally devoid of self-respect as to be induced to go anywhere near him. Napoleon Heinze resembled the original Napoleon only in the fact that he commenced to lose out the moment his ambition caused him to put away his fair Montana Josephine."

"Oh, gentlemen, you don't understand or appreciate what a magnificent mental calibre Heinze possesses," said the editor, "for although he is small potatoes in New York since the panic, yet he will rise again. Really, the man is a giant with one foot on time and the other on eternity a-juggling with the planets."

"Et tu, Brutus," said Smith.

"I understand, I understand," continued the editor. "And exactly what Brutus was to the Romans Heinze was to Montanans. The merits of the former were not discovered until his cause was lost and the death knell of freedom sounded, then the people gave themselves up to vain regrets and shed an abundance of useless tears for the only man who could have saved their liberties. Heinze's work was not properly appreciated in Butte; the people were too slow to realize the greatness of the cause he so nobly defended for seven years. If the people of Butte had not

put George Bourquin on the bench to decide those hundred or so lawsuits, Heinze would have stayed in Butte and fought the Amalgamated until hell froze over and then fought it on the ice."

"Just so," said Smith.

"Yes, Rousseau," said the editor, mistaking Smith's words "just so" for "Rousseau." "Montana, at present like France in the time of Rousseau, is fast degenerating under the influence of men in power dead to high and saving ideals. Rousseau, though not an ideal man personally, was a genius as a champion of the ideals of democracy and diffused among the masses of the people and the few good men in high places an enthusiasm for the principles of true popular government that gave France what free institutions she has to-day. Montana had in Heinze all the genius of a Rousseau, coupled with the added strength of a pleasing and consistent personality. To the mind of the student of great men in history Heinze was full of those rare qualities capable of producing that change in the hell-bent trend of events in Montana, which the theological mind always ascribes to the 'hand of God in history.' By the force of his noble personality and his apparent utter incorruptibility, he was worshiped by his followers with an ardor given to no man living or dead, to my knowledge. This is said in no maudlin spirit of hero-worship, for I am far above that. Heinze's personality was exactly suited to inspire the politically untrammelled to put forth their best efforts of tongue, voice, pen and vote to rescue Montana from the complete ruin of Rockefeller's clammy hand, now so heavily laid upon her political and industrial institutions. Louis XIV. in one of his fits of pride said: 'I am the state.' John D. Rockefeller can now say, 'I am Montana.'"

"Nonsense," said Smith, "we are just on the eve of good times with this disturbing, ore-stealing buccaneer Heinze out of the field. You Heinzeites for seven years went barking up and down Montana like modern Paul Reveres, warning the people that the moment Heinze was out there would be a reduction of wages for underground work from \$3.50 to \$2.00 per day. And you made the people believe it all over Montana. Heinze has been out several years and there is no wage reduction."

"Just wait, there is one more obstacle," said the editor. "Butte has been filled with rumors for quite a while that

Clark has sold everything he has in Butte to the Amalgamated. They are certainly striving to secure his holdings and when they get his mines, smelter, banking interests and street car systems, they will own Butte almost completely. Then can John D. Rockefeller, like Monte Cristo of old, stand on the highest pinnacle of Anaconda Hill and say 'The world is mine,' at least the Montana copper world will be his. There is plenty of time for a wage reduction yet, gentlemen. Let us all hope it will never come. This concentration of wealth here in Butte sickens one's soul. Here, where one-fourth of the copper of the world is produced, here in this wonderful city where the value of the annual mineral output is greater in value than the annual mineral output of the entire state of Colorado, there is a thousand millions of wealth that will take a generation or so to dig it out. The ore gets richer as they go deeper. Butte has not been scratched. The deepest mine in the camp is 2,800 feet. In Michigan they are down 7,000 feet and going deeper. And to think of the richest hill in the world going into the hands of the Standard Oil. As the mines grow deeper they get hotter and the miner should have more. You will see in the course of years that the miner will not get more. He may get less. We ought to have government ownership of such a rich 3,000 acres as the Butte mountain. But inasmuch as we will never have that, Heinze's presence here was second best. It was a sorry day for Butte when she took all the heart out of her bravest and best citizen by electing an anti-Heinze district judiciary."

"Such blind adoration," remarked Smith. "Heinze's life from the cradle to the grave has been one mad chase after the dollar. To him the clink of the coin is sweeter than the music of the spheres. He loves thirty cents more than most men love their wives and when compelled to rip himself loose from a golden eagle invariably retains a handful of tail feathers. He is the one perfect incarnation of Mammon on earth. You could have been a rich man, Davenport, had you used your talents for the Amalgamated instead of allowing yourself to be fooled by Heinze's flim-flamming claim of possessing all the liberties of Montana concealed in his fusion cause. You were dreaming all during the copper war. Look at Stivers and Con Kelley and Roy Alley and the 'solid eleven' in the Butte city council and Pat Mullins and scores of others who served

the Amalgamated faithfully—they all got good leases or favorable tips on stocks or were recompensed in other ways and came out of the copper war with a life's independence. Instead of allowing yourself to be trampled under foot and crowded to the wall by Patrick Assofœdita O'Farrell and Richard Roll-em-out Kilroy, had you in that seven years' copper war in three or four state campaigns used your pen and voice against Heinze, you could have stood close to the Amalgamated throne, secured good leases, been given favorable tips on stock and been given money out of the Daly Bank and Trust Company to buy that stock with. You should have quit the copper war worth \$50,000. And see how rapidly productive land—your favorite, cock-sure type of investment—has doubled, trebled and quadrupled in value all over Washington and Alberta the last few years. Davenport, you ought to be worth \$100,000 this very minute. But you stuck to Heinze like a bird spell-bound by some noxious serpent. What did you get? Why, a job at day's pay two-thirds of the time at wages equal to that received by bartenders and hackdrivers in Butte. The rest of the time you were sucking your thumbs. You never received one advance in position or one profitable tip on stocks and you quit the copper war a poor man. No wonder you have been eating at the Hong Kong the past several years rushing up in front of Whatley's after each meal to pick your teeth. Your master whom you so thoroughly idolize is one of the most contemptible, ungrateful, unappreciative, Hebrew curs that the Almighty ever put guts into—a running sore on the hide of creation. His downfall in Wall street is only the law of equalization getting in its work and is a stinging rebuke, a backhanded slap in the mouth from Fate for the ghoulish, inhuman manner he treated many of his Butte lieutenants in that seven years' siege. It's the same old story in the same old way. The insufferable swellhead who gives the dirty 'throw-down' to the little bevy of faithful, self-sacrificing, illy-paid friends who made him—the politician who loses sight of his people—the manipulator of other people's funds whose nut needs nailing—the bulldozer, the four-flusher, the buccaneer, the braggart who tries to bluff and bankrupt the faro bank with a roll of brown paper wrapped in one dollar bills, all invariably come to grief and get 'theirs' in time. I doubt if Heinze will ever be a factor in Montana again. I have heard that he intends to make his

future home in France. It is high time we are establishing reciprocity relations with France. France has been exporting stud horses into the United States for a great many years."

"You can never secure my support of a cause that means the concentration of wealth and the establishment of an oligarchy," spoke up the editor. "All during the copper war I seemed to hear the voice of Everett saying, 'I hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchres of nations that died before us. They exhort us to be faithful to our trust.' These voices of departed ages implored me, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the awful secrets of the prison house, where the sons of freedom have been immured, by the noble heads that have been brought to the bloody block, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjured me not to quench one ray of liberty's light in Montana or speak one word that would mean the bull pens of Colorado and the Cour d' Alenes built in Butte. And as long as Heinze was battling with the Amalgamated in and for possession of the courts there could be no possible wage reduction occur because both sides needed the people's suffrages for their favorite candidates for judges. Danton inspired me to dare, always to dare; Greece cried to me by the convulsed lips of her poisoned Demosthenes and Rome pleaded with me in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully not to prostitute my pen for a few handfuls of yellow dross, but to be true to Heinze, my adopted state and my God, even though it meant poverty and oftentimes cruel, bulldozing words from Heinze's own lips. That is why on many public occasions in Butte I have pleaded from the rostrum to the Irish miners of Butte to do as much for their adopted state as did the fair daughter of Daniel O'Connell, who pushed from England to Ireland's coast to awaken her brothers who were slumbering on Erin's green shores; pleaded with them to arise and like a phoenix of fire from the ashes of their mother country's discontent, plant straight ballots in the solar plexus of a Standard Oil oligarchy in Montana. Gentlemen, the world loves constancy, especially in a fighter. Geo. Jacques Danton, whom I just mentioned, was one of the central figures of the French revolution and a great orator. He played an important part in the overthrow of monarchy and the establishment of the republic. He was opposed to Robespierre's radicalism and died by the guillotine during

the Reign of Terror. His prediction on the scaffold that Robespierre would soon share his fate was fulfilled. Danton was the author of that stirring sentence that did so much to arouse France, 'To conquer we have need but to dare, to dare again, always to dare.' He was also the author of that stirring sentence which inspired the multitude, 'Let France be free though my name be accursed.' Every schoolboy remembers the words of Pitt, pleading the cause of Washington in the British parliament and being denounced as a traitor by the minions of George the Third. He said: 'If I was an American as I am an Englishman, I would never, never lay down my arms. Never, never, never.' Ah, gentlemen, let me repeat, the world loves constancy, especially in a fighter. We love that story of David because he would have died for his son Absalom. The story of Paul and Virginia appeals to us because their constancy never failed. The story of Jonathan and David is everlasting, because they were true to each other through fair and foul. The false friend is everywhere; his canting reiteration of professed liking assails us at every turn; his damnable hypocritical lies are dinned into our ears morning, noon and night; a shake from his hand is quick poison; his voice is the purring of a tigress and his words as hollow as the nethermost depths of hell. In this fierce struggle in Butte I met with many things to discourage and destroy my faith in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, but you could never get me to fight for the cause of John D. Rockefeller. I am striving towards an ideal described by the great scholar, Alexander von Humboldt. He was a naturalist, a scholar, a scientist, an author, one of the greatest men who ever lived. In his mature age, after he had visited nearly all lands, studied all peoples and almost all nature, he said: 'Governments, religion, property, books are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man; earth holds up to her master no product but the finished man.' When people learn that it is 'not by money or money's worth that man has his being,' that 'there is a God's universe within our heads, whether there be a torn skull cap or king's diadem without,' it will be a better world. Oh, if people would only realize that Liberty, Justice and Truth are the only things worth while and that if there be a reward beyond the grave, only those who fight for this blessed Trinity will be crowned with immortality."

"Heinze is certainly the wizard of all industrial wiz-

ards," spoke up Jones, who had been silent all this time; "he came to Butte barely out of short pants and with no means and at the age of 23 was doing a mining and smelting business of \$700,000 a year. Such another prodigy for his age the world has never produced. In a few years he was at the head of this great United Copper Company, capitalized at \$80,000,000, at death grips with this great Amalgamated Copper Company, capitalized at \$155,000,000 and all the wealth of Standard Oil behind it. Incidentally let me remark that there are 12,000,000 people in the United States dependent directly and indirectly for their bread and butter upon 'the system.' For seven years Heinze had Montana by the tail on a down-hill pull. If the Republican or Democratic parties or both failed to incorporate Heinze's wishes into their platforms he could and did put an independent ticket in the field that swept the state like a cyclone. At first Heinzeism was only a one-eyed calf bawling in the alley, later a likely bunch of beef steers rounded up on the range and finally a stampede of mixed brands, ages, colors and weights which overran Montana and swept everything before it. Zounds! But how they did tear up the earth and discount the millenium. Heinzeism represented 'steen million votes and when it said to a man anywhere in Montana 'come' he had to advance in a lope; when it said to him 'go' he generally 'twenty-threed' over the garden wall on a dead-gallop. For seven years Heinze was cock of the walk and bull of the woods in Montana—Heinzeism was as awful as a besom of destruction, terrible as an army with banners, its membership as the sands of the sea. A few years ago it could have stood against the world; to-day, since he 'sold out,' there are none in Montana so poor as to do it reverence."

"Heinzeism was a Jonah's gourd that rose in the night," said Smith. "But its root was wormy and when the 'sell out' came along the sun of truth shone upon it and withered it. It was a long-eared ass masquerading as a lion. It fooled you, brother, it fooled me. But it fools no one to-day. The army of politicians who cringed and cowered before this political monstrosity have all exhausted themselves driving their boots so far under its coat-tails that it died of leather poisoning. Occasionally some one like Davenport sticks up for Heinze, crawls out of his hole like a sick prairie dog driven to the surface to die or a moribund rattlesnake taking the sun, but it is only a temporary

spasm before the death gurgle. Heinzeism in Montana ought to have its mangy hide stuffed and placed on a pedestal of stinkweed in the Valley of Hinnom as companion piece to the wolfish skull of the old Knownothing party. And grouped about Heinzeism should be erected a gallery of unclean gods, a pantheon of putridity, the guano busts of all its high priests and apostles, its sycophants and parasites, its bootlickers and fawning whelps that for seven long years hung upon Heinze's coat-tails like an army of brindle fices a smelling around a big St. Bernard."

"Oh, gentlemen," spoke the editor, "why do you treat in such a light vein a subject that to me is my religion? Yes, fighting the Standard Oil has been my daily and hourly religion since entering Montana up to the time of the Heinze 'sell out.' The Amalgamated cause ever represents concentration. Heinzeism stood for individualism. The rock of concentration has wrecked a thousand ships of state. The shores of Time are piled high with the debris of empires, kingdoms, thrones and systems of government. The pyramids of Egypt, the marble ruins of Athens, the crumbling towers of Babylon and Rome all proclaim the dire results of concentration.

"As aggregated wealth of old caused aggregations of political power and the ruin of republics, so now in this most glorious state in the union, we find the same cause of decay unmistakably upon us. The trust idea is abhorrent to me. Trusts are vampires that suck the life blood of industry. They are heartless harpies that hound the wage earner into the night of despair, that harass the small operator and individual capitalist on every hand, threatening them with ruin and bankruptcy. What a brave army of fighters Individualism under Heinze's leadership possessed in Montana for seven years. They made the heroic record of Sparta and Athens appear insignificant. They fought at Thermopolæ nearly every day. They won a dozen Marathons. They crossed their Delawares a hundred times. Their Bunker Hills were legion. For seven years every camp was a Valley Forge. But the Standard Oil is all powerful and it seems that Montana must yield completely in the course of time. You gentlemen evidently believe that might makes right. How does this blunt, ironical poem of Ragner Redbeard strike you:

"'Might was right when Cæsar bled upon the stones of Rome,

Might was right when Joshua led his hordes o'er Jordan's foam.

And might was right when German troops poured down through Paris gay—

It's the gospel of the ancient world and the logic of to-day.

Behind all kings and presidents, all government and law,
Are army corps and cannoneers to hold the world in awe,
And sword strong races of the earth that ride in conqueror's car,

And right has never won except by deeds of war.

Cain's knotted club is sceptre still, the rights of man is fraud,

Christ's ethics are for creeping things, true manhood smiles at God,

For might is right when empires sink in storms of steel and flame,

And it is right when weakling breeds are hunted down like game.

The strong must ever rule the weak is grim primordial law
On earth's broad social thrashing floor the meek are beaten straw—

Then ride to power o'er foeman's neck, let nothing bar your way,

If you are fit you'll rule and reign, is the logic of to-day.

Might was right when Carthage flames lit up the Punic foam,

And when the naked steel of Gaul weighed down the spoil of Rome;

And might was right when Troy fell and at Thermopylæ.
It's the logic of the ancient world and the gospel of to-day.'

"A great many good, sincere men were allied with the Amalgamated those seven years. But honesty of purpose and sincerity of utterances never made a wrong right. Jefferson Davis was sincere, Robert E. Lee was the soul of honor, but these two men, sincere and honest, fought to disrupt the union and blot the shining stars from the flag of glory. They failed and their children have lived to thank God for their failure.

"The history of the world is but the history of the oppressed seeking for liberty. Why was the Elizabethan age

so glorious? Because it had freed itself from the despotism of the Tudors. See how the Egyptian slaves became hardened upon the desert into a race of conquerors by the love of liberty. Born of Liberty's strength a power burst forth from among Italian husbandmen that conquered the world. Refinement, knowledge, art, power and wealth grow as Liberty grows. When Liberty ceases virtue falls, wealth vanishes and the great mass of people become helpless. As I look down the future years and see individualism stifled and every copper mine in Montana owned by the accursed Standard Oil 'system,' my heart cries out in anguish to fair Montana the words of the poet:

"Arise, imperial virgin of the west,

Arise and break the bonds of ancient wrong

That odious hands have braided o'er thy breast,

Before corruption's trammels wax too strong

The patched and time-worn raiment of dead creeds

And systems atrophied while thou wast yet

An artless suckling, cannot fit thy needs,

Now that thy lissome limbs are firmly set

And thou canst wield Athena's spear and conscious of thy
might,

In white-armed majesty prepare to vindicate thy right.'

"And then again are those beautiful lines from Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village':

"Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,

Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn.

Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen

And desolation saddens all thy green.

One only master grasps the whole domain,

And half a village stints thy smiling plain;

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,

A breath can make them as a breath has made.

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,

When once destroyed can never be supplied.'"

"What on earth has all this twaddle got to do with the Montana copper war, that is dead and buried," said Smith. "Because the Elizabeth age was bright under freedom did not justify Heinze in stealing \$7,500 a day out of the Michael Davitt claim, in litigation, hoisting that amount of stolen booty each day for upwards of a year through

the Rarus shaft and getting off with one of Judge Beatty's love pat fines of \$25,000. Because the Egyptian slaves became hardened on the desert, was it right for Heinze to club Judge Clancy into throwing the Boston and Montana Company's \$40,000,000 worth of property into the hands of a receiver, which gave Tom Hinds a chance to sue the company for the customary 1 per cent receiver's fee? Yes, \$400,000 receiver's fee for five days' service! Eighty thousand dollars a day! That is Heinzeism. What a nice pot to split between Hinds, Clancy and Heinze! But they didn't get it. And you remember that little piece of Heinze's ground on Anaconda Hill called the Copper Trust Lode. It was 115 feet long, came to a point at one end and was 13 feet wide at the other end. Heinze claimed that within the boundaries of this miserable fraction the veins of the three biggest mines in Butte—the Anaconda, Neversweat and St. Lawrence—all apexed and all the ore in these mines belonged to him. Owning the courts, he forced Judge Clancy to issue an injunction closing these mines and throwing 5,000 men out of work. Yes, Heinze, the laboring man's friend! When Judge Clancy learned that the miners had a rope and were preparing to journey in a mob upon his home, he got 'cold feet,' got up out of bed in the middle of the night and rescinded the order.

"Oh, you robbers! Oh, you piratical thieves!! Oh, you ore-stealing buccaneers wearing the livery of the Lord to better serve the devil in."

"I like Senator Clark," said the Salt Lake man, "and I tell you right now, gentlemen, that he stands mighty high in the estimation of the people of Salt Lake. If the mantle of true greatness which Senator Clark wears in the eyes of the city of Salt Lake was placed upon Heinze it would droop down on the latter's shoulders and drag the ground like the regalia of a nigger lodge following a brass band home from a funeral. He has fed thousands upon thousands of poor prospectors at his charitable Paul Clark Charity Home here in Butte. Senator Clark owes the people of Montana nothing. Three hundred and fifty thousand people gave him the senatorship in return for the privilege of trying to pull his leg off and break his safe with it. If he wants to sell his properties to the Amalgamated Copper Company that is his business. Everything Heinze does is for Heinze. Look at Senator Clark's magnificent act in building the Salt Lake, San Pedro and Los

Angeles railroad. It is not only a short cut to Los Angeles, but it has pierced a country of virgin mineral wealth that will enrich the world hundreds of millions of dollars and furnish homes and employment for tens of thousands of people. His United Verde mine at Jerome, Arizona, is netting him a million dollars a month and is the greatest copper mine in the entire world. And all his wealth is devoted to developing the great West with more railroads. Has any one ever heard of Senator Clark using his immense wealth to crush labor, unionism or trying to corner the stock market and swindle the great masses of the people? A thousand nos. Send the old man to the senate again."

At this juncture the gong of the car sounded and the entire party got aboard and in 20 minutes were in the city.

"City library to the right," shouted the conductor.

"You don't want to miss that," said the editor to his Salt Lake friend. "Those who work steadily in the mines during the week and have no time to improve their minds by reading, flock to this noble institution of a Sunday and peruse the works of good authors to their heart's content. The latest magazines and illustrated papers are strewn in profusion over the large tables and it is an inspiring sight to see several hundred people buried in cosy chairs eagerly absorbing knowledge or deriving amusement from the works of the cleverest writers of the day. The librarian is authority for the statement that comparatively few of our citizens have been driven to drink by a perusal of Thackeray or to the robbing of a graveyard after reading 'Pickwick Papers.' This is a bold statement, but is vouched for by Librarian Granville Stuart, who is almost invariably sober. He himself is a dilettante in literature and considers the four best books of recent date are 'Butte, an Alcoholic Paradise,' 'The Bartenders' Guide,' 'A Little of the Same' and 'Studies in Mixology, a Defense of Alcoholic Gout.' Don't fail to visit the Butte Library."

As the car crossed Main street the editor pointed south, saying, "Down this way two and a half blocks is the celebrated Hong Kong Restaurant, under the management of Hum Fay. Hum has attained a national reputation for his 'Ham and,' while his Flench flied pommes de terres au grease have done a great deal to rid the camp of undesirable citizens. Just how much the undertakers of Butte pay Hum each month to keep his dump going is not known."

"The Butte Hotel," shouted the conductor.

"This hostelry was for seven years the headquarters for Heinzeites," said the editor. "As a consequence it is known by such names as 'Liberty Hall' and 'Montana's Citadel of Virtue,' and a most wonderful place it is, too, especially fitted up for the convenience of citizens suffering from an over poisoning of glad juice. Each visitor is furnished with separate apartments with every modern convenience, which of course includes a slop pail beside the head of the bed, hot and cold water bags, a cracked ice chest and telephonic communication with the Ladies' Aid Society. Vocal selections for the benefit of the guests—emanating from the bar—are the order of the night."

Here the editor and his friend departed from the car, each going his own way.

Two weeks later, just as he was about to depart for home, the Salt Lake man met the editor and expressed his opinion that Butte was a wonderful town. One of the wonderful things was the fact that Butte had two moons, while Salt Lake only has one. He was wearing his right arm in a sling from having been run over by the water wagon.

* * *

Prof. Leland, the mind reader and all round mysterious man, opened up a three days' engagement at Sutton's Broadway Theatre Sunday evening. A most ludicrous incident occurred Monday evening. The professor secured a gentleman from the audience to come upon the stage and bandage his eyes (the professor's) with a dozen heavy towels, after which a sack was thrown over his head. Prof. Leland then called for a newspaper to be held four feet in front of him and he would read aloud its contents. A gamin from the gallery threw a newspaper upon the stage, the paper was held four feet from the professor, who read copious extracts therefrom. No sooner had he finished this wonderful feat and the audience ceased its applauding when "nigger Liz," sitting on the front row of the parquet, threw three thousand people into convulsions of laughter by arising and shrieking at the top of her voice: "Perlice! Perlice!! I'se been insulted! I'se been insulted!! I'se gwine to leave dis yar opera house right now. Dis am no place for a 'spectable culled lady wid nuffin on but a calico dress."

* * *

It was only a "fall of ground," a thing of almost daily occurrence in the mines of Butte. The ambulance brought poor Michael home crushed and bleeding with only a few hours to live. Gasping his last upon a bed of pain he moaned to his wife:

"Old woman, we've been married twenty-five years and have raised a large family of thirteen children. But the last few years there has been something that has worried me fearfully. Our boy Patsy looks so different from the other twelve children. Now, old woman, let me die in peace, tell me the honest truth. Is Patsy really my boy? Why does Patsy look so different from the other twelve children?"

"Well, old man, it being your going to die and I won't torture you. I'll admit Patsy does look different from the other twelve children, but he's your boy all right enough. But," she said with a slight hesitation, "the other twelve are not."

It was "the blow that killed father."

* * *

Picking up a basket of clothes the wash lady chased herself into the back yard. "Right here," she said, "is where I draw the line."

* * *

A correspondent from Dillon, Montana, wants to know who is the light weight champion of the world. We believe Battling Nelson holds that honor at present, although there are a dozen different coal dealers of Butte that can qualify for the honor. Heavy on the hot stuff—from two hundred to eight hundred pounds heavier on each ton you sell in Butte if you can stand it.

* * *

Butte has no monopoly of freaks.* There are no Doukabours in Butte. The Doukabour in its native state browses on the prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia and Alberta. They are wonderful workers and good farmers, but as religious fanatics they can make the Holy Jumpers look like an unmanicured deuce in a new deck.

While at work during the summer season they manage to keep out of the limelight, but during the winter season, while idle, reason flies off the handle and following off after some lead gander, both sexes strip off naked and start out over the snow clad prairies of Canada, prancing around trying to find Jesus. Such a spectacle might be

interesting to a certain class of the public, but we fail to see wherein it is conducive to the health of the poor Doukies or at all pleasing to our risen Lord. And the queer part of it is these nude fanatics always head their processions in Coxey army style towards Winnipeg, as if the Master, if on earth, would be apt to take up a permanent residence in such a sporty city as Winnipeg. And what a hot reception they would receive at the hands of Mayor James Ashdown and the Winnipeg city council for a reception committee. The Northwest Mounted Police of Canada have to start out and round up these fanatical animals when they get upon these frenzied religious jags. The Doukabour is an unruly critter when brought to bay. It refuses to dress, talk or eat, simply curls up in a ball and acts ornery. The Doukabour is a runt, sawed off in lengths of about four and one-half feet, and its early training in the realm of the Czar toughened it. These motley aggregations of unwashed tallow munchers will live fat on what would send a coyote howling out of Montana on a dead gallop. A jug of train oil is pate de foi gras, a keg of stale soap grease is angel food. As stupid as an agency Indian on the Crow reservation these little people obey but one scriptural injunction, "Be fruitful and multiply," and in that they are away ahead of Butte's high society. And yet these Doukabours are a harmless virtuous class. They are a simple-minded people, mere grown children, and in their religious fervor their one hope is to find their Lord and present themselves to Him in the same nude state as Adam and Eve and all the rest of us came into the world pure and spotless. They live in communities, the whole being responsible for the debts of each. A Doukabour will not give his note. Nobody wants it. His verbal pledge is as good as gold. Imagine such a condition of affairs in such a den of scallowaggery as this town of Butte. A procession of Doukabours in the altogether searching for Jesus through our streets would not shock Butte, but the idea of trusting any one as far as you could throw an elephant by the tail without gilt-edge security is something undreamed of in Butte's philosophy. I have often thought that had I been so fortunate as to have been the only man on earth—a lone thorn amid 500,000,000 flowers—I would insist during the summer months on the universal adoption of Doukabour fanaticism.

"Mortal man

Findeth naught dearer in the three wide worlds
 Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts
 Of beauty and the rosy breast blossoms,
 Love's rubies; and toucheth naught more high
 Than is that dulcet harmony of form
 Seen in the lines and charms of woman's loveliness."

Life would be one continual round of pleasure and
 Zinn's Dancing Girls and "The Girl From Rector's."

"To the pure all things are pure." But, ah me, "there are others," millions of them of impure minds who do not worship beauty for its own sweet sake, unable to look upon woman's beauty with the pure ecstasy of a *peri* gazing at the shrined Madonna. The love of beauty is my religion and unlike many others I try awfully hard to practice what I preach. The Christian worships one day in seven, the Moslem five times every twenty-four hours, but so devout is the editor of the X-Ray that all his waking hours are spent in worshiping where beauty lives and breathes.

As the world is now constituted the adoption of Douka-bourism would wreck the human race. A pure woman shrinks from the provocation of impure thoughts. Her mission is to ennoble, not to debase the mind of men, to bind not loosen the brute beast ever present in his blood.

"Last from the Hand of God woman is, solely
 Sweetness and light.

Turpitude comes from contagion, unholy,
 Pestilent plight!

Not hers, the fierce focal fires of brute passion!
 Not hers, to harbor unholy desire!"

* * *

Looking over an old scrap-book we run across a clipping from the Butte columns of the Anaconda Standard of September 20th, 1900, that brings to mind an incident as fresh in the memory as though it had happened six months ago:

"Warren G. Davenport walked into the Standard office last evening. There was a wide muslin bandage about his head; his right arm was in a sling; a piece of absorbent cotton was pasted on the point of his chin and he looked like Uncle Sam after a wake.

"Think of the days when I was chipper and look at this wreck," is the greeting he gave his friends. Mr. Davenport was working in a prospect shaft on the Nipper fraction. The hole is about 40 feet deep and the miners go

up and down on a ladder. At noon Davenport started for the surface and when about 15 feet from the top his head received a belt from the descending ore barrel which he supposed was on top and idle, it being the noon hour. He had no time to think about it for the collision sent him head over heels and heels over head to the bottom of the shaft. He alighted right side up, but his right arm was broken by the fall and his head and chin struck every object that confronted them en route downward. Companions heard his cries and soon brought him to the surface in the barrel. He was taken to Murray & Freunde hospital where his wounds were dressed. "I'm all right," he said, "except my arm is broken, my head cut, chin cut and body bruised up a bit, but I'll be able to go to work again as soon as this arm heals up."

This incident occurred three months after graduation from college and was an extra large wave on what the commencement-day orator calls "the ocean of life."

* * *

"Sinners, turn to God—every time I breathe a person dies," said the Salvation Army lassie at the street meeting in front of the Curtis block, Butte, Montana.

"Then why don't you chew a few cloves, old girl," said the terrier from the Butte hill.

* * *

The editor of the X-Ray dropped down into the barber shop in the basement under Senator Clark's bank to get his whiskers spread out on paper. He had no sooner planted himself in the chair than the jolly barber commenced to insert the augur.

"Do you know, Davenport, that your hair reminds me of the setting sun?"

"Aw, gwan, how could my hair remind you of the setting sun? It is not golden, is it?"

"No, sir."

"Nor variegated in color?"

"No."

"Then, why do you say that it reminds you of the setting sun?"

"Because it is so rapidly disappearing."

And then the jolly barber proceeded to get busy with the tonic bottle as if it were a fire extinguisher. A dozen jolly barbers all yaw-hawed as they walked out across the diamond to take their places in the field. The editor

then grabbed a bat and stepped to the plate with the determination not to be struck out.

"I notice that all you barbers have crackerjack heads of hair."

"You bet we have all right, all right-o," answered back a half a dozen jolly barbers in concert.

"That is probably because you never use on your own heads the dope you put on your customers'. Yes, you have good heads of hair, but there is nothing under the hair. If there was you would not be working for wages in a barber shop."

Heigho! A home-run hit! All same state deaf and dumb school at Boulder, Montana.

"Ah, Tige, when these jolly barbers think they can hand Buster anything they have another think coming up. And yet I like these jolly barbers. Most of them will turn over their last dollar to help a brother in distress and that is one class of people I desire to associate with."

* * *

The writer recently spent several weeks in and around Salt Lake and some six months ago while making a trip through Alberta stopped off at several Mormon settlements and studied the ways and habits of Mormons. They are the grandest people on the globe, when it comes to transforming arid wastes into fruitful farms. When it comes to multiplying and replenishing the earth they have Butte's high society skinned forty ways from the deuce. Sexual diseases among them are practically unknown as are millionaires and tramps, prostitutes and those hell-hounds who subsist on prostitute's earnings. Their thrift and industry is most admirable and a wonderful help in the development of a new country while their penchant for not inserting the snout into other's people's business is truly remarkable. The manner they have been persecuted is one of the most damnable blots on the American escutcheon boasting as we do of being the asylum for the world's oppressed. It is equalled only by the Puritan persecution of the Quakers. We make a great fuss when a Mormon is elected to the United States senate and goes to take his seat among a body of men, many of whom are harem keepers. We hold up our hands in holy horror at the seregilos of the Mormons while overlooking the fact that there are 800,000 licensed women behind red curtains in this country. Christian America accepts as God's anointed the

patriarchs and Hebrew prophets but it has hounded like yellow dogs these industrious people who patterned their social life after those models. The people east of the Mississippi river have about as correct a conception of the Mormon as the people of the north know about the negro in the south. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church and Mormonism would have died out years ago had the craze been let alone for a few years. The Mormon was a zealous proselytizer back east and in being such earned the undying hatred of other creeds. They were driven out, not on account of their immorality, but by religious intolerance for polygamy cut mighty little ice until after Joe Smith was murdered.

After throwing up their beautiful farms around Nauvoo, Ill., they trekked a thousand miles over desert and mountains to a spot where they could worship God exactly as they durn pleased. Being the most industrious people on God's footstool and America's greatest home builders as a class, their indomitable pluck soon enabled them to retrieve their lost fortunes and transform Utah into a veritable Arcadia. With prosperity, moral decadence set in, as it does with nearly all mortals. The government quarantined Utah and put up a moral smallpox sign to all the world to "keep off the grass" until it had well nigh destroyed local self-government and religious liberty in Utah, two of the very cornerstones of a government for which our brave colonists fought seven years to secure. The tactics used to hound the Latter Day saints were infinitely worse than the evils and to-day these Mormon home builders are leaving Utah and going into Mexico and Canada, while through the gates of Castle Garden pour the unwashed hordes of lousy Huns and anarchistic ignorami of Sicily, Italy and Russia to supplant well-bred American workingmen and break unionism and living wages.

* — *

The Butte Bartenders' Union—1,000 strong—is thinking seriously of applying to the state board of medical examiners for permission to practice that profession. Why not? The thirst parlors are not putting half as many people under the grass as a lot of those grafting scalawags in the medical profession, that herald themselves to the world as "specialists" in half-page ads in the Sunday papers. The indomitable mixologist like an expert physician prescribes potions suitable to each case and capably

compounds his own prescriptions. These blessed ministering angels of mercy clad in robes of white can be seen to best advantage in their life-saving stations just before breakfast. For the man who has been carried up to bed for the first time the night before, a *tinctura brandii cum soda* is generally sufficient, while a miner's Collins consisting of a half a pint of gin and two teaspoonsfuls of soda with a suggestion of lemon, a little sugar and a very long spoon is the recognized dose for the regular patient. Putting the doctor's offices on the ground floor is not a bad idea.

* * *

Now, little children, up there in the gallery, try and keep quiet while we talk sense for five minutes, then we will get back to the minstrelsy again. Ladies and gentlemen of the first floor we will now try to explain why the X-Ray in politics is a strong advocate of the principles of Jeffersonian democracy. The man who said he "believed Christianity was a good thing, but that it had never been tried," came very near knocking a hole in the bull's-eye. The same can be said of democracy. Every good thing in government is democratic. Every undemocratic thing in government is evil and ought to be abolished. Undemocratic government for countless ages has cursed the human race and deluged the earth with blood and tears. Undemocratic government in every age and clime has fed the fat and skinned the lean; strengthened the strong and wasted the weak; protected the mighty and robbed the helpless; exalted the rich and debased the poor; multiplied millionaires and made mendicants; released the Barrabas of Despotism and crucified the Christ of Liberty; made predatory piracy popular and honest poverty a disgrace. That government which approaches nearest to the Jeffersonian ideal is the best government for the people. The man who antagonizes the principle of equal rights to all and special privileges to none is either an ignoramus or desires to exploit the masses for his own special benefit. True democracy appeals to humanity. The inhuman will not listen. While much can be said for the democratic idea in government, democracy is not a panacea for all the ills that afflict the human race. At the present stage of development there is no perfect cure. Democracy, however, will take Lazarus from the rich man's gate. It will drive away the curs, purify his blood, and give those old

sores a chance to heal up. It will place him on his feet and lift him to a level with the highest before the law. It will then tell him to go up on the "hill" and rustle like the devil for a job. It will likewise compel Dives to eat his cake in the sweat of his brow, instead of the sweat of his jaw. Deprived of special favors he will not be able to accumulate so much and Lazarus will have a chance to earn more. Thus will the leveling process continue until the gulf that now separates Lazarus and Dives is bridged by the doctrine of universal brotherhood. This is what democracy will do. The enthronement of democracy in the governments of the world would do more to save the bodies and souls of men than all the churches on earth. In fact the democracy of Jefferson is to politics what the democracy of Jesus is to religion. The philosophy of Jesus and Jefferson is based upon the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Each despised the words, "slave" and "master." "Call no man master" is the keynote of true democracy. The only man who deserves to be a slave is he who would enslave other men. This old country of ours has been pretty well "knocked out" since the panic. Uncle Sam needs to take a trip to the springs. Eruptions in the form of trust carbuncles and stagnation mucous patches afflict the body politics. Uncle Sam like Job, has his comforters, each with a conflicting diagnosis and a different remedy. Dr. Single Tax has a splendid specific but Uncle Sam's system is in such a shape, due to private ownership of land, that this remedy cannot be administered in time to save him. Dr. Socialist offers a "cure all" consisting of forty-eleven different kinds of ingredients, many of them good and insists that the patient shall swallow the whole concoction at once, when it would be absolutely impossible to induce a diluted homœopathic dose of this medicine to stay on his stomach a minute. For forty years the family physician, the notorious Dr. Republican, has doped him with his infamous nostrum of "special favors to some and equal rights to none" and it has only fattened and multiplied the murderous microbes of mischief. But the doctor insists that the patient is doing well—in fact claims he is not sick. Dr. Democracy offers as an antidote to the poison of "special privilege" the simply remedy of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." As before stated, that is the only medicine the patient can retain on his stomach; you may force

other remedies down his throat but it will do no good. (A voice from the audience: "Democracy has been tried and found wanting.")

My friend, you are off your base. It has not. It has been administered in broken doses and that is about the only thing that has kept the patient alive at all. (Applause and hand clapping.) What Uncle Sam needs is to get his belly up to the American timber and take his democracy "straight." Other ingredients only vitiate. Democracy straight is a safe and effective remedy for all the ills of misgovernment, economic idiocy and social injustice, and if Uncle Sam will take it in the winter time to keep him warm and in the summer time to keep him cool and other times of the year because it is good for his general health he will come out all right. (More applause.) Democracy subjects all to the supremacy of the law enacted by authority of the people but denies the right of flesh and blood to govern. The undemocratic idea invests some man or set of men with authority to govern or lord it over the people. Democracy denies the right of any man to special favors and stands unalterably for equal rights of all. The whole question of human government is involved in the conflict between democracy and plutocracy. According to the plutocratic idea some people are born into this world, "booted" and "spurred" for the purpose of riding over other people. The rough rider idea is not original with the big sticker. These horseback riders are usually very solicitous about the welfare of their horses—about election time. True, the men in the saddle vie with each other in founding colleges and building libraries. But if they will get off the backs and take their thieving lunch hooks out of the pockets of the common people, they will be able to endow their own colleges and build their own libraries.

Present policies—social, economic and political—if persisted in, will ultimately result in slavery, socialism or anarchy—not a hundred years from now but in twenty years or less. Republicanism by recognizing the right of the rich to socialize the railroads and industrial institutions for their own selfish benefit has led to the demand for the socialization of everything in the interests of the people. The trust idea is socialistic. Make a trust large enough to include all the industries of the country and take in all the people and you have state socialism. The

issue is plain. If the Rockefellers and "the system" refuse to accept democracy under which the individual can have a chance, then they must take socialism and accept the elimination of the individual including themselves. Blot out the hopes, aspirations and ambitions of the individual either through the manipulation of monopolies or state socialism and the human race will deteriorate and stagnate. For the masses stagnation through state socialism is preferable to damnation by the money power and ultimate anarchy.

The X-Ray hopes to see the democratic party make the tariff its main issue and stay with it. Upon this it can eventually win out.

The trust vampires must cease their blood-sucking or be destroyed or civilization will be destroyed. Blind Sampson must have relief from the incessant grind of poverty or the giant will lay hold of the pillars of the temple of civilization and involve the whole world in his own destruction. Socialism and capitalism should try democracy for it is the middle course and best suited to the present needs and conditions of the people. Democracy placed the mail system and the waterways of the country in the hands of the government and in pursuance of the same policy it will ultimately place all the means of communication and transportation together with all natural monopolies under government control in order that they may be operated in the interest of all the people, but it will never abolish marriage relation, annihilate individualism nor set Uncle Sam up in the peanut business.

The referendum is not socialistic, but a democratic principle. Its object is to give the people a chance. The socialist must give up his utopian dream of co-operative commonwealth, the trust magnate abjure the questionable methods of monopoly by which the wealth of other people is surreptitiously transferred to his own pockets. Socialists must come down out of the clouds of speculation and capitalists must come up from the caverns of greed and meet on the plane of common sense. All same aeronauts and miners coming off shift.

Every man ought to read history. Invariably when the hand of greed has stifled the voice of democracy sooner or later violence lifted up her voice in the streets. The lords and ladies of France had their day. So did the trampled serfs. The aristocracy held their impudent snouts so high

in the atmosphere that they could not hear the voice of the weak or the plea of the poor, nor the muttered threat of vengeance. It was these same arrogant heads which rolled off the block during the Reign of Terror. Listen and you can hear the distinct thunder of revolution in this country. Lay not the flattering unction to your souls that men have changed, that history no longer repeats itself. Wait and you will see. Let men reject democracy and try every remedy but the right one. Fortify yourselves in the castles of special privilege. Then when the storm of revolution breaks over the land it will require an ocean of plutocratic blood to satiate their thirst. The United States is coming to the parting of the ways. Uncle Sam must turn his face to the morning and his back to the sirens of plutocracy or perish. Columbia must take her choice between the golden fruit of the promised land of democracy and the apples of Sodom that turns to ashes on her lips.

Will the orchestra get busy?

* * *

Readers of the last issue of the X-Ray will remember that we had something to say of Rev. Whiner of Whitehall, Montana, sampling furniture polish and floor stain while a guest of Mrs. Goodfolks of South Butte. He has taken to writing me long letters. He assures me he has seen the time when he would straddle a bucking broncho and come over "the divide" and "give me a good cowhiding or run me out of Butte as I was run out in July, 1907," but that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ has transformed him from a wild and woolly anthropophagus whose food is bleeding hearts and human marrowbones, into a meek and lowly saint plodding painfully up the steep and narrow path to St. Peter's gate with a hymnbook in one hand and a copy of the X-Ray in the other. The letters certainly evidence the softening and humanizing influence of religion. It also reminds me of an old deacon at Oskaloosa, Iowa, the place of my birth, who after returning from prayer meeting in his store clothes undertook to feed an unripe calf that had been plucked prematurely from the maternal stem. He put a bucket of skim milk before the youthful bovine and bade it drink. The calf didn't begin to get ready to commence, so he pushed its nose down into the pail. The calf threw up its head and snorted the lacteal fluid all over his new suit of clothes.

Seizing it firmly by the ears he jammed its head up and

down in the pail, remarking at the top of his voice: "If it wasn't for the grace o' God she abroad in my heart I'd jam your blankety-blank head down through the bottom o' that air blankety blanked old bucket!"

This is too evidently the way Bro. Whiner feels. What a difference religion does make in a man. I rather supposed when I ridiculed him he would offer up a public prayer for me in Whitehall, but he didn't. He writes me what awful things he would come to Butte and do to me if his Savior didn't hold him back by his alpaca coat-tails. Instead of leading me tenderly into the fold he persists in trying to frighten me to death. Let Rev. Whiner cut out the furniture polish and switch to McBrayers or Blue Ribbon and the X-Ray will welcome the good man to the Montana Good Fellowship Club.

* * *

"Never criticize a man's nationality," said the big husky lieutenant at the Salvation Army meeting in front of the Curtis block, Butte, Montana. "A man cannot pick the place of his birth any more than he can pick the color of his hair or pick the color of his eyes."

"I see where yez right," said a terrier from the Butte hill who had been out of work all winter; "be jabbers an' a mon is domlucky to be able to pick his own teeth these days."

* * *

The editor of the X-Ray was dangerously ill with pneumonia. Two old friends, Johnnie and Bill, called to see him in his room in the Curtis block, Butte.

"How are you old man," said Bill. "This is too bad, too bad."

"Oh, I've had an awful seige of it, though I'm coming along nicely—sit down and be comfortable," said the editor feebly.

"Have you any relatives you would like us to write to after—"

"After what!"

"Oh, after, you know."

"After I get out of here? Not much. I can pay my own doctor fees."

"Say, Warren, I guess your head is pretty light, isn't it? You are not very strong. Do they allow you any booze here?"

"They did at first, but not now."

"I thought as much. Here is a little flask. Now take a shot and get braced up. You don't want to go off the hooks feeling tough."

"Put a little in a glass and fill it up with water. The neat stuff would gag me sure."

"All right, honey boy. Ha-hum, there you are. Now down that and you'll feel better."

Ah—that's pretty lucky. If I can keep that down I'm all right."

"It's this way, Davenport. Johnny and I are pretty good old friends of yours and we took it on ourselves to look after your affairs and see that you were decently—er—er"

"Decently what?" asked the editor, suddenly rising on his elbow.

"Now, now," put in Johnnie soothingly. "Have another horn, a light one this time. Bill and I are doing everything for your good. Lay back on the pillow, old man, and don't excite yourself."

"What were you saying again, Bill?" queried the invalid.

"Oh, nothing in particular. By the way, Davvy, have you any preference about getting Sherman and Reed or Richards or Larry Duggan? I think myself that Sherman and Reed's hearse is the swellest, though to be sure Larry Duggan, being one of your warmest personal friends, you might like to be planted from his shop. Of course you can do as you like——"

"Gimme Richards every time," said Johnnie. "He has nickel-plated handles on all his coffins and there is no danger of the d—d awkward pallbearers dropping the casket and spilling the guts out of it. Gimme Richards——"

"Look here," shouted the editor, sitting up in his bed, his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his face white with rage and his entire frame trembling with anger. "Wat'tell are you cold-blooded, heartless bores talking about, anyway? Coffins—caskets. I'm not going to die!"

"Oh, yes, you are," said Johnnie kindly. "Perhaps they don't like to tell you so here, but the news is all over the camp. It's only a kindness to let you know."

"Yes," said Bill, "only a kindness."

"Well, I wish you'd both get out of here. What do you mean coming here when I'm on the mend and telling me I'm going to die. It's not my time yet. What blamed idiot told you I was going to die, anyhow? Holy snakes, I've

a good mind to crawl into my clothes and go around town! Call the nurse and get me my clothes."

"There, there, now, old man," said Johnnie, smoothing back the pillow, "lie back down and take it easy. Bill and I will see that everything is done up in ship-shape style. Protestant cemetery, I suppose."

"Shut up! Get out! Vamouse! Skidoo! Fade away! To the woods!"

"Give him another drink, Bill. I fear he won't last long now. The end is approaching. Is that the death rattle?"

"No," replied Johnnie, pouring out another snort, "that's only a couple of crap dice, a bunch of keys and a knife in my pocket. Sounded like the death rattle, though, didn't it? Ha, ha."

"Well", moaned the editor, weak and exasperated, "I'll take the drink, but then you two wallopers must go away. You mean well, but you are entirely mistaken about me going to die."

"Don't you be too sure," said Bill, significantly, as though he had a tip straight from the paddock.

"Well, for Christ's sake, talk about something else!"

"Oh, all right, why certainly. The elections—Groggins is running for sheriff—hullo, quick, Johnnie, quick. Call the nurse. My God! Too bad," said Johnnie, "it's all over now."

The editor had suddenly curled up, given a few convulsive kicks, straightened out and apparently would soon be fanning the clouds. The nurse entered the room and gazed at the editor.

"Did you excite the poor fellow at all?" she inquired, glancing suspiciously at the two visitors.

"Not at all, we endeavored to sooth him."

"But observe the look of horror on his face!" cried the tender-hearted nuse.

"Yes, he does look a bit distressed."

As soon as the two bores had ducked, the editor opened his eyes and looked up pitifully at the nurse.

"They were bound to kill me, so I thought I would play dead so that they would go away happy," said the editor.

How many millions of sick people have been tortured by callers who are not qualified to administer consolation to a sick hog, let alone a sick person.

Butte is Ireland transplanted into Montana. Woe betide the political party in Butte that snubs the Irish. Most any race of people can put up a fight when aggravated to it, but the Irish can fight with or without cause.

Lay the following scene in the offices on the top floor of the Hennessy block, Butte, Montana. It is late Saturday night and the Democratic Central Committee of Silver Bow county, Montana, is making out a slate to be nominated at the county convention to be held the following Monday. Each member of the committee has in his hand a list of the delegates selected by the primaries to represent their precincts at the county convention. Here and there a John Smith or a James Williams by some peculiar shuffle of the cards is in on the deal, but nine-tenths the delegates have come from the ranks of the Barretts, Barrys, Bolands, Boules, Bradys, Brennans, Burkes, Burns, Callahans, Caseys, Claneys, Collins, Connellys, Crowleys, Driscolls, Doyleys, Duffys, Duggans, Dwyers, Egans, Fagans, Farrells, Foleys, Finns, Fitzgeralds, Fitzpatricks, Flanagan, Flahertys, Flynns, Gallaghers, Gilligans, Grady, Griffins, Hogans, Haggerties, Healeys, Harringtons, Hennessys, Higgins, Hurleys, Kearneys, Keenans, Kellys, Kennedys, Kilgallons, Learys, Lynchs, Lowneys, McBrides, McCoys, McDonalds, Magees, McGintys, McGuires, McGinnisses, McLaughlins, McNallys, Murrays, Murphys, McCarthys, Morans, Morrisseys, Mulligans, Martins, Noonans, O'Connors, O'Connells, O'Donnells, O'Briens, O'Gormans, O'Maras, O'Neills, O'Rourkes, O'Reillys, Powers, Quinns, Regans, Ryans, Ronans, Rooneys, Sullivans, Shannons, Sheehans, Lowneys, Sheas, Terrys, Tooles, Walkers, Walshs, Whalens and five hundred more different families of Irish origin. Silver Bow county has 12 representatives in the legislature. The committee has selected six representative business and professional men and it is now conceded by all that to elect those six the remaining six must be chosen from the ranks of Irish miners.

"Billie," said the chairman, "get the Butte city directory for the year 1909 and look up some of the large families."

In due course of time Billie replies: "Well, I find that there are 253 Smiths, 237 Williams, 208——"

"No, no, old man, we want only Irish names. There's nothing too good for the Irish."

"Oh, by gum, that's right, I forgot."

"Look up the Walshs, the Ryans, the Powers, the Murrays, etc."

"There are 90 Walshs, 112 Ryans, 68 Powers, 82 Murrays, 135 O'Briens, 126 McCarthys, 117 Lynchs, 187 Sheas and 170 McDonalds."

"How many Murphys are there?"

"There are 333 Murphys—16 Dans, 8 Dennises, 14 Corneliuses, 11 Toms, 18 Michaels, 17 Williams, 16 Jameses, 17 Jerrys, 26 Pats and 43 Johns et al."

"The mail carriers all roar about the number of Sullivans and so many of the same given name. How many are there?"

In about 10 minutes Billie came out of his trance with the following report:

"There are 615 Sullivans in the Butte city directory for 1909—24 Timothyhs, 28 Jeremiahs, 33 Dans, 38 Jameses, 45 Michaels, 43 Pats and an even hundred Johns."

"Holy smoke! Who would have thought that there are 100 John Sullivans in Butte? There are only 180 John Sullivans in Chicago, 25 times the size of Butte."

"Gentlemen," said one of the committeemen, who up to this time had been quiet, "with common consent I would like to slate six names, John Sullivan, John Harrington, John Murphy, Pat Shea, Mike O'Brien and Jim Lynch."

Carried.

"Now, Billie," said the chairman, "to-morrow is Sunday and I want you to go up into Dublin Gulch and pick out the six best looking Irishmen of the names we have selected and tell them that a united democracy of Silver Bow county demands of them to stifle personal interest on behalf of their party and their adopted state and consent to run for the legislature, etc. Bring them down to the convention, Monday."

Billie obeys and the slate goes through. Messrs. Sullivan, Harrington, Murphy & Co. have a record of little worth because they have none. They have done nothing either good, bad or indifferent to make a record out of. When they want to know what they think they first have to find out what some old stiff up in the Hennessy block thinks. If they are still not right sure what they think, they appeal to several of their old bosses at the mines to tell them what they think. Then they know exactly what they think—subject to revision without notice.

We trust our lithographs will not be torn down for this. We mean no especial slam upon the Irish or the democratic party for it is perpetrated upon all nationalities, by all parties, not only in Butte but all over the country. The milk of the cocoanut is this: the masses are used to pull chestnuts from the embers for the classes.

Well, the campaign is on.

Does the spellbinder go out on the stump in Butte and try to win the votes of the Irish by discussing the tariff, government ownership or any live state issue? No. He falls back upon Irish history and a honeyed tongue to pull him through. He shoots Irish history to a fare-ye-well and he plays his game so strong that he makes it stick. All same P. A. O'Farrell. Just imagine the editor of the X-Ray out on the stump. The following is about the line of hot air he would peddle out, knowing what it takes to "get the candy":

"My Irish friends of Butte and her suburbs, Meaderville, Centerville, Walkerville, Summit, Dublin Gulch, East Butte, Williamsburg and Columbia Gardens: I have often thought that if I were a sculptor I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Emmet. (Applause and cheers.) If I were a painter I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer and whose loyalty and devotion to the home of free government no tyrant can ever crush and I would write under the picture "Ireland." (Cheers.) If I were a poet I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty. (Vociferous handclapping and feet stamping.) Tortured in dungeons and murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of your sweat and toil, scourged by famine and plundered by the avarice of heartless power, driven like the leaves of autumn before the keen winter winds your sturdy race has been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of your nativity, but princes and lords in every other land where merit is the measure of

the man. (A voice: "That's no lie, pardner.")

Where is the free country whose councils have not been strengthened by Irish brains and whose wealth has not been increased by your Irish brawn? Where, I ask, is the battlefield that has not been glorified by your Irish courage and baptized with your Irish blood? (There hain't none.")

Wherever you see the flag of war fluttering you find the spirit of Irish chivalry is there, panting for the battle and eager for the fray. Whether it be Wellington leading the armies at Waterloo or Ney following the eagles of France; whether it be Sam Houston crushing the armies of Santa Anna at San Jacinto or Davy Crockett courting death at the Alamo; whether it be Andrew Jackson at New Orleans or Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville; whether it be Phil Sheridan in the saddle riding like a god of war in the thickest of the fight or Pat Cleburne leading a forlorn hope and dying at the cannon's mouth on the breastworks of the foe, it is the same intrepid, unconquerable spirit of sublime courage which flows like a stream of inspiration from the heart of old Ireland to fire the souls of the world's greatest leaders and to burn forever on the altar of liberty. (Here an usher hands the editor a bouquet.) Wherever the banner of peace is unfurled over the progressive English-speaking nations of the earth your same irresistible Celtic blood has ever been present, shaping the destinies of empires and republics. (Great cheering.)

It warmed the heart of Edmund Burke, whose brain was a mighty loom which wove tapestries of glory for England and mankind. It inspired the souls of Swift and Sheridan, whose dream will linger in English literature forever, like the fragrance of roses that are faded and gone. (A voice: "Erin Go Bragh.")

It lighted up the brain of Oliver Goldsmith, who broke out in songs sweeter than the song of the nightingale. It kindled the soul of Tom Moore into flame and like an angel of light from the realm of dreams he swept the burning strings of Erin's harps and the whole world thrilled with its melody. The body of Tom Moore was dust long ago, but his spirit lives in his songs and breathes more hope in every Irish heart and happiness in every Irish home in Butte. (More applause and whistling.)

Why, my friends, it was love of liberty that fired the

Irish heart of Patrick Henry to preach secession from English wrath and the power of English arms. Without your Irish names the sky of our national glory would lose half of its stars, and yet how can I give you complete welcome without giving utterance in the same breath to the names of Grady and Father Ryan. (Tremendous applause.) Grady, the impassioned southern orator whose eloquence calmed the spirit of sectional hate and wooed the nation into the fond embrace of fraternal love and peace. It was Grady who, like, the morning star, blazed for a moment on the horizon and was then lost forever from mortal eyes in the light of God's eternal day. Father Ryan is your Irish hero and poet-priest whose mournful melodies of despairing love for the cause that was lost and for the flag that was furled forever still melts the hearts of old grizzly veterans of the south to the tenderness of childhood, while Father Ryan is the Tom Moore of Dixie. His spirit will keep watch over the folded stars and bars until the morning of the resurrection. (Great cheering and applause.)

Gentlemen, vote for Harrington, Sullivan, Murphy, Shea, O'Brien and Lynch for the legislature."

Election night—Messrs. Harrington, Sullivan, Murphy, Shea, O'Brien and Lynch elected to the Montana legislature by handsome majorities.

* * *

"Hey," said the bartender to a crowd of Butte miners, as he placed a couple of bottles of beer on the dumb-waiter and hoisted them to the flesh merchants on the second floor, "hain't none of you rum-dums going to pop open? We can't pay for heat and light with all this cigarette smoke and cheap flusie talk. Get your bellies up to the American timber and get your snoots wet with hooch or else either skidooski or bite the end off of my knuckles. All the time, kiddo."

"Shtand a frishk, old cock," said one old bender leaning up against the bar in the midst of a crying jag from too much Three Star Hennessy. Just then a little stubby fellow of middle age, evidently a workingman, came in, bought a drink for himself and the crowd, paid for the drinks in addition to handing the bartender a five-dollar bill and then walked out.

"That's Tommy, the drayman, and he is a mighty good fellar, Tommy is," said the bartender. "Whenever Tommy

gets pinched for money and comes to me and says, "Lend me a five till Saturday night," he gets it. And when Saturday night comes Tommy is always Johnny-at-the-rat-hole. He will be true to his word if he has to travel like an ewe lamb's tail during nursing time to get the money and if there is any solo game drinks chalked up against him he pays for them, too. Tommy is a good fellar, Tommy is."

"Lutey, the groceryman, don't say so," spoke up a lassie as she passed the tambourine around amidst the atmosphere of liberality that pervades every place where they have potted plants in the windows and cathedral glass in the swinging doors. "He says Tommy has been owing him every since last fall and he can't get a dollar out of him. He told Tommy he would have to sue him and Tommy told him to go ahead and sue and be d—d."

"Yaw, haw haw. That just sounds like Tommy. They can't work none of their sandies on Tommy. Anybody that thinks they can get gay with Tommy has another think coming."

"Lutey, the groceryman told Tommie that the only reason he didn't sue him was on account of his wife and six little children. They don't get half enough to eat now and if he garnisheed Tommy's wages they would starve."

"Tommy don't owe you nothing' does he, sister?" said the bartender, polishing a glass and holding it up critically to the light.

"No."

"Well, what you bellerin' like a sick calf fer then?"

"I am not bellowing, kind sir, but my heart goes out to those little children. Our Salvation Army has kept them in clothes all winter. Lutey says Tommy's wife told him they had not had a stick of stovewood all winter except what they borrowed from the neighbors. Tommy's oldest boy takes a bucket every day and goes down along the Northern Pacific tracks and picks up coal that has fallen off the cars."

"Tommy's woman has been shooting off her mouth about her man, eh? He ought to dig into her for that. By gum, if my woman did that I'd poke her on the jaw."

"Yes, and when he comes home loaded he beats her up like an egg."

"She probably kept nagging at him until he had to give her a belt and show her where to head in at."

"Tommy's wife is a hardworking little woman and she

is trying to bring the children up right but Tommy blows all his money in for booze right here with you."

"It is his money, he earns it, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess he's got a right to spend it if he wants to. You can't make me believe he wouldn't give up to her if she really wanted anything, because Tommy is generous. He is as freehanded as any fellar what comes into this here bar."

"Seems to me he ought to take care of his family."

"Well, maybe Tommy ain't perfection. None of us are. But what I want to emphasize is that Tommy is a mighty good fellar."

* * *

Great things happen around a newspaper office sometimes. Several years ago when the writer was employed on one of the local Butte papers he had an experience that almost drove him nuts. The following is the way it happened: Just as the forms were about to close I caught two items which I tore off hurriedly, the foreman growling like a bull terrier meanwhile and passing my stuff out in "takes" as fast as I mined it out of the ink bottle. One related to the marriage of a worthy couple in South Butte, the other to a nameless tough that had drifted in from Pocatello, Idaho, got tanked to the ears and proceeded to make himself generally obnoxious. The next day the paper contained the following:

"At the residence of the bride's parents on South Colorado street, Miss Radella Flumkins was united in marriage last evening to Charles Johnson Pumpkins, a Pocatello tough, who blew into town on a freight train, wrecked a South Butte saloon and tried to clean out the entire police force. The police gathered him in and dragged him kicking and cursing to the residence of the bride-elect, where the Rev. Nincompoop Schreecher of Anaconda performed the ceremony in the presence of about the toughest aggregation that ever got together in the notorious resort. An ugly scrimmage followed in which beer glasses played an important part, the Pocatelloan beating one of the female habitues with a billiard cue until she was insensible. Quite a party of friends accompanied the bridal party to the Northern Pacific depot to witness their departure for St. Paul, when the police swooped down upon the disreputable gang and loaded the worst offenders into the hurry-

up wagon, and after considerable difficulty, succeeded in landing them behind the bars. Mr. and Mrs. Pumpkins certainly begin their matrimonial voyage under flattering auspices and it is the universal wish of this entire camp that they will land in the Deer Lodge penitentiary, where such scruff of the human race belong."

How did it happen? One of the other boys in the office had the dogon thing set up and one copy of the paper printed and "marked" and laid on my desk under the paper weight. Loving friends caught me by the coat-tails in midair just as I was plunging head first down the four-story elevator shaft.

* * *

One day last week a German entered the store of the Hennessey Mercantile Company, here in Butte, looking for a Xmas present for his kid. He thought a rattle would be about the proper caper and told the lady clerk to waltz out her rattles. The young lady inquired the age of the child and on hearing that it was four years old suggested that a drum would be more appropriate.

"Mein Gott in Himmel, nein," he said, "a drum would drive us all mit the bug house."

The young lady then said good naturedly: "You are of German descent, are you not?"

"Sure, I'm a Deutscher."

"Well, do you know there is a little German in me? And I'm proud of it, too."

"Isht dot so? Vell, when he comes don't get him a drum. Get him a rattle. Drum too noisy."

* * *

She was only a poor Butte miner's wife about to cash in her checks and commence tripping the light fantastic on the ball room floor not built with hands. She lay on her pillow patiently awaiting the end, the partner of many years hovering near. She stretched out a thin hand and drew him down to her.

"John," she said, "promise me one thing before I die."

"Sure, old woman, I'll promise any old bloody bloomin' thing," he answered brokenly.

"Then promise me you will never marry again."

"I promise," he said rolling his eyes heavenward like a calf with the colic.

"Oh, John, if I could only believe you. But you have been in politics so long for W. A. Clark and F. Augustus

Heinze that you have become such an infernal liar," and with a sweet smile she passed away.

* * *

That was a sad case that happened over near Billings recently. A sheep herder had been imitating that unfortunate genius, Nat. Goodwin, every time he comes to Butte, and was on the verge of the willies. A well meaning friend took him out to his sheep ranch 12 miles from town to sober him up. Arriving late at night at the ranch the friend of this poor fellow, with the best intentions in the world, made him a shake-down in a box-stall and locked him in, leaving a bucket of water and a dipper but no whiskey. Do you savvey? NO WHISKEY!. This drastic treatment cost the boy with the high-topped boots his life, for when his friend looked in the following morning to see how he was getting along, he was dead. Had he been properly looked after and tapered off scientifically on small jolts of whiskey and eggnogs he would have been alive to-day. Many men have been deliberately murdered in the Silver Bow county jail—dumped in behind the bars intoxicated, to lay on the floor as though a two-bushel sack of potatoes. Heavy on that Emergency Hospital "coming up." To cut a man off short after he has been licking up all kinds of rot-gut for a prolonged period means a trip to the happy hunting grounds over the divide, with no return trip ticket. It is a fellow's heart that goes back on him in this altitude of nearly 6,000 feet after he has been indulging too freely in the red-eye. The steady boozier must go sooner or later and when he does succumb he becomes a "quitter" all of a sudden like a light that is blown out. Five-cent beer is the only salvation for the laboring men of Montana. "Bellhop, bellhop, bring up a pitcher of ice water to room 23, please."

* * *

It is now positively announced that Cholly Chappies will arrive in Butte the last of the month after having spent the last six months in touring Yewrup, bringing with him such a collection of canes, neckties and twousahs as has never yet been seen in dear old Butte. As Cholley is a connoisseur in such matters his return is awaited alike by chappies and rounders of the Silver Bow Club with an eagerness that amounts almost to agony. Cholly has been the 'herow' of some very thrilling adventures during his sojourn in Yewrup. One day he actually met his Royal

Highness, the King of England, who was taking a constitutional. King Hed stopped short and remarked like a common ordinary every-day plug: "I say, my gude fellow, gimme a match, will you? Me blawsted pipe's gone eout." Now it happened by the greatest of good luck that Cholly—our own and only Butte Cholley—had a match, a real live fresh one that had not been used. He fished down into his vest pocket and produced the coveted lucifer with trembling fingers, the king "histed" one leg, drew the match briskly down his trousers, lit his pipe and said "Thanks hawfully," and continued his jaunt.

Cholly had actually been thanked by the King of England. Instead of jumping headfirst into the Thames river, Cholly possessed sufficient presence of mind to pick up the half-burnt match, deposit it in a white silk handkerchief and run his level best to his hotel, where he fell in a dead faint and was confined to his room for two weeks with nervous prostration. He has had the precious souvenir which almost cost him his life mounted in virgin gold and will place it on exhibition in a few days at the Silver Bow Club. Cholly is a fair sample of Butte's phony tin-horn aristocracy—always ready to belly-crawl in front of wealth, power, fame and success, but as slow as the Montana supreme court or molasses at the north pole when it comes to recognition of true manhood carrying a dinner pail.

* * *

The Honk-a-tonk Sisters have been retained for another week by the management of the California Rathskeller, Beer and Concert Hall and will continue their charming high-kicking exhibitions. The girls played to crowded houses every night last week, especially after the show. Although "the wages of sin is death," yet these fair lassies seem to get their remuneration in such a shape that instead of proving fatal they are enabled to put said wages away in their hosiery, where moths and rust will not corrupt nor highgraders like Heinze break in with the apex theory and steal.

* * *

Rev. Ninnybrains, on behalf of the Butte Ministerial Association and the Butte Business Men's Association, poked his proboscis into the X-Ray office yesterday to solicit the moral support of the editor and his paper to suppress the Butte races on the ground that it hurts the

town. We fixed Ninnybrains good and plenty, however.

"Good morning."

"Good morning. I am Rev. Alphonse Ninnybrains and I have come to see you in reference to the 30 days' racing we have each summer here in Butte."

"Sit down and make yourself at home, my dear Alphonse. You are as welcome as the flowers in May. Steer yourself against that box of El Horrifleura cigars and perhaps I can fish up a dollar that has dodged the foreign mission fund and we'll have some refreshments."

"No, thanks, I never smoke."

"Well, I haven't any booze up here since the gang from Al Green's was here this morning, but I'll ring up a messenger boy to run over to Jerry Mullins' and bring up a bottle of Scotch in a minute."

"My goodness, no. As a minister of the gospel I never indulge. What do you take me for?"

"Why, I was simply trying to be sociable and entertaining, that is all. Let's see, it is now 10:30 A. M. and I expect they are all in the hay, but I'll just telephone down to The Royal and see if Charlotte can send us up a couple of tarts. Do you prefer blonde or bru——"

"Tarts? No, thanks. I never spoil my appetite by allowing myself to eat in between meals. But to business. You have doubtless read of the subject on which I come to speak to you—the suppression of the Butte races. In regard to race track gambling Gov. Hughes of New York says——"

"I have read about it, yes, and most damnably depressing reading it is, too. But what I was reading when you came in was a long clipping pasted in my scrapbook lying beside you concerning the Gans-Nelson fight at Goldfield three or four years ago. I was in Goldfield at the time and saw that fight myself. It has always seemed to me that Battling deserved to lose that fight after allowing his manager to horse poor Gans around the way he did. Wasn't it a dirty outrage to insist on the nigger weighing in in full ring costume when he was already reduced to a shadow trying to make weight?"

"My opinion of such disgraceful——"

"Right you are, right you are. That is just exactly what I call it, too, perfectly disgraceful. At the time of signing the articles it was distinctly understood that each man could strip off all clothing in order to make weight.

Nelson's manager, Nolan, took advantage of every——"

"It should have been stopped altogether."

"Oh, you couldn't stop Nolan. Why, man alive, you don't know Nolan. He took advantage of a hitherto disregarded section of the rules and proved as stubborn as a jackass. However, his man got licked after all. Dear me, I-I-I hope you had nothing up on Nelson, did you, Rev. Ninnybrains?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Davenport, but to change the subject I should like to speak to you concerning the Butte races. Have you a few moments to spare?"

"Well, unfortunately, I'm pretty busy just now. Shorty Young, who runs the variety show up at the "Mouth-of-Hell"—Havre, Montana—you know Shorty, don't you? What? Yes? No? Why, I thought everybody in Montana knew that little rooster. He's a prince of a little fellow, not much bigger than a bar of soap after a hard day's washing. Sort of a vest-pocket edition of Hinky Dink. There are catfish in the Missouri twice as big as Shorty. When I get rich I'm going to buy Shorty for a watch charm or mount him and wear him in my necktie as a good luck Swastika pin. For a saloonkeeper he is true blue and generous to a fault. Every poor child in Havre gets a present every Xmas from Shorty. But what I started to say was this: Shorty has sent me a query concerning a fine point in poker and a big bet is hanging fire upon my decision. Perhaps you could help me out. Listen to this——."

"But I would rather not——"

"Oh, I know you would rather not commit yourself on such an important point. Your own decision might be thrown up to you at any moment while there was a big pot on the table. But listen——"

"I guess I had better be going——"

"Wait and discuss this first, old cock. A lot of elegant money depends upon my answer to Shorty and your opinion should be worth something. As a poker authority your name alone indicates consummate skill."

"My name? My name an authority on poker? Why, what do you——"

"Yes, your name. Now listen carefully to this: The game is all jackpots. One man opens the pot with a pair of aces and tens. Another man has a pair of kings and queens. In getting cards the man with the ace catches a

three spot and the man with the——”

“Now, really, I am very sorry, but I must be going. You will excuse me, I’m sure.”

“The man with the three queens and kings says ‘Kings and queens’ and after raking in the pot the other man says: ‘Hold on there, I have three queens and a pair of kings.’ He knew what he had all the time, but did not——”

“Well, goodbye, sir, I must be off.”

“——but did not call what he had. You understand the point, Rev. Ninnybrains. Shorty wants to know if he is the loser or if he is not. What do you think about it?”

“Oh, fudge, I know absolutely nothing about it,” shouted the thoroughly aroused Ninnybrains in an outburst of righteous indignation. “You are a rude creature. I never, in all my clerical experience, received such discourteous treatment. I am accustomed, sir, to being treated with more consideration. Do you know who I am? Why, I am the Rev. Alphonse Ninnybrains, president of the Butte Ministerial Association, and I have all the substantial business interests of Butte back of me in this blessed movement.”

“Aw, hell, that is nothing to cackle about, my dear Alphonse. Your humble Gaston broke four men with one hand down in the basement of the Capital Concert Hall in Helena last week. Don’t get huffy. Sit down now and unroll your little ball of yarn. What is it?”

“It is a petition to the city council to put a stop to the races. The Butte Racing Association as usual is going to have a 30 days’ racing meet this summer and give away \$75,000 in prizes and we want it stopped.”

“Why?”

“You know why, Mr. Davenport. During the races all the gamblers, thugs, prostitutes, secretaries, touts, porch-climbers, strong-arm boys, yegg men, stick-up gentry, grafters, three-shell artists, real estate sharks, mining company promoters, members of the Montana Legislature, Wyoming Hole-in-the-Wall trainrobbers and the whole riff-raff of creation drift in here and it hurts the town.”

“But lots of wealthy people, our best citizens from all parts of the state, are attracted here by the races, and they leave lots of money in the town. You know the old expression, ‘Outside money keeps up the camp.’”

“It don’t do the town any good. The gamblers get it all.”

"Your logic is poor. A sporting class of people have to eat and wear clothes and pay room rent and they generally live on the very top of the land and take no money out of town. It's hand-to-mouth, come-easy, go-easy and their presence is not injurious to the business interests of Butte. You can't have the races without this class and you can't get all Montana to come in here and drop money without the races."

"But it disturbs conditions and brings sorrow to many a home. While the husband is toiling away in the mines, the wafer-brained wife is down to the pawnshop throwing the cook stove and the household goods into hock for money to hand over to the bookmakers. Think of the innocent little children that have to suffer. And that reminds me that these hare and hound races ought to be stopped in the name of humanity. Scores of these Cornish miners are perfectly daft over their hounds. They feed them on the best, regardless of their children. If there is anything left after the hounds get enough, the children get it, if not, the children have to go out on the hillsides and beg the miners coming off of shift for any remnants of pie, cake and meat that may be left in their dinner pails. It is an outrage, a burning shame."

"If we are going to abolish everything from which innocent people suffer, it sounds the death knell to personal liberty and the earth would soon be an uninhabitable hell," said the editor. "People find enjoyment in different ways, some at the races, others at the religious revival. Now, there were Revs. Brayhard, Whangdoodle, Whiner and Schreecher who set up their gospel shop in the auditorium last spring and for a solid month talked nightly to God over their long-distance telephones. Right across the street from the auditorium lay a poor woman on a bed of pain in a darkened room for a solid month, suffering all the tortures of the damned. Every yawp from those preachers went through her like a knife. Had they been creating a rough house in a saloon her husband could have 'phoned the police and had 'em pulled; as it was he wasn't even privileged to go in and knock their confounded blocks off. How many more sick women there were in the neighborhood I have no means of knowing. You preachers imagine you are privileged characters. You set up your salvation depots in juxtaposition to cultured homes and without the slightest regard for the habits and customs of the neigh-

bors hold revivals that last a month, and have a hundred big-mouthed hoodlums, hysterical women and wormy kids howling half the night with religious pains, while a 'relay' of stentor-lunged exhorters help murder sleep, drive the student to despair and enhance the agony of the invalid. The Bible suggests that we make a joyful noise unto the Lord, but says nothing about imitating children with the green apple belly-ache."

"But look at the results. Old Skinflint, the pawnbroker, was converted and gloriously saved."

"The old son-of-a-gun. I would like to have had the pleasure of baptizing him. I would have taken him out to the Big Hole river and held him under water at least three months. When I first came to Butte in 1900 I went broke before I could get work and had to put up my diamond pin that was a present to me, and he charged me 10 per cent. a month for a loan. The black-hearted old hound!"

"Do you belong to church?"

"I belong to those who are:

'Slave to no sect who take no private road,

But look through nature up to nature's God.'

"And am not an over-enthusiastic church worker. Churches are all right in their place for those who like them."

"What do you think of the Salvation Army here in Butte?"

"The very air here in Butte seems to be filled with the microbes of thievery and graft and the Salvation Army is not exempt. All the world is a graft. And all the men and women merely grafters. Montana has various kinds and conditions of thieves, however, from the cattle rustlers of twenty years ago who have fine mansions in Helena, Great Falls and Billings to-day and the 'high grader' who steals millions in the courts while 'saving' a state from a Standard Oil oligarchy, down to the hophead who gloms the electric light globes for dope and the tambourine pan-handlers. The Salvation Army captain here in Butte eats at Whatley's, the most fashionable restaurant in the city, something the average miner cannot afford to do. The army may have accomplished some good in Butte for all I know, but its general tendency is to bring all religion into contempt. There is nothing elevating in their street corner powwows nor religion in a hideous noise. Lots of the members are sincere. If I found a man in the wilds of Central Africa down on his knees worshipping a toad

as a god I would tip my hat to his sincerity, but not to his judgment. That is the way with the Salvation Army here in Butte. They are honest, but seem to make the collection the leading feature of their windy worship. They are but the blind leading the blind, not fitted for teachers, and the public cannot afford to make gross ignorance its guide. Because performed without discretion their works of charity are often deleterious. They usually have about as much comprehension of the philosophy of religion as a muley cow and their rough house services have about the same effect as the nerve-destroying bawl of that animal. A man who is really worth saving is not apt to be in championship form for being 'saved' after his nerves have been harrowed for an hour by the screeching of some leather-lunged ignoramus or the horse fiddle racket of a lot of tacky old hens who look as if their first conversion should commence with a bath. There are sinners and sinners; some possessing the instincts of gentlemen, others of brutes. It matters very little whether the latter class ever hear of the plan of salvation, being unable to comprehend it. Do you think the good Lord will blame them for what they don't know? The best we can do with such human hyenas is to provide them methods to satisfy their physical needs and a bad lands in which to gratify their animal passions lest they assault our wives, daughters, sisters and sweet-hearts upon the streets, and then terrorize these lawless brutes into half-way good behavior by the gallows and the dungeon. Set it down that a man who can be saved by noise is no very valuable addition to the heavenly host, constituting the great army of 'converts' made by blackguards and grafters of the Billie Sunday stripe."

"Well," said the visitor rising from the chair, "what are you going to do about this petition? Are you going to sign it? You know well enough that these races hurt the business interests of Butte."

"Well, if they do I'm not going to cry about it. The business men of Butte, eh? One-half of the so-called business men of Butte are a nest of petty larceny parasites that imagine they are the whole cheese, box and all. Their business ability consists in being able to lay catch-penny traps for honest workingmen. The other half are as generous, wide-awake, up-to-date and public-spirited set of men as can be found in any American city, and down in their hearts are opposed to this very movement. Whenever

any trouble arises between capital and labor, where, as a rule, do you find many of your business men? Isn't it true that as a rule they 'ramble where the boodle can be found?' How was it in Colorado a few years ago? When plutocracy was committing a foul assault on the Goddess of Liberty, spitting at the American eagle and using the stars and stripes for a nose rag; when hundreds of innocent men, who owned their own homes, were driven at the point of bayonets on to trains, deported out of the state and dumped upon the burning sands of Arizona, New Mexico and Kansas, leaving behind them their dear wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts at the mercy of Uncle Sam's syphilitic soldiery to be insulted and outraged in a manner too revolting to relate in print, where, oh where, were the great majority of Colorado's so-called business men? Arm in arm with Sherman Bell and Gov. Peabody to destroy the last vestige of unionism and human rights, the miserable, contemptible, cowardly Citizens' Alliance poltroons! Here in Butte we live under the black shadow of the Rockefellers. I pray God we may never see Montana in a state of revolution and martial law as was Colorado a few years ago. But if this great octopus at some future date takes a notion to obliterate organized labor in this camp—steady there! I'm not saying the business men of Butte would emulate their kind in Colorado, for I believe we have a higher and much more conservative class of organized labor in Butte than they possessed in Colorado at that time. Still, by the lamp of history, I read up and down the centuries, and the answer comes back that human nature is the same in all ages and climes. Look here, my parasitical friend, the minor, the smelterman, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the structural iron worker, the boiler-maker, the brick mason, the engineer, the fireman and forty other craftsmen are the real bone and sinew of this camp, not the business men, and if they want to spend their money at the races that is their business. Like prohibition, your theory is the same old story of abridging the rights of the many to save the weaklings. Is the game worth the candle, and even if you burn the candle at both ends will you win the game? I wot not, despite Gov. Hughes. I am a firm believer in square gambling, but not crooked gambling, and I will admit those races are awfully crooked at times. Still, what's the odds? You can't tell any man anything nowadays. You can grab him by both ears, back him up

against a brick wall and bump his head a thousand times in your efforts to get him to listen and he will go right out and go to his doom as placidly as a goose gliding across a pond. Everybody in Butte knows the races are sometimes crooked. Let 'em get stung. Every one must go through the mill of experience. As for your petition, I'll not sign it. Horse racing is a noble sport that is enjoyed not only by all manly men, but by every thoroughbred that answers to the bit. We don't have so much fun in this work-a-day old camp that we can afford to taboo the race track because a few ticky-tailed business men lose a few dollars or an occasional church member plants his silver on the wrong color. It's about all we've got left of the Olympic games. Get out the crackerjacks and see 'em go when the jockeys lay on the gut-hooks and the bud. It does a fellow good to get drunk with excitement, mad with joy. It rehabilitates his liver and tones up his religion. It thaws the icicles from around his heart and brushes the cobwebs from his brain. And nothing produces such an ecstatic delirium as a bevy of the fleetfeet bunched and coming down the homestretch like Heinze electing a district judge, not a gleam of daylight between 'em, every muscle in play, every nerve at its utmost tension, each making a heroic fight for the mastery. After you have been a railbird for three hours life becomes better worth living; you feel kindlier toward your neighbor, your whole system seems to have been rejuvenated, you can almost hear the wild melody of those iron-clad hoofs beating in your blood. By the way, that reminds me of a poem I'm going to print in the next X-Ray:

'Aye,' said the boozier,' I tell you its true, sir,
I once was a punter with plenty of pelf;
But bone is my glory, I'll tell you the story
How I stiffened my horse and got stiffened myself.

'Twas a mare called the Cracker, I came down to back her,
But found she was favorite all of a rush,
The folks just did pour on to lay six to four on,
And several bookies were killed in the crush.

'It seems old Tomato was stiff, though a starter,
They reckoned him fit for the Cauldfield to keep.

The Bloke and the Donah were scratched by their owner,
He only was offered three-fourths of the sweep.

'We knew Salamander was slow as a gander,
The mare could have beat him the length of the
straight,
And old Manumission was out of condition,
And most of the others were running off weight.

'No doubt some one "blew it," for every one knew it,
The bets were all gone and I muttered in spite,
'If I can't get a copper, by Jingo, I'll stop her,
Let the public fall in, it will serve the brutes right."

'I said to the jockey, "Now listen, my cockey,
You watch as you're cantering down by the stand;
I'll wait where that toff is and give you the office,
You're only to win if I lift up my hand."

'I then tried to back her—"what price is the Cracker?"
"Our books are all full, sir," each bookie did swear;
My mind then I made up, my fortune I played up,
I bet every shilling against my own mare.

'I strolled to the gateway, the mare in the straightway
Was shifting and dancing and pawing the ground,
The boy saw me enter and wheeled for his canter,
When a darned big mosquito came buzzing around.

'They breed 'em at Hexham, it's risky to vex 'em,
They suck a man dry at a sitting, no doubt,
But just as the mare passed, he fluttered my hair past,
I lifted my hand and flattened him out.

'I was stunned when they started, the mare simply darted
Away to the front when the flag was let fall,
For none there could match her and none tried to catch
her,
She finished a furlong in front of them all.

'You bet that I went for the boy whom I sent for
The moment he weighed and came out of the stand.
'Who paid you to win it? Come, own up this minute,"
"Lord love yer," said he, "why, you lifted your hand."

'Twas true, by St. Peter, that cursed muskeeter
 Had broke me so broke that I hadn't a brown;
 And you'll find the best course is when dealing with
 horses,

To win when you are able and keep your hands down.'

"What do you think of that poem, Mr. Ninnybrains?
 "Isn't it a dandy?"

The editor looked up when no response came, only to find himself alone. The sky pilot had skiddooed to escape the smoke. Fido then came up close, whining merrily, wagging his tail and wearing an expression on his face indicating that he understood all the previous proceedings and approved of his master's words. He extended his little paw and we shook it heartily.

"God bless you, my little pet, you have infinitely more sense than some people."

* * *

The following eulogy by an enthusiastic admirer of a well known dago saloon and hotel keeper near the depot in one of the eastern Montana towns speaks for itself:

Who's de bestes man in Montanaw
 For de beeg segar and de whiskey blanc,
 De pork an' bean and nice bouillon,
 Ovid La Tourelle.

Who meets de travelers ona de train,
 Portage de grip and shaka de han',
 Say "Bonjour, M'sieu! have a drink?" badamme—
 He's de good fellar—Ovid!

You bet ma life he's dat good fel,
 Give you de welcome at hees hotel,
 Make de good fun to beeta de hell,
 C'est correct—wid Ovid.

Some tam maybe you feel ver' blue,
 Got no monee and not'ing to do;
 Who's den your mos' best fren' and true?
 M'sier Ovid.

Den ba Chrise w'en you come to die
 An' go troo de beeg hole in de sky;

Who will you meet in de sweet bimeby—
C'est past? Dat bon Ovid.

* * *

Anxious Subscriber, Burlington, Vermont.—Helno. You lose. Some one has been stringing you. Your opinions have evidently been formed by too much Chandlerism in your section of the country. There is positively no resemblance between Senator Clark and myself. Anyone who says so is one of the biggest prevaricators that ever went up and down the earth with his sternum absequatulum unkicked. However, we do not boast of the non-resemblance. There have been times when we wished there was a resemblance, even a blood relationship, for we have oftentimes needed the money. When Senator Clark wants anything he buys it—accent on the “buys.” When the writer wants anything he offers advertising acreage in exchange and if not accepted generally goes without it. Your inquiry as to whether Senator Clark really fixed the Montana Legislature some ten years ago—heavy on the “fixed”—is ancient history. Wake up and forget it. Senator Clark has an income reputed to be close to \$40,000 a day, while the X-Ray's receipts will hardly average that a year, especially in the dry seasons, without irrigation. The Senator has the advantage over the X-Ray inasmuch as he arrived here first and thus was enabled to get in on the ground floor before all the worms were gone. Heavy on the early bird.

* * *

There was a young woman in Natchez
Who fell into some nettle weed patchez,
Now she sits in a room
With a heart full of gloom
And scratchez and scratchez and scratchez.

* * *

Last Wednesday evening Butte's charming society belle, Miss Bloodgood, went into one of the darkened bedrooms of her home to get the family laundry and was so exceedingly unfortunate as to run against an open upright door of a clothes press, badly wounding her right cheek. The wound will soon heal up, but the badly shattered enameled complexion is a complete wreck and will necessitate a special trip to gay Paree to be thoroughly renovated and re-enameled.

* * *

Mrs. Pat C——, whose husband operates a cant-hook machine at the lumber mill of the Amalgamated Copper Company at Rocker, popped into the city last Tuesday morning on the B. A. P. flyer and spent the day with Mrs. A——. While in the greatest mining camp on earth Mrs. C—— incidentally had Doc. Ironsides yank out one of her wisdom grinders that has been erecting particular hades the past ten days. Tea was poured by the Antimony Sisters.

* * *

“Hya Shep, hya Shep, go way round, go way round, round ’em Shep, round ’em up.”

It was the shrill voice of a Montana sheep herder on the Yellowstone county range to his faithful dog to round up a bunch of 2,500 sheep, one of a hundred such bands belonging to the millionaire sheep king, the greatest individual sheep owner in the world, Charlie Bair of Billings, Montana.

While the faithful dog was rounding up a band that had spread out over a patch of ground the size of Chicago’s loop district, the herder pulled out of his pocket a copy of the Minneapolis Journal and dropping down on the bunch grass commenced to read and talk out loud to himself as follows:

“Ha! What’s this? The New Waldron Cattle Company wants to sell 5,000 head of range cattle owing to the curtailment of their range in Eastern Montana and Alberta by settlement, dry land farmers, etc. These range cattle are semi-domestic and yield large quantities of rich milk, says the ad. I’ll just bet that all the ranch men and ranch horses in Yellowstone county could not handle one of these semi-domestic cows without the bunch. The only possible way to come anywhere near milking one of the lawless beasts is for a couple of cowpunchers to chase the dear creature over three or four townships until they wear her out, rope her, throw her, hog-tie her, drive five posts into the ground and tie each leg and her head very tightly thereto and then send up a few smoke signals to the ranch house for some one to fetch a bucket. If she gives down any milk not churned into butter she will excite the liveliest curiosity among the cowpunchers for miles around. Semi-domestic ranch cattle! Well, I would rather be surrounded by 10,000 wild men from Borneo or an equal number of

buzz saws on the rampant than to be on foot with a bunch of the old-time range cattle."

* * - *

The many friends of Mr. Willie Parvenu are becoming considerably alarmed about him. It is noted that he is subject to fits of melancholly, complicated with attacks of absentmindedness to such a degree that he appeared twice in the same day at the Silver Bow Club wearing the same twowsahs. The alarming report has reached the X-Ray that he carries a perfume squirtgun loaded to scatter and is thinking seriously of blowing out his bwains. The scandalous report reached Butte some time ago that Willie had been basely betrayed under a promise of marriage by a vivacious New York actress, although the report gains no credence with the live ones of Butte, yet it seems to be preying heavily upon Willie's mind. It is a shame. Willie comes of a family that could not dishonor itself, the women folks of the Parvenu family have ever been pure as vestal virgins, its men as brave and generous as Cæsar. If Willie has been "betrayed" or in any other way "unfortunate," the X-Ray will take all comers that he has been more sinned against than sinning.

"Oh, it's easy enough to be pleasant,
 When life flows along like a song;
 But the man worth while is the man who will smile
 When everything goes dead wrong.
 For the test of the heart is trouble
 And it always comes with the years,
 So the man that is worth the praise of the earth
 Is the man that smiles through his tears."

* * *

The dear old lady sat by the fireside in her comfortable home on the old homestead in Ohio. Three score years and ten were hers. The husband of her youth had long since joined the great majority. Five children had graced that union. Charles, the oldest, is a practicing physician in a small Pennsylvania town and doing well. Frank, the second son, is a traveling salesman out of Sandusky, Ohio. Sarah is the wife of a railroad engineer running out of Louisville, Kentucky. Martha, the fourth child, is unmarried and lives with and comforts her mother. All four are good children, united with the church at an early age and are living good Christian lives, filling their place in

the world. Then there is one more child, Harry, not of the ninety and nine in the fold, but the one outside.

“There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.
But one was out on the hills away
Far from the gates of gold.
Away on the mountains, cold and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd’s care.
Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?
But the Shepherd answered, ‘One of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And though the way be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.’”

Harry had left home in 1896 at the age of 15 and had boxcared his way all over the United States, Canada and Mexico, and was pretty well weaned from home. Some years he managed to write home three or four times—on postcards—other years they scarcely heard from him. He seemed to think a notification a couple of times a year merely informing them that he was “alive and well” was all that was necessary.

Mother never worried about Charles, Frank, Sarah and Martha—she always knew they were doing right. But Harry was always on her mind the entire thirteen years of his absence—the last six of which had been spent in Butte. The old lady laid down her knitting, gazed a moment into the dying embers and then turning to Martha said:

“Daughter, I wonder if Harry has enough covers on his bed these cold nights. I should like to know if his feet are warm.”

“Oh, well, now mother, I wouldn’t worry about such trifles. He lives at the Southern Hotel in Butte. The house is steam heated and if there isn’t enough covers he is able-bodied and can get up and provide himself with covers.”

There was a moments’ silence. Then the old lady took up her knitting and lifting her dear old voice burst out singing in clear resonant tones one of her favorite hymns:

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide my soul in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From Thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

Pretty soon the knitting tumbled into her lap and she was gazing into the embers again—thinking of Harry. “I wonder if Harry has any mittens this winter. Dear me, I must finish this pair and try and get them to him by X-mas. God bless and protect my boy. How I do love him. I wish he was on my lap right now, so I could hug and kiss him.”

“Well, now mother, don’t worry about Harry. He is a man 28 years of age. Don’t you know what neighbor Starbuck said on his return through the west—that he had seen Harry in Butte and that he wore a full beard.”

“That is so, that is so, my daughter, I forgot that. I look upon my boy just as he left my knee thirteen years ago, when he was 15 years old. He has never sent me a photo of himself since he went away. Perhaps he has not the money to spare to get any taken, poor child.”

There was another silence of a minute or so and the dear old soul broke out in song:

“Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee;
 E’en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me.
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer my God to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

“Though like the wanderer
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Again she gazed into the log fire in the old fireplace and then turning to Martha said:

"Daughter, I wonder if Harry needs any money. He complained that the cost of living is so high in Butte. I wonder if he is laying up anything."

Harry, like thousands of young men in Butte, was "laying up"—but not with any money.

Then the hymns she loved so well rushed to her lips and she started singing again:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last."

As for Harry in Butte, his hands at this time were not cold. He had been in the west long enough to be a stranger to "cold feet," in fact he was pretty well saturated with the Heinze-Butte spirit. All same wolf. Harry's idea of true friends was to have a flock of people around him working entirely for his interests at the sacrifice of their own until the proper moment arrives and then bingo! All same orange peelings under foot. Heavy on Standard Oil and north pole. Heavy on fly paper covered with dead flies. At the time when his dear old mother was wondering if he needed any money, Harry certainly did need the money all right, all right-o. He was leaning over a faro table coppering the king and playing the jack to win. He was realizing the need of switching his "system," coppering the jack on the heel and playing the king open, so that when the turn is made there would be no splits, no whipsaws—a kind deal.

And yet Harry was not a bad man at heart. He was simply thoughtless. He was extremely ambitious. Wealth, power and fame—feathers in the cap of fools, mere fly-specked idols worthy of no man's worship—constituted

his ideals. He had spent considerable time prospecting throughout the west. He ever held to the opinion that for a man to work for wages in a country pregnant with such boundless opportunities was chumpish. His whole life ambition was to make a "stake," make it quickly and then retire, and to the attainment of this purpose he was willing to take desperate chances and accept long odds. And yet Harry is to be pitied. He is simply a creature of his environments. Charles, Frank, Sarah and Martha have been carried along on the stream of life at the rate of about four miles an hour, while Harry's barque has been gingering down Niagara river at almost incalculable speed. The waves of the sea of life never rolled high enough to splash upon the children of the east, but Harry has been sailing on tempestuous seas where the waves lash mountain high and the strongest old liners are dashed against the rocks and smashed like egg shells. Back in the cent belt the four children never felt the "get-rich-quick" fever blazing in the blood, while Harry had spent his life in the gambling houses and mining camps of the west where fortunes are made and lost in a day. At this writing his prospects were bright. He had secured a lease upon a piece of good ground, the shaft was down several hundred feet. There was some crosscutting to do and then, oh then, he could commence stoping out the rich ore. He could see it all coming. The hardship and privation of years would soon be rewarded. He could see himself a rich man, all same Mohawk lease. Famous editors would come from South Aurora to interview him and go back to their dens to write him up to the tune of "Little Journeys to the Homes and Harems of the Butte Copper Kings"—in vellum very Roy-graftie. He had dreams of being able to support a mistress in a very short time, one of the Butte kind that consents to do a little stenography work on a very small salary simply for appearance's sake. Later, as the mine panned out, this state of affairs would increase to a well stocked harem with a fresh consignment of Totties arriving every Sunday for a week's stand, continuous performance afternoon and evening, and then passing on to make room for a fresh batch and a new bill of events on the next Sunday. The months run on. Mother keeps writing to him wanting him to come home, but the mine is in such shape that it would be impossible to leave just then. Mother's birthday arrives and Frank, Charles and Sarah all go to the old home to be

with mother and Martha. All of them write to Harry several weeks in advance, urging him to come home to the family reunion. But Harry must stay in Butte to pay off his miners, attend to a hundred and one things about the mine and watch with careful eye—allsame hawk—to keep from getting the short end on his smelter returns.

Six months later mother is stricken down with a sickness from which, at her age, she cannot rise. All the children in the east hurry home. Harry is telegraphed to come home at once, as the mother has only a week or two to live. Of course it takes three or four days to straighten things for leaving. His brother telegraphs again in three days—goes to the little Ohio telegraph station and grabbing a hold of the English language burns a streak across the continent to come on the first train. He starts. How slow the train pulls over the Rocky mountains. Why does the train stop at every confounded whistling post and water tank? Blankety blank Jim Hill. On arriving in Chicago a telegram is handed him that reads: "Mother cannot live over night. Hurry.—Frank."

Money now is no object. He rushes into the Baltimore and Ohio general offices and charts an engine and car. Fifteen minutes later a streak of fire is carrying him homeward, all same "Death Valley Scotty." He finally arrives—one hour too late. All his foolishness and wasted life of the past thirteen years chasing after gold and other phantoms in the west crowds in upon him.

Mother's favorite hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Rock of Ages" are sung at the funeral. All the children are prostrated with grief, but Harry the worst of all, because to his grief was added the stinging of a guilty conscience. The other children had been dutiful all during the years, were with mother at the end and they were prepared for her demise. But with Harry it is different. As the carriage containing the five children wends its way to the silent city of the dead, Harry is thinking of the hours, days, weeks, months, aye, the years wasted bellying up to bars, lounging in cribs and variety shows, playing poker and ponies, automobiling out to the assignation road houses, chasing like a mad man after the almighty dollar, only to drop his coin trying to make more, trying with the dice box or at a sluff table to beat some other long-eared burro out of a few snootfuls of hooch or a bevy of Pippins, and he craves the power to weave the English language

into thunderbolts of Jupiter to chase himself naked off the earth and into the profoundest depths of hell's blackest cavern. All same yellow cur. All he has, all the millions he expects to have when that mine on the Butte hill vomits forth its crimson flood he would gladly give to have arrived an hour before instead of an hour after his mother's death.

Harry's whole attention for years has been taken up keeping his eyes nailed upon all six rings of the circus at once, while his brothers and sisters, married and settled down before the rambling spirit got possession of them, had not even been inside the circus tent of real strenuous life. In fact Harry had more grit, more endurance, more spunk, more hustling qualities, more ambition, more capacity for hardship than all the family put together. He could swim across oceans of blood while the heavens were raining fire where the other children couldn't have been induced to come near the shore. In the vernal springtime, when greens are ripe and the rhubarb pie gets in its graft, in the good old summer time, when silence sits brooding upon the sea and the red bug files upon a desert claim in the picnic pants, in the autumnal season, when the buckeye commences to buck and the football player kicks himself out of his classes, in winter's frozen hours, when the prospector lies dormant in his back alley cabin and the price of grand opera tickets gives papa heart failure—in fact, any old time of the year, Harry could work hard all day and then roll out at any old hour of the night, don his clothes and pike way out beyond the end of the car line and without aid of search warrant, dark lantern or city directory, enter the jungles and locate Mr. Garcia among the yegg men and white line stiff, "boiling up" his crummy underclothes, preparing a mulligan stew and amid fumes of smoke and "dago red" describing the manner in which he blew in his last stake. Harry was a go-getter all right, all right-o. And thus in his rough and tumble, pillar to post rainbow chasing, considerable slag had gotten into Harry's super-aestheticism.

Aye, the man perfectly immaculate and thoroughly wide awake is as scarce as the jewel of consistency. There are two classes of people in the world: those who are pure, white, innocent, clean, immaculate—and asleep. Also those who have slammed up against thousands of different conditions until they are sharper than a serpent's tooth, yet a trifle decayed around the edges. Really, Harry is to be

pitied. He is back in Butte now. There is a Bible on his table in his room at the Southern Hotel and he is a very changed man since the death of his mother. Of course it won't last long—in Butte, the hell of the west—but it is genuine while it does last. His chief occupation nowadays during his leisure hours at the club or in the card rooms of the cigar stores is to buttonhole some friend off into the corner and ask him if he is writing regularly to mother back east, and if not for God's sake to turn over a new leaf. He scarcely ever manages to talk long on the subject without his voice going back on him and the tears trickling down his cheeks. His conversation generally runs like this:

“Don't forget your mother, my boy. Don't forget mother because you have lots of irons in the fire and many cares to take your attention. She is growing old—more tenderly and wistfully her eyes follow you and her old heart aches for a return of the caresses she has always lavished upon her boy. Her step is less elastic now; the roses are fading out of her cheeks—chilled by the freezing breezes of old age. The snowdrifts lie tenderly upon her temples. The record of her care for you, of her troubles and sorrows are written by the furrows of her face. Some day—it may be a great deal sooner than you think—you will return to the old home back east to walk about it with careful tread, into the old chamber you will steal to bid farewell to the sweet face so dear and yet so white. And while you bend over her to receive her last blessing, the mother will fall asleep. Then it may be with a remorseful heart you think of every little neglect that wounded mother, it will gnaw upon your soul like a hideous cancer and you will crave to plunge into the same grave with her or else long to live your whole life over again.”

The climax of Harry's grief is not reached, however, until he attends vaudeville. Then he breaks down and cries like a child while the scenes are thrown upon the canvass and the illustrated song singer at one end of the stage sings William Cahill's masterpiece, “She Was a Grand Old Lady:”

“I sometimes sigh for the days gone by
When I sat on my mother's knee;
Through all my life in this world of strife
There was none so dear to me.

Her sweet kind face in my dreams I trace
 And it causes me to sigh;
 I can see her there in her rocking chair
 As I did in the days gone by.
 With her head bent low to the church she'd go,
 Where the old village choir would sing;
 To hear her voice made my soul rejoice
 As she joined in the vesper hymn.
 I can't tell how, but I miss her now,
 In her old-fashioned gingham gown;
 But the Master knew that she loved Him, too,
 And a far better home she's found.

Chorus—

"She was a grand old lady,
 Hair tinged with silvery gray;
 There at the door she'd greet me
 Just at the close of day.
 Mother, she was my sweetheart,
 There at my beck and call;
 She was a grand old lady,
 And I loved her best of all."

Butte is full of Harrys.

* * *

Deadwood, Cripple Creek, Leadville, Butte and most western mining camps have all been outlaw towns not very many years ago—more people living in open adultery than in the marriage state until recent years. Booze is also a tremendous factor in these wide open western mining camps, more booze being consumed in Butte per capita per annum than any other city in the United States. The booze bill of Butte runs between two and three million per year. But Butte can boast of one total abstainer, Prof. M——. Prof. M—— became afflicted with stomach trouble and went to his physician for consultation.

"Beer is the best remedy on earth for that type of stomach trouble," said the doctor.

"But, doctor, I have never tasted intoxicating liquors in all my life, and now that I am up to my three score years and ten I hate to start in at this stage of the life game," said the professor.

"Got to do it, got to do it," said the doctor emphatically.

"All right, doctor, I will try it," said Prof. M——.

A few weeks later his nibs of the pills and Prof. M—— met again.

"How's the stomach?" asked doc.

"Bad, bad, bad," replied the professor.

"Did you take the beer as I directed?" asked doc.

"Yes, but it did me no good," was the reply.

"Perhaps you took too much," said the physician.

"That is just what I have been thinking," said the patient.

"How much did you take?" said Aescapulis.

"Well, sir, doctor, I went and bought a whole bottle of beer and I took a heaping tablespoonful before each meal for three consecutive days, but the stuff was so infernally nauseous I had to throw it away. I would rather die than to have to continue such punishment."

* * *

That story of the \$40 Panama hat is a corker. Have you heard it? A Duluth gentleman who had planted a large part of his surplus in western mining stocks was making a tour of the west to examine his investments and one morning found himself in Butte. Remembering that he had some letters of introduction to Butte parties he proceeded to get acquainted. His new-made friends proceeded to show him around on the "seeing Butte" car and after the trip they finally wound up in the card room at the rear of Julius Fried's smokehouse. There were probably a dozen of them chatting merrily. Things drifted along until the Duluth man seemed to appear shocked at the rough and ready manner the Butte gang were talking about Butte women, both married and single. He stood it as long as possible and finally his chivalry began to arise and hump itself. "Gentlemen, lookee here, if you were to talk that way about the women folks back in Duluth, where I came from, there would be a rough house just as sure as the world stands. Now see here, I'll just bet a new \$40 Panama hat that there is not one among this dozen of you Butte married men in this little crowd who can stand up and honestly and unblushingly say that you have been strictly faithful to your connubial vows. Now then, come on, first come, first served."

An awkward silence reigned. In pin-pool language the Duluth man had made a "ramps," for there was not a man standing. The same night one of the men in the

group on returning to his home on the West Side, slightly alcoholized, started in to relate the incident to his wife. She was all eyes and ears so deeply interested was she and as he finished she exclaimed in a pained voice:

"What an odd bet! But, my goodness me, surely, Frank dearie, YOU stood up?"

"Frank dearie" was a trifle nonplussed for the time being, realizing that he had not only fed raw meat to the lions, but made a large pie-bald "arse" out of himself. He soon regained his mental equilibrium, however, squaring himself by saying:

"Aw, now, Maymsie petty heart, wazzer mazzzer wi' you? I'm awri. You know, hic, I'd look like h—l in one of thosh, hic, merry widow Panama hats."

* * *

William Jennings Bryan lectured in Sutton's Broadway Theatre last Thursday night and the house was packed. In his opening remarks Mr. Bryan spoke of the ovation he had received in this city in August, 1897, it being one of the greatest he had ever received in this or any other country. He recalled the famous poem written after this occasion. This poem is entitled "When Bryan Came to Butte," and is from the pen of Montana's most gifted editorial writer, C. H. Eggleston of the Anaconda Standard. After twelve years the X-Ray is pleased to re-publish this masterpiece from Mr. Eggleston's pen:

I have read of Roman triumphs
 In the days when Rome played ball;
 When she met all other nations,
 Taking out of each a fall;
 When victorious Roman generals
 Marched their legions home in state
 With the plunder of the conquered—
 And the conquered paid the freight.
 Gorgeous were those vast processions,
 Rolling through the streets of Rome;
 Mad with joy went all the Romans
 Welcoming the veterans home;
 Gold there was for fifty Klondykes,
 Swiped from temples of the gods;
 Marble statues by the cartload,
 Gems enough to stone the dogs.
 Following chariot cars were captives,

Damsels by the hundred score ;
Ballet dancers from far harems,
Savage men and beasts galore.
Millions cheered and yelled and thundered ;
Shook the earth as by a storm ;
All Rome howled—and yet Rome's howling
After all was not so warm ;
For these monster Roman triumphs
At which not a stone was mute,
Couldn't hold a Roman candle—
When Bryan came to Butte.

I have read of the uprising
Of the men of la belle France,
When Napoleon came from Elba
Eager for another chance.
Marble hearts and frozen shoulders
Turned the generals to their chief,
But the people hailed their master
With a rapture past belief.
What though France lay stunned and bleeding,
She arose and got too gay ;
What if he had cost her fortunes,
Still the devil was to pay.
Though he'd killed a million soldiers
And came back to get some more,
The survivors stood there ready
To give up their inmost gore ;
And they wept and sung and shouted,
Whooped and roared in sheer delight,
On their knees they begged, implored him,
To pull off another fight.
Sure the champion was in training
And in training could not lose ;
Thus they danced around and acted
As if jagged with wildest booze ;
But the passion that they cherished
For this fiery French galoot
Was as zero to that witnessd
When Bryan came to Butte.

I have read of Queen Victoria
And her diamond jubilee,
London rose and did the handsome—

It was something up in G.
Long and glittering the procession—
Beat old Barnum's best to death;
When the queen is on exhibit
Even cyclones hold their breath.
Troops of white and black and yellow,
Regiments from east and west—
All the glory of Great Britain—
Pomp until you couldn't rest;
Russia also cut a figure
When she crowned her present czar.
In the line of fancy blowouts
Russian stock is up to par.
There were balls and fetes and fireworks,
Bands played on and cannon roared;
Monarchy was at the bat and
All the royal giblets scored,
Add the Moscow show to London's
Take the paralyzing pair—
Put the queen and czar together,
Yoke the lion and the bear—
Swell these pageantries of Europe,
Till you get a dream to suit—
But it's pretty small potatoes—
When Bryan came to Butte.

Bryan has himself had triumphs,
Some ovations off and on—
Just a little bit the biggest
That the sun e'er shone upon.
You remember the convention
In Chicago, do you not?
When the party went to Bryan
And the gold bugs went to pot.
You remember the excitement
When he rose and caught the crowd,
When for fully twenty minutes
Everybody screamed out loud.
Oh, the mighty roar of thousands,
As he smote the cross of gold,
As he gripped the British lion
In a giant's strangle hold!
Oh, the fury of the frenzy,
As he crushed the crown of thorns,

As he grasped the situation,
As he held it by the horns!
Some there were who leaped the benches,
Some who stood upon their head,
Some who tried to kick the ceiling,
More who tried to wake the dead,
'Twas a record-breaking rouser,
Down to fame it shoots the chute—
But it wasn't quite a fly speck—
When Bryan came to Butte.

Ah, when Bryan came to Butte!
Greatest mining camp on earth;
Where the people dig and delve,
And demand their money's worth.
Though the Wall street powers despise them
And abuse them like a dog,
Bryan is their friend and savior
And they love him as a god.
Did they meet him when he came here?
Did they make a little noise?
Were they really glad to see him?
Do you think it pleased the boys?
'Twas the screaming of the eagle
As he never screamed before,
'Twas the crashing of the thunder,
Mingling with Niagara's roar.
All the whistles were a-screeching,
With the bands they set the pace—
But the yelling of the people
Never let them get a place.
Dancing up and down and sideways,
Splitting lungs and throats and ears
All were yelling, and at yelling
Seemed wound up a thousand years.
Of the earth's great celebrations
'Twas the champion heavyweight,
'Tis the champion of champions
For all time I calculate.
For it knocked out all its rivals,
And still standing resolute,
Punched creation's solar plexus—
When Bryan came to Butte.

In 1896 Bryan received 92 per cent. of the votes cast for presidential candidates in Silver Bow county, Montana, it being the general belief that if Bryan and free silver carried the country, the silver mines of Walkerville, two miles north of Butte would re-open after 20 years of idleness.

* * *

The following incident occurred at the Thornton Hotel, Butte, Montana, one night last week:

A very large, corpulent lady, weighing at least 350 pounds, got off of the midnight train from Spokane and rode in a hack to the Thornton Hotel, where she inquired of the night clerk for her husband who had come to Butte a day or so in advance and was awaiting her arrival. She asked to be shown to her husband's room. The bellhop took the large lady up the elevator to the fourth floor and as seems to be the custom with bellboys went to the wrong room—a room occupied by a gruff old Scotchman.

"Who's there?" inquired a gruff voice from within.

"Here's a woman for you," replied the bellhop.

"What woman?"

"It's me, dearie, it's me," cried the lady over the open transom to her supposed husband within. The Scotchman aroused himself out of his stupor and in a half-awakened condition got up on a chair and peered over the transom.

"Aw, kid," he said, "take the old whale away. She don't look good to me. Don't you remember I told you to get a small one?"

Thus do summer roses fade and winter snowballs melt.

* * *

"Hello, Jack, what on earth is the matter, have you been sick?"

"Nope. Been in jail right here in Butte, Silver Bow county, Montana, the past month. Judge MacGowan vagged me."

"Well, on the square, old stockings, you are just about the thinnest mortal I ever saw; you'd have to stand about three times in the same place to make a shadow. That grub the sheriff dopes the prisoners with must be about the limit."

"You bet it is. It is about as nourishing as soup made from the photograph of the shadow of a breast-bone of a pigeon that has starved to death. The plate of coyote stew that they hand you twice a day only costs 5 cents a throw,

10 cents a day, 70 cents a week. Subtract this from \$3.50 a week that the county pays for boarding prisoners, leaves \$2.80 a week velvet for the sheriff. Two hundred and eighty dollars a week for boarding a hundred prisoners isn't so bad these dull times. But I am fat compared with some of the rest of them. You see long towards the last I got to be a 'trusty' and twice a day I toted the muligan up to the boys in the 'tank' and the 'witness department,' also to the women in the female ward and when down in the kitchen I was able to cop onto a piece of eatable grub once in a while. You think I am thin and poor. You ought to see one poor woman up there who has been in nearly six months. Last 'visiting day' some friend slipped her a few delicacies including several olives. She was so overcome with joy at sight of something that would actually sustain life that in her eagerness to wrap her diaphragm around it she swallowed one of those olives whole. And what do you think! That poor wretch was so thin and emaciated in flesh that when she gulped down one of those olives without mastication every female prisoner in the jail pointed the cold unmanicured finger of scorn at her and accused her of being in the family way."

Hello, up there. Nothing doing.

* * *

Butte's high society is somewhat stirred over reports in the eastern society papers to the effect that Mrs. Roosevelt refuses to allow Teddy to wear a nightgown. There should be nothing astonishing about this. It would be perfectly natural for the dear good woman to like her Teddy bear. "Alice, where are thou going?"

* * *

Boston, Mass., June 15.

Editor of X-Ray, Butte, Montana,

Relatives in Billings, Montana, have sent me several copies of your Butte X-Ray. It is the Salome dance of American journalism. It is awful and the people out there must have strong stomachs to tolerate such a rounder, moral degenerate and habitue of the slums as your writings convict you of being. Are there any decent, respectable people in Butte at all or are the inhabitants all Indians, unmarried savage miners and prostitutes? In your next issue tell us all about Montana politics and the wild and woolly west.

SAMANTHA TWOSHoes.

Well, Samantha, I never have been able to rent my

mouth for a taffy mill. I always paint Butte and Montana exactly as they are, not as they should be, not as I hope to some day see them. The stronger the odor of the underworld, booze, dissipation and general hellbentness, the more perfectly and correctly does the X-Ray portray America's sportiest, gayest city—Butte. I feel capable of putting out a work of a much higher literary order, but I cannot do so and do justice to exact conditions in Montana. It is a common expression among actors, traveling men and others who have traveled all over the civilized world that Butte, Montana, is the hardest city in the United States to visit without falling off of the water-wagon. Many strangers, upon leaving, after a two-weeks' visit, brand the place as "an underworld without a roof to it." Butte is certainly the limit, but a statement of this kind is totally uncalled for and libelous. Among the middle classes, there are thousands upon thousands of the best specimens of citizenship of both sexes to be found anywhere in the country—broad, liberal-minded, cultured and refined. But they are hopelessly in the minority. It is at the top and the bottom that Butte is irremediably rotten. Butte is certainly the warmest, sportiest, swiftest, most-up-to-date city of its size in the entire world, its inhabitants being largely unmarried people of both sexes between the ages of 18 and 40 that have emigrated here from all parts of Europe and America without family ties to hold them in check, making from \$3.50 to \$8.00 every day and blowing it to the birds and bottles, every night, ever out for a good time and general results 365 days and nights in the year. Owing to the mines working 24 hours a day, seven days a week there is neither night nor Sunday in Butte, the city being as lively at 1 a. m. as the average city at 1 p. m. There is more adultery, fornication, trial marriages, drinking, carousing, marital unfaithfulness, kept mistresses, slow horses in the pool rooms, fast women in the apartment houses, bad whiskey everywhere; more all round hotfooting it down the primrose path in Butte to the square inch 365 days in the year than any several cities of equal size in America.

"It is a wise father that knoweth his own son," and "there is many a man rocking another man's child who thinks he is rocking his own," in Butte. I did not make these conditions and am powerless to change them to any very great degree. I am simply throwing the X-Ray

upon barren, grassless, smoky Butte, her joys and her sorrows, her sins and her sufferings, her wasteful dissipation and woeful want, her wild loves and bitter hates. Would you find fault with the assayer who assays samples of ore and reports a low order of value? Would you cast reproach upon the physician that makes a chemical analysis of your blood and reports conditions displeasing to your ears? Is it any answer to the phillipics of Demosthenes to point out that he dropped his shield and fled before the foe instead of remaining at his post? Is it any answer to Tom Paine's fiery arraignment of the Christian cult to point out the fact that he was addicted to the flowing bowl? Is it any answer to my statements concerning the rottenness in Butte's high spots to point out that Davenport uses the vocabulary of the rounder and is no angel with peacock plumes for pinions? Truth will always be truth though told by the devil.

Lawson could not have written so vehemently about the Standard Oil crowd had he not, at one time,, been on the inside, as big a rascal as any of them. No man can write upon the seamy side of life unless he has seen a great deal of it, nor can he be a successful newspaper man in Butte unless he is a good "mixer." As to my own character, I am neither an angel nor a devil, but simply mortal and human, a product of the strenuous life amid nine years of very strenuous surroundings on a high plane of excitement. It may be argued that a man should gaze at the starry heavens rather than explore the swamps, turn his attention to the pure mountain brooks rather than to scavenger work. So said the people of every country that has rotted off of the globe. Brunesau preserved the public health of Paris by cleansing its cloacae. Why is not a person entitled to some credit who tries to cleanse the moral Germoniae of Montana?

To throw the X-Ray upon Montana politics in its entirety would be like putting out an Encyclopedia Britannica and is too big a job for one man. Besides, it would take a Brunesau with nerves of chilled steel, lungs of tempered brass and a copper-lined stomach to follow me and survive an exploration, while as a political Jean Val Jean I led the way and explored all the foul sewers of Montana's political life for the past ten or fifteen years.

Montana's politics, corporations and mining litigation between Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company,

was the real basis of Lawson's two years of "Frenzied Finance, or the Story of Amalgamated," and as everybody knows is practically an endless subject.

The paragraphs in the X-Ray are largely sidelights upon the world of men and women, real and burlesque in Montana's social and political life rather than an attempt to describe Montana's politics. The Clark-Daly feud started in 1888 and would doubtless, in all probability, be at white heat this instant save for Mr. Daly's death at the Netherlands Hotel in New York in November, 1900.

The Heinze-Amalgamated copper war burst out in 1899 and lasted till 1906. Thirty to forty millions of dollars is a conservative estimate of the money spent in Montana politics and the anarchy and vandalism underground since 1888, the Standard Oil alone squandering between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 in their efforts to ruin Heinze, while if the losses in the stock market could be known it would run into the hundreds of millions. The city of Butte with 90,000 people, about one-fourth the population of Montana, and beneath whose streets there is still a thousand millions of wealth, has been the battleground for these industrial titans in the pitch and toss of millions. During these stormy days Montana was simply indescribable, so to speak. It was a section of chaos hit with a stuffed club. It was Babel on a champagne spree. It was confusion worse confounded. Take pandemonium at the end of the fifteenth inning when the umpire calls the game for the world's championship on account of darkness and multiply it by a million, but it would not describe the excitement in some of the climaxes of Montana politics. Take the unsavory stew of McBeth's witches, seasoned with ipecac, perfumed with asafoedita and garlic simmering on a hot summer's day in a Chinese restaurant on the banks of the Chicago river and you have an ollapodrida as harmless and insipid as rainwater compared with the stench arising from the political puddle of Silver Bow county, Montana.

During these eighteen years the most unheard of things happened every day. Water and oil were constantly mixing, the dove and the vulture occupying the same nest, political bedfellows of yesterday securing divorces to-day and out "hopping" for new paramours to-morrow, everything kaleidoscopic, telescopic and topsy-turvy, proving the old saw about facts being stranger than fiction.

During my nine years' residence I have seen all the laws

of nature reversed and abnormalities of every description breeding and flourishing in Butte as prolifically as lice in a nigger school, clinching for Butte the title of headquarters for freaks and dime museum curiosities, the description of which knocks out the romances of Marco Polo and reduces Lemuel Gulliver to the level of an ordinary every-day liar. When Heinze was fighting the Amalgamated for seven years the sun would rise about half of the time in the south and set in the east. Men could be seen wearing chemise and women strutting around in overalls and gum boots. Mares would oftentimes lay eggs and hens give milk. Cats grew feathers and guinea fowls wore hair. Peaches were dug out of the earth and potatoes grew in the haymow. Men gave birth to babies and only women got arrested for rape. Fish flew around in trees and birds swam under water in rivers that ran up hill, while Christmas would oftentimes be born prematurely, arriving in the dog days of August—when Heinze was fighting the Amalgamated.

It is not surprising that with all these millions of money, trainloads of booze and thousands of the finest empresses of physical perfection, representatives of the social evil, playing their parts as lobbyists in the politics and legislatures of Montana the past 18 years that social conditions are different in Montana than any other state. Has any other city in the United States of 20,000 population ever been irrigated with \$30,000 worth of champagne in one night as was Helena that night W. A. Clark was elected to the United States senate?

The surprising thing in Montana's social life is not the fact that all its cities are more or less politically and socially corrupt, but that they are not infinitely worse than they are after such an 18 years' saturnalia of corruption. And yet Montana has tens of thousands of as honest men and virtuous women as can be found anywhere in the world.

There is no wild and woolly west except in "Diamond Dick" and "Frank Mariwell's Tip Top Weekly." But there is a west as different from the east as day and night. It is not the Mississippi valley nor Pacific coast country. I refer to the people and territory embraced in the Rocky Mountain country and the Sierra Nevada country—Montana, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. The love of liberty has ever been in-

digenous with a mountain-dwelling people and here you will find infinitely more liberty than in the effete east. The spirit of this real west may be a trifle rough and outspoken to the east, but it carries the breath of sincerity. There is little hypocrisy in the west. A man is a man for a' that. The west cares nothing for your ancestors, nor whether you wear overalls or broadcloth. It wants to know whether you are broadminded and on the square.

The woman who has "loved not wisely but too well," who for years has struggled to regain her lost heritage and would wipe out the past with her heart's own blood if she possessed the power, need not battle forever up the lonely stream of tears and against the current in this western country. In this the real west is God-like. "Are you broadminded and on the square." * * *

Something didding in Bozeman, Montana? Old records being smashed and lowered on the primrose path the same as in Anaconda? Well, I guess yes. That was a most remarkable occurrence in one of Bozeman's numerous social circles last week. It appears that a gentleman resides in Bozeman by the name of—well, let us give him the false name of Bill Jones so that we can get all the facts to the public—whose wife died last fall leaving several children on his hands. The nursery governess, an extremely pretty and chic proposition who had been pruning and spraying the young olive branches for several years, was retained in her position by Mr. Jones after Mrs. Jones had been filed away for future reference. Of course people began to talk. You know what that means in a little agricultural, prayer-meeting town like Bozeman, where a man dare not take a mess of frog legs home for dinner without pulling asunder one of the golden legs that upholds the throne of grace. The governess was one of those bewitching, bright-eyed little bundles of dimples and deviltry, sunshine and extravagance that would make Solomon rise right up out of his grave and shriek, "Go away, boys."

To make matters worse Jones belonged to the select congregation which worships in one of the swellest church edifices of the city. The tittle-tattle gossips reared up on their hind legs and churned the atmosphere furiously. They declared the presence of the governess in the Jones mansion was the same as puking on the grave of the late lamented. As for the ungodly sinner, Jones, he did not seem to have heard any of this nasty goose gabble which

was filling the circumnambient ether. Being a man of the world, well aware of the possession of a good thing and knowing the difference between a living picture and a faded chromo, he probably wouldn't have cared very much if he had heard of it. Well, in due course of time,, by the expenditure of a wholesale amount of pure gall and reckless effrontery, reinforced with sheer strength and awkwardness, Jones succeeded in beating the nasty talk to a frazzle until he wore it out. As is common in such cases, the neighbors swung the pendulum to the opposite extreme. "What more natural," said they, "than that Brother Jones should wish to keep installed in his household the governess whom his children have learned to love next to their own mother and who knows all about their care?"

So ashamed did these worthy church members become of themselves that a special meeting was called and they decided to publicly show their respect and high regard for the dear good man by presenting him with some suitable gift. This they thought was only fair to the much-maligned and long-suffering Jones after all of the horrible and outrageous accusations they had been firing at him. Whereupon it fell out that at a social entertainment held in the annex of the church which he is in the habit of attending along with the governess and the little Jonelets, Jones, much to his astonishment, was publicly presented with a beautiful gold watch with suitable inscription. Jones could not get it through his nut w'ata'll they were taking such an unusual interest in him for, because he was not what one would call a lallypaloozer or hell tooter in church work. The pastor made the presentation in a jocular speech, descanting on Brother Jones' splendid qualities, telling a few humorous stories, winding up with a touching reference to the virtues of the late-lamented Mrs. Jones.

Jones, in reply, protested that he was a most unworthy recipient of such a beautiful gift. He would wear it as long as he lived, passing it on to his eldest son and to his descendants until it became a cherished heirloom in the Jones family. "Heirlooms," continued Jones, blowing his nose like a fog-horn in distress far out at sea, "always reminds me of ghosts and perhaps I may be permitted to relate an odd circumstance which happened to me not over a week ago:

"‘I was sound asleep in the wee’ sma’ hours when I was roused by a knock at the door. I cried, ‘Who’s there?’ No answer. I rolled over in bed and was dozing off when I was roused again by another knock and again I cried, ‘Who’s there?’ No answer. This was getting too weird for me altogether, so I crept out of bed and went to the door so as to be right there to open the door when the third knock came. I stood there in my bare feet fully ten minutes, but the knock was not repeated. Finally I turned half way round, facing the bed, and said to Miss ——, I mean—oh—ah—aw—um—lemme see—damitoell, where was I, oh, yes, I remember now—the ghost—the watch—the ghost,—well,—yes—um—ah—well, I just went back to bed again and fell asleep. I—er—er—er thank you very much for the fine ghost—er—ah, I mean this very fine watch.’ ”

As brother Jones sat down, his comb was as red as a turkey gobbler’s and beads of perspiration as big as English walnuts stood out upon his brow. The pastor, who had spent 30 of the best years of his life endeavoring to save his pore fallow creatures from aslidin’ deoun the precipice to everl-lasting and etairnal pairdition, looked at Brother Jones over his gold-rimmed spectacles very thoughtfully for about a minute and arising announced with a countenance as long as a Muscatine watermelon that the magic lantern views of the hōly land would be postponed to some other occasion. Then they all filed out, some of the gentlemen looking back over their shoulders with grins on their faces, giving Jones the merry ha-ha.

The miserable Jones, realizing that he had made an insufferable tutti-frutti out of himself and yet wishing to kind of smooth things over, reached for his hat and said huskily to the pastor:

"Pardon my asking such a foolish question, but why did these good people give me this confounded watch?"

"Brother Jones, in the light of your recent speech, that is exactly what I would like to know also," said the pastor coldly.

God bless our home.

* * *

Butte produces annually between \$55,000,000 and \$60,000,000 of mineral wealth, \$1,000,000 a week or \$150,000 a day. It takes 60,000,000 feet of fuse—almost half

around the world—to do this.

* * *

Butte Teacher—"When the United Copper Company sold its holdings to the Amalgamated Copper Company, what properties were not included in the sale and are still held by the United Copper Company?"

"The Lexington mine," said one little girl.

"That is right, and are there any others, class?"

"The Gladys lode claim," burst out Johnny Fewclothes.

"Johnny, you may remain in after school."

* * *

The editor of the Butte Times may have given the following in a toast at the last meeting of the Montana Press Association for all the X-Ray knows:

"I am a great lover of the bicycle. By running a two-months' ad for an eastern house, I secured a beautiful grey flannel biking suit. It was just like getting candy from a baby, so I concluded to go picnicking. I borrowed a blanket and coffee-pot and bought a few provisions, strapped 'em to my back and hiked out toward the Nine Mile House. About noon I reached a beautiful clump of trees just on the tother side of the Nine Mile. There was a beautiful mountain stream nearby and I took off my flannel bicycle suit, washed it in the brook and hanging it on a stump to dry bunked down on my blanket in a state of nature and fell asleep. Before long the sound of female voices awakened me. I thought at first that the fairies, wood nymphs or hamadryads, smitten with my manly perfection had come to steal me, but soon realized that a party of picnickers from Butte were heading for the grove. "Aha," says I, "I'll just don my bike suit and join the rustic festivities. Mayhap I'll obtain a good dinner for nothing and get a few new subscribers for the Times."

I made a dash for my suit but it was shrunk so that I couldn't get into it. Instead of hiding among the leaves as Ulysses did when similarly situated, I snatched the blanket, wound it around me, grabbed my utensils, mounted my wheel and started down the road lickety-brindle. The rattling of the spoons in the coffee-pot attracted the attention of all the dogs of the picnic party and they started after me. About a dozen of the d—d miserable curs on each side of me took turns at snapping at my bare shins. The blanket flew off and while they were worrying with it I got around a turn in the road and strung 'em.

There I was beneath an August sun as naked as a hairless Mexican pup and ten or twelve miles from Butte, when around another bend in the road I saw another party of picnickers coming towards me headed for Butte. Good God! I couldn't go ahead and I couldn't go back among the dogs, so I slipped off my machine and crawled through an eight-wire hog-tight fence and took to the tall timber, a la Doukabour. The male members of the party gave chase, but I hid in a nice patch of blackberry bushes that had only a few million thorns and eluded them. By the aid of darkness and the blanket I got back to town.

* * *

To the day of their death, hundreds of would-be poultry culturists of Silver Bow county, Montana, never understand why the seven plagues of chickendom all fall upon them simultaneously. The stories that they read of the woman who paid off the mortgage, educated four children and toured Europe from the profits of a pair of pigeons and a setting of eggs give them no warning of their woes. To them come the squableness pigeon and the eggless hen. This simple life plus poultry is a delusion and a snare. Whether it be the smelter smoke, the high altitude of nearly 6,000 feet or the fumes of Montana's politics that proves fatal it is hard to say, but there is certainly some sort of a damnable hoodoo about raising chickens for the Butte market which gladly coughs up from 50 cents to \$1.00 all the year round for a dozen of eggs or a small fry. How many hundreds of people in and around Butte have tried chicken ranching and failed! It certainly looks fine and dandy on paper. All you have to do is to take a pencil and paper and do a little figuring. In a few minutes wealth looms in sight and you have millions in the bank and billions of chickens around you. Better still, there is the further prospect of not having much work to do. A fellow don't have to break his back pitching hay to a squab or get up at five in the morning and milk a broiler. It is a pretty home ranch with lots of books (on poultry) and magazines with booze on the sideboard and plenty of the "makins'"—and then prosperity and a trip back to County Kildare. But it don't pan out. The only poultry in Butte that is profitable are the hens of the underworld. They are constantly laying for the suckers.

* * *

Just got back from the Seattle fair. It's a frost. Expe-

rience usually teaches a fellow that the "chief industrial exhibit" of these fairs is the working of the suckers for their mazuma. The average patron endures the dire discomfort of an excursion train or overcrowded boat and the sloppy service of a high-priced hotel where only the blatant bay steer kicker gets even the crudest creature comforts, then pays an admission fee to see what the so-called exhibitors have to sell. Every umbrella point pokes him in the ribs and he is pushed around by perspiring crowds that try with cheap perfumes to disguise their crying need of baths, catches an occasional strain of music as it mounts above the sea of gabble to try to drown out the caterwauling of an army of hucksters, rubbernecks into the transplanted show windows of a number of ambitious robbers, goes home "clean" of his last nickel to nurse his trampled corns and assure everybody that it is fine and dandy. You go to these big fairs to round out your education; you leave them to lengthen your days. Blessed are the poor for they have to lead the simple life.

* * *

A tale of the wash:

The master of the house was hanging pictures, assisted by Bridget, the hired girl.

"Now, Bridget, are you going up this step-ladder or shall I?"

"Well, sir, I wouldn't mind it at all if it was earlier in the week."

* * *

According to a late census report of the government, Montana leads all other states in the average of wages paid, as follows: Montana, \$18.19 per week; Nevada, \$17.76; Arizona, \$16.15; Wyoming, \$15.75; Illinois, \$11.75; Ohio, \$10.63; Pennsylvania, \$10.51; New York, \$10.40; Massachusetts, \$9.68; North Carolina, \$4.96, and South Carolina, \$4.68. There, there, don't drop your tools on the bench and commence packing your trunk for Montana. We've got a half dozen here now for every job for exactly the reason that wages are good. The cost of living is proportionately large with the wage scale. Give us a half a million families of FARMERS. That's what Montana needs.

* * *

"Will you have anything on hand Sunday eve, and if not may I call?" lovingly whispered one of the Butte High

School boys to the dear creature on the front steps of her home at 1 a. m.

"You may call, dearie," she said coyly, "I shall have nothing on for next Sunday night and the folks, of course, will be gone to church."

Bow-wow!

* * *

About five years ago Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the New York World, gave Columbia University a donation of \$2,000,000 to found a school of journalism. For several years past the most distinguished educators and journalists of the country have tried to form a curriculum for the school, without success, either to the satisfaction of Pulitzer or themselves. They did not begin with the basic principle. It is not technique or professional training. It is current history—the observation, assimilation and interpretation of the humanities of the day—in being able to be true to life. Without this there is no journalism. Schools of journalism, pshaw! Journalism is no esoteric science. It is just as easy as leaning up against the bar and drinking other people's whiskey. It were as silly to establish schools of journalism as to found professorships for instruction in fighting flies. Any one can learn without a preceptor. Here is the receipt for making a Butte daily paper:

A scandal in high life, first page, double-leaded screamer head in red ink; two or three columns of rocking chair speculation on matters political, Washington date lines; special correspondence by Willis G. Abbott and Frederick Haskin; a few bogus garbled interviews with prominent politicians who have allowed themselves to be run to earth (copy prepared and handed in); a suicide in the underworld; column and a half of salve for Montana's representatives at Washington; a thrilling account of an impossible accident in the South Sea Islands; a ginger jar of "joaks"; a report that 1,250,000,000 Chinamen are drowned in an overflow of the Yank-ste-Kiang river; a full and circumstantial report of a sensational divorce suit not intended for reading after morning prayers; two-column account of a prize fight 3,000 miles away; description of the properties of the Waste Rock Mining Company, capitalized at \$5,000,000 shares 10 cents each, get in on the ground floor and get your feet wet; column of baseball lingo in which the doughty deeds of "Bowlegged Sam,"

"Shortstop Bill," "Skinny," "Shorty," "Fatty" and "Squatty" are painted in wonderful chiaro-oscuro; account of a prominent society belle skidooing with the nigger coachman, father in hot pursuit; special telegram from Forsyth, Montana, saying that Bill Smith was in town from Tongue river and reported the sheep doing well; heavy editorials on the Power of the Press; more editorial insanity and self-glorification that smells to heaven; more toothsome scandal; market reports to mislead the unwary ranchman; budget of foreign news—written in New York; local miscellany, batch of police court drunks; taffy smeared on with a trowel descriptive of Butte society belles, et cetera in ad finitem et continuam ad nauseam.

Schools of journalism? Anyone can learn without a preceptor. It is just as easy as lying.

* * *

Since Harry Thaw shot and killed Stanford White millions of columns have deluged the country anent the unwritten law. This unwritten-law business has the calcium light thrown on it, is occupying the center of the stage and is playing to crowded houses all over the country. It is simply this. If a man trips your daughter, puts your sister to the bad or pollutes the wife of your bosom you go after him red hot and with no let up until you get him good and dead. That is all. The jury will say that you did the proper caper in guarding the sanctity of your home, law or no law. This is the latest sociological fad that has come into existence and is becoming quite popular.

It must be admitted the written law fails to reach some of the very worst damrascals in the universe. It is easy enough to understand how no really stringent laws have been framed in our Montana legislature at least to meet such cases. Too many heifer-hunters of the Lower House might be eating skilly at the Deer Lodge penitentiary right now if there were.

Of course no man really has the right to take vengeance into his own hands against the destroyer of his home, but if he does, a direct appeal to the sympathy and chivalry of the jury will win out most generally. It is something that cannot be incorporated into written law.

The danger lies in its being overdone and abused. The possibilities unfolded by a too liberal interpretation of the unwritten law are not only numerous but actually appalling. For instance, let us suppose a Walkerville girl

scarcely out of the ward school is allowed by her parents to attend the Renshaw hall dances. She goes pretty nutty on the one thing. Five to seven nights a week find her there and at the Coliseum, lost to everything but the dreamy mazes of the waltz and two-step. Tom, Dick, Harry, Mike and Pat show their gallantry at the close of each evening's festivities by accompanying her to the California or a drive out to the Nine Mile. In the course of these proceedings she becomes infatuated with some gay knight of the garter and later becomes maddened, furious and emotionally insane over his altered affections in favor of some other flusie. Her lover dangles many feminine hearts from his belt, while petty heart broods and broods, determining in her mind that come what may the other girl shall not get him. She regards her fickle lover with murderous hatred one minute and crazy love the next. Had she the nerve she would settle his hash via what is commonly known as the hip-pocket court.

A happy thought—the unwritten law. She goes belly-aching to her big brother or fire-eating daddy and pours out a tale about being “betrayed.” The next thing the neighbors hear is that Billie the Kid, the popular alley-man-left artist, has been ventilated with holes for wronging old Mr. Grouchy's pretty daughter.

The daily papers give a picture of the place where the target practice took place, a little X marking the spot where Billie the Kid's light went out. All the old hens in the neighborhood who have growing daughters of their own rise up and say, “That lecherous little skunk got exactly what was coming to him,” taking it for granted that the girl's story was true.

Hypothetical cases by the dozen might be cited. How often, oh, how often, do you see here in Butte a married woman with a good home and an industrious husband and all home comforts fly off of the handle, falls in love with some trifling, good-for-nothing, pie-faced slob and ropes him into an intrigue. Few men need much roping, 'tis true, but some really do occasionally get all balled up in spite of themselves. Finally the husband gets off of shift from the mines or smelters a little earlier than usual—perhaps a “break-down” and he comes home without having worked at all. The woman hears him and her first thought is self-preservation. She screams for help, as if she were struggling for her honor. Hubby rushes in and whee-ho!

The unwritten law! The woman's supposed good name is saved, the poor pie-faced sucker get shis slats caved in and the people applaud the stern ferocity of the dampulicus husband.

Again a man with a pretty wife may chance to owe another man a large sum of money which he can never pay. A little mutual arrangement between husband and wife, based half on the unwritten law and the other half on badger game and bingo! the books are balanced.

The unwritten law is O. K. in certain cases and under certain conditions. But as sure as you are a foot high, if given too much encouragement by emotional jurymen, it constitutes one of society's gravest dangers. It makes the individual a judge, jury and executioner and lines up with mob law. Until the written law in regard to certain offenses is made more drastic, the unwritten law will flourish like the proverbial green bay tree.

I just referred to the badger game. Don't you know what the badger game is? The *modus operandi* of the badger game is usually as follows:

A middle-aged man with a young woman on his staff—a young woman of great physical charms is always necessary to glom the glue of the wealthy old guys—arrive in Butte. They take rooms at the Montana or the Dorothy or the Lennox or some other of our first-class fashionable apartment houses under the name of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. They rent the best suites in the flat and put on an aristocratic appearance.

The lady always appears well dressed and her conduct is quite proper to the -ah-casual observer. She is usually accompanied by this man, ostensibly her husband, when he is in Butte. He is supposed to be a traveling man for some eastern mining machinery company and of course is away from Butte a great deal of his time attending to his large and ever increasing trade on the road. Many and many a badger job do they pull off on the well-to-do sports of Butte, but none of them ever go to the city hall and raise a holler to the Chief of Police, Jack Quinn. The average man who gets snarled up in a mixup of this kind is too game to squeal or else he dreads the exposure that is sure to follow. He takes his medicine like a man, looks as wise as Minerva's owl and saws wood—gives out the idea that he is the man that built the Rocky Mountains and just one of the slickest guineas that ever hiked down

the concrete. Dozens of Butte's high rollers have gone up against the badger game, but they are not standing on the balcony of the Butte hotel or on top of the Hirbor building proclaiming it to the public with a megaphone. Nay, nay, Pearline!

Mrs. Smith makes it her business to get acquainted with all the wealthy men and good spenders in our city. She trapes up elevators and into offices, interrogating doctors, lawyers and professional people galore on the most trivial subjects. She always arrives at the Orpheum vaudeville theater after the performance has started, demands of the usher to be taken to her seat near the stage and then leaves before the program is over, giving all the Johnnies a chance to rubber. When she rents an automobile for an hour it is always when the thoroughfares are most crowded. The bullseye of the limelight for Mrs. Smith always!

To butt in at every possible opportunity and yet to do so with certain reserve of modesty is her game. She possesses that ability to make the average man forget there ever existed such a thing as the seventh commandment.

The rosy complexion, the swanlike neck, the cherry lips with a background glinting with genuine pearls, the well rounded bust rising in a sea of billowy lace like Aphrodite in old ocean's foam, the swish, swish, swish of the silken skirts—ohel, who is it that is completely fireproof against these blandishments? She permits you to catch a glimpse of an ankle turned for an angel and that settles it, you must leave your happy home and fly with birdie. That shape! Those eyes!! That carriage!!!

In all of these conversations in which Mrs. Smith is laying her net for the crop of goldfish, suckers and lobsters, the fact is incidentally and accidentally dropped of course that she has apartments at such and such a place, that Mr. Smith is out of town a great deal attending to business on the road, yes, and that dear little Mrs. Smith, poor child, is SO lonesome all by her little selfie, for she has lived in Butte such a short time and knows so few people. Time and again she has pleaded with Mr. Smith to be a good boy and obey her wishes and retire from the road so that he can be with angel-face in the flat each evening, but he has become so wedded to his work that he cannot break from it. Poor little girl is simply famishing amid Mary MacLane's "sand and barrenness" for

some one to talk to, some one for company, some one to help her while away the idle hours. She is a refined creature is Mrs. Smith, she cares not to appear with the "rowdy dowds" upstairs at the California or hang onto a strap of the crowded cars headed to Columbia Gardens and filled with strangers. If she just had one friend for company what a different hue life would present.

Now, right at this point is where many a pillar of our church and state, society and the local financial world jumps through his collar trying to swallow bait, hook, bobber, line, pole and all. Why, yes, he will temper the wind to the shorn lamb—slyly suggests the very thing that Mrs. Smith is fishing for. He would be only too glad to drop around that evening—what's the number please?—and er, er, play a game of pedro. He recites to her how lonesome he was when he first came to Butte—no place to go in the evening except the saloons and hotel corridors and pool rooms, he can sympathize with her exactly.

Mrs. Smith hesitates as if deciding in her own mind whether it is exactly proper to allow a perfect stranger to come to her apartments. But so eager is Jimmie Buttinski to jump over the fence into Traveling Man Smith's corral that he is willing to make a "sacrifice hit" for one night—kindly suggests that some other married couple in the block be invited in to the card game. He figures if he can spend just one evening in the company of this gazelle that his personal charms and heartsmashing manner will win her out and henceforth it will be an easy thing to sail his little catboat into the harbor of illicit desire and anchor. On the suggestion that a second couple be invited in Mrs. Smith's countenance brightens up, shining like a new tin pan at a political pow-wow. Jimmie Buttinski, wise gazabo of the world, mind reader and professional heart-wrecker, knows just where he is "at." "Why you ARE a perfect gentleman, after all,—I guess I can trust you," he sees printed on her countenance in a dozen places. Mrs. Smith reluctantly consents to have him call that eve and retires. "I'll play cards with you, my little fairy—I don't think," says Jimmie to himself.

That night Jimmie Buttinski dressed fit to kill sails in quest of a Golden Fleece and to win a "home." The "other couple who were to have been present" are conspicuous by their absence. Yes, Mrs. Smith had invited

half a dozen different couples in the block but they all had previous engagements and could not be present. "But then we two can play without them. You know how to play Casino or California Jack, don't you, Mr. Buttinski—two can play that," innocently and sweetly coos the damsel. The cards are gotten out. Jimmie commences to roll off his reel his choicest stories, each one a little richer—or rottener—than the preceding one. Each story makes Mrs. Smith blush drawing out the usual "Oh you horrid thing" or "You naughty, naughty boy," etc. Sandwiched in between these risqué stories Jimmie, the homeseeker, discusses everything from immortality of the soul down to the price of copper and the number of men employed in the Butte copper mines. It is needless to state that by this time the cards have been laid away. Seated in a cozy tete-a-tete in the corner of the room, Jimmie is speculating with Mrs. Smith as to what pidgy would do if little widgy were to die and whose caramel is oo? Two hearts that beat as one, two souls with but a single thought—how to get the upper hand of the other. An eavesdropper with an ear spiked to the keyhole might easily discern those exclamations so common in the vocabulary of feminine guff: "Sirrah, how dare you!" "Now stop!" "Please be good!" "Please be a gentleman!" "I'll tell my husband as soon as he comes home if you don't stop!" "Now do cut out the rough stuff!"

Finally the winds are stilled, the tempest is hushed and there comes a burst of divine moments beneath which the earth seems to tremble as a young maid's heart. It is the morning stars singing together! There is a perfumed air on Jimmie's cheek sweeter than ever swooned in the jasmine bowers of Araby the Blessed or rose gardens of Cashmere; there is a touch on his forehead softer than the white dove's fluttering bosom; there is a voice in his ear more musical than Israfeel's in fields of asphodel. Jimmie and Mrs. Smith are at peace with themselves and the world.

Fate's crowbar has now commenced to pry Jimmie loose from his wad. He is invited to call again the next evening. Does he do so? Does a duck take to water? Did a silver dollar look as big as a merry widow hat in Butte during the panic? You bet your sweet life Jimmie calls again—and again and again and again. Mrs. Smith

is of such a retiring nature she doesn't desire to appear in public with him, just a plain little home body—which, of course, suits Jimmie. "What a tenstrike I am," mutters Jimmie to himself. "Here I am up to the belly-band in clover. If she knew I was worth \$25,000 I might account for this. But she doesn't know I have coin enough to play a slot machine. I spent a dollar or so now and then sending a messenger boy out for a few bottles of beer and a Bohemian lunch, but that is all there is to it. Dear me, it is a shame to take the money."

Oh, ye suckers! Won't you ever learn that all through the ages past and future ages, the hardest game in all the wide world to beat is your "sure thing," your "soft snap?"

In the course of a week or ten days Jimmie begins to get a little leary about the whereabouts of one John Smith, least he drop in where "two's a couple but three is a crowd." Pretty Mrs. Smith assures him, however, that she had a wire from him at Goldfield, Nevada, that very day and that he won't be home for at least a week. About 4 a. m. the next morning, when Jimmie and pretty Mrs. Smith are in an attitudino compromiso, steps are heard tramping up the stairs, a night key commences to worm its way into the lock of the door, making a noise that goes through Jimmie's system like 'steen billion volts of electricity toying with a street car mule. Pretty Mabel in well feigned terror hysterically whispers to Jimmie, "My God! there comes my husband! Dear me, dear me, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

Jimmie's milk of human kindness suddenly dries up from a gallon an hour to a half a pint a month. His coward lips do from their color fly, his chicken heart melts in his mouth, his white liver turns green with craven fear, his blood curdles in his carcass, and in a voice hoarse with fear, husky with baby tears, he bawls for mercy. A weight like all hell and the entire Rocky mountain system strapped to the back of a mining camp jackass is on his heart. Jimmie sees the stiff of Jimmie Buttinski, pale of face and dressed in a suit of conventional black, lying toes up at the north end of Sherman & Reed's chapel. Jimmie has not been inside of a church for years, but his folks are strict church communicants and he sees a semi-circle of tallow candles placed around his head by loving friends, with perhaps a few coins placed in the pockets of his wooden overcoat to pay the fare of his worthless

carcass on Sharon's shadowy bark across the river Styx.

It is needless to say that old Smith rushes into his temporary vine and fig tree with all the ferocity of an enraged Taurus ripping the interior scenery of a china shop. When he first turns on the glim he steps back a pace and catches himself from an imaginary fall. "Why, what, I'm not in the wrong room? Why Mabel—my wife—you- this-man-when-what-my God, I'm a ruined man!" Then his supposed manhood arises and grabbing Buttinski by the throat he drags him out of bed and around the room until Jimmie's tongue hangs out so far you could jump on it and ride. Whipping out a gun he signifies his intentions of sending both Jimmie and the dirty drab to hades in the same hand basket. Then Mabel comes to life.

"For God's sake, John, don't kill me. Let me go. I will never darken your door again. In the name of our little baby we buried back there in Greenwood cemetery in Brooklyn don't kill me, I plead of you."

In his efforts to steer clear of the sands and sagebrush of Death Valley, Buttinski offers to right the matter with the jingling of the guinea, which the hurt of honor feels. Would a check for \$500 do? Smith has already looked up his man's rating and knows his game. At the point of a gun Buttinski is given to understand that it will take a check of \$5,000 to save him from being made into food for powder. Jimmie proceeds to fish out of an ink bottle all the profits of that last mining deal. Thunders John Smith:

"Now Mabel, go! Never let me set eyes on you again, and you, you lecherous ——— if you attempt to stop the payment of this check before the bank opens in the morning I'll pump so many holes in you that you won't hold baled hay."

Physically frazzled, mentally dazed and financially gored, there is just one object on earth that Buttinski resembles and that is a freshly castrated Missouri jackass that is too goldarned, immortal lazy to die, too stupid to bray, but simply stands out in the red hot sun, leans up against a rail fence and slobbers. Heavy on steam roller.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith are not shy on nerve, but they take no chances, realizing that it is better to be living cowards than dead heroes. Fifteen minutes after the bank opens in the morning and the check is cashed one of Sherman

'& Reed's hacks is carrying Mr. and Mrs. Smith to Silver Bow. They have divided the swag between them. Mrs. Smith is going to Seattle and Mr. Smith to Salt Lake. They meet by appointment in 'Frisco. Back in Butte Jimmy Buttinski is still licking his sores, blinking his eyes like a bobcat in a rainstorm and wondering how it all happened. No more does he joyously sing "I want to go to the pastime, have a fast time, like the last time."

"Does the badger game really exist in Montana or does the editor of the X-Ray need to switch his brand of hop?" the reader asks himself.

No, dear reader, of course it does not exist in Montana. Ask the sheep kings of Billings and Great Falls, the cattle kings of Miles City and the mining magnates of Butte if they ever had the badger game worked upon them. No, none of them have ever been through the mill—to take their word for it. Ah, many a man who has held the stock market in the hollow of his hand or erased empires from the map of the world; many a haughty United States senator and dignified congressman strutting down Pennsylvania avenue or Drexel boulevard like a fantail pigeon on dress parade has been "fruit"—luscious juicy fruit—for this little old badger game that has flourished since the world began. 'Twas ever thus, oh fair and false haired woman. Marc Antony threw away a world to bask in the smiles of Cleopatra's store teeth and millions of Jimmy Buttinskis of every age and clime have had their hearts tommyhawked and their pocketbooks speared by neat packages done up in fluffy-fluffy goods. Yes, yes, to borrow from the Sultan of Sulu, "the cold grey dawn of the morning after."

Woman, lovely woman,
You're a wonder,
Woman, lovely woman,
Yes, by thunder,

Oh the little way you spot us,
And the little way you trot us,
And the little way you snatch us,
And the little way you catch us,
And the little way you lead us,
And the little way you bleed us,
And the little way you rend us,
And the little way you end us,
Woman, lovely woman,

On the level,
Woman, lovely woman,
You're the devil.

Frequently a man gets all snarled up with another man's wife and the badger game develops with no opossum attitude assumed by any of the three parties concerned.

Not many years ago a certain prominent court house official of Silver Bow county got over into the pasture of another official. The injured husband finally got next. He did not lose his head and make work for the coroner but played Johnny Wise and proceeded to use his head for something beside a hatrack. Finding out what bank Lothario deposited the funds of his office in, he proceeded to load up with blank checks—but no blank cartridges.

That night he told wifey he was going to Anaconda for several days on business. He went by not going. In the middle of that night Lothario clad only in a night gown, was compelled at the point of a gun to sign a check for exactly the same amount that Jimmie Buttinski coughed up—\$5,000. The next day the injured husband cashed the check, took charge of his children and has never lived with his wife a day since. This is no fairy tale, but is known to hundreds of people in Butte. Again I repeat, your soft snap is a hard game to beat. The badger game, like the venereal disease evil and the iceberg floats almost wholly beneath the surface and is not discernible to the rank and file of our people.

I know of one instance here in Butte two years ago where the badger game failed to work. Mrs. Smith had been dress parading around town, leaking out the number of her box stall and incidentally had fired her charms into the face of a well known rounder and old timer, whose nerve had been too frequently tried in pioneer days to have a doubt raised as to what he would do in an emergency. He was glad of a chance to call on Mrs. Smith and lost no time pawing the ground in preliminary canters. The next night found him in the Smith flat—right up in the chamber a coucher. The door commenced to open, Mrs. Smith lifted up her little squeal per schedule, but old Bill Trailblazer forgot to get cold feet. He had been up against many a proposition on Queer street and had taken the precaution to slip a miniature Krupp cannon into the bosom of his pajamas for just such circumstances.

When the infuriated aristocratic "secretary" poked his

snout into the bedroom, Mr. Montana Pioneer drove his smoke buggy into the face of the would-be panhandler and invited him to back up—back, back to Baltimore. His ribs told me that even at that juncture he did not realize what he was up against, and not until Mrs. Smith begged him not to shoot but to pay her husband what he demanded did he realize that he was being “double banked” with that old, old chestnut—the badger game.

Then he jumped in and gave Badger Smith a fearful beating with his big hands. After completing his toilet he came up and reported the matter at the city hall. It was only necessary for the police to visit the Smith apartments to be certain that the couple had taken a hack for Silver Bow—not dividing any swag on the way, however. Yes, your soft snap is hard to beat, but it is beaten once in a while.

A prominent business man of Livingston, Montana, and a married man too, recently fell for the badger game to the extent of \$300. A cherry little fairy crossed his path and made him forget the promises he made at the altar the night the sweet singer in the choir sang “Oh Promise Me.” They journeyed to Butte, registered at one of our hotels under an assumed name as man and wife, and then hit for the hay. The next morning he and “wifey” were about to leave and he asked the clerk for his bill and was horrified to learn that it was \$300. He remonstrated with the clerk that he had registered the previous day.

“That is your wife is it not?” said the clerk.

“Yes sir, that is my wife,” promptly replied the unfaithful benedict.

“Well, your wife has been eating and sleeping under this roof for fifteen weeks and the total bill amounts to \$300,” said the clerk sternly. In about three seconds this “fall guy” began to wonder how he had scratched the little knob on the end of his neck all these years without getting the ends of his fingers full of splinters. But he soon quietly dug down into the hip pocket and fished out a long bill book, passing over three one hundred dollar bills to the clerk and departed, a sadder but wiser man. It is needless to say that the clerk and bright eyes afterwards split the pot between them. Experience is a dear teacher. We live and learn. The man that can resist a pretty face is greater than he that taketh a city. Yes, apples make cider and pears make soap.

"This X-Ray guy is a hot sport," the reader says to himself perhaps. "He has evidently been up and down the line from Pluto's realm to breakfast else where would he get all this dope. Perhaps it is his own experience. Wonder if he has ever escaped by an eyebrow from the vengeance of the unwritten law or had the badger game pulled off on him and forced to pungle, to shell out at the point of a gun."

The writer is not on the witness stand. It should matter little to the public from what sources I gleam my information—whether from experience or from heart to heart talks with city detectives and chiefs of police. It is printed for your benefit. Ten minutes time invested in the X-Ray's description of the manner in which the badger game is pulled off may be worth thousands of dollars to thousands of those who trail in the wake of the Pandemian Venus. This paper has sermons to preach which are preached from no pulpit. Its readers can learn lessons from its pages taught by no curriculum of school, save the school of experience. Is there not a crying need of one such paper in Montana? Well, I guess yes, Keep your paws off me, you stereotyped respectables of Butte and I will teach you something. I wish every man in the world could read this description of the badger game.

* * *

The X-Ray receives a great many letters from anxious inquirers in the east, neglecting to enclose stamp for reply, asking all about Montana. Some ask if Butte is an incorporated town. They seem to think that Butte is a trading post on the borders of civilization where Senator Clark, F. Augustus Heinze and the editor of the X-Ray have camped for the conversion of the Indians and coal-oilers. I will preface my dissertation upon Montana by stating that with the exception of a class known as "dry land farmers" I don't care a cuss whether Montana receives an extra outside inhabitant in the next fifty years. Experience has clearly proven and demonstrated by the example of the older eastern states that while development—for which all patriotic citizens, chambers of commerce, industrial associations and boards of trade are expected to howl, "boost, don't knock" with all the vehemence of a hired man calling hogs across a 640-acre ranch—is all right for the Clark bank and the Hennessy Mercantile Company, and J. J. Hill and the Helena Union Loan and

Trust Company, it puts no tomatoes in the teacup of the toiler, is almighty poor dope for the hewers of wood and drawers of water. When Sandy Lane was treeing bears where the Butte postoffice now stands and Senator Clark was making his regular trips from Deer Lodge to Butte with \$50,000 in gold dust in a chamois skin bag on the horn of his saddle, we had no \$155,000,000 corporations in Butte like the Amalgamated Copper Company and we had no scalpers and "stick-up" men gouging the workingmen for 60 per cent to 120 per cent for money. The cayuse was the common method of scorching over the scenery, buffalo bacon and cornbread with a snort from a jug was the diet. Nowadays His Pomposity pulls into this camp in a Pullman with a darkey porter to brush quarters out of his pockets, registering at the Thornton Hotel high and dry from the "vulgar wukking clawses" while the Down and Out Club come in on the rods "in under;" the former loads up on pate de foi gras and washes it down with a "chaser" of Pomery Sec served in cut glass, while a member of the latter class takes up his surcingle for supper, bums a five cent beer and starts down the line to win a home.

Merchants and professional men have increased but their incomes average less than under the old regime except in exceptional cases and as big cogs in some corporation wheel.

Land is rapidly rising in value but who in Helenblazes is going to benefit except the owners, enabling them to exact rent. As Montana develops the battle of the toiler will become more bitter. Cheap land always means high wages and a proud and spirited people, high priced land always means low wages and the decline of the people into industrial peonage except in crafts where unionism maintains the scale. To a workingman up a tree and out of a job, I would be inclined to the belief that much new emmigration and this new Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad that has just finished building through Montana to the coast will not confer a wholly unmixed blessing upon the state. Nevertheless if people insist on coming in, the X-Ray will not ask Gov. Norris to call out the state militia to repel the peaceful invasion. Montana suits me first rate, although half the population of Butte seem to have fake schemes on the brain, partisan politics on the stomach and a gold brick in each hand, ready to brain

their best friends for a Canadian quarter with a hole in it.

For a great many years a man was barred from the social holy-of-holies unless he could prove that his grandfather voted for Old Hickory and that the family had been taking its Democracy straight ever since, but since Senator Carter monkeyed with the tariff on wool it looks as if we were in the Republican column to stay. We are progressing slowly but surely and it is said there are several places in the state where a man can steer a hot tamale stand clear of the shoals of bankruptcy without being trampled to death by a wild stampede of over-officious walking delegates. These of course, are but fragrant oases in what seems to be a desert of universal thievery and dog-eat-dog, but the little leaven may in another generation or so loosen up the whole lump.

The tremendous emigration pouring into Montana can find almost any kind of climate and soil to their liking. The soil in some sections seems best adapted to a wholesale business in coyotes and sage brush. In other sections like the Gallatin and Bitter Root valleys where water is obtainable, the soil is so all-fired rich that a pair of old wornout "digging shoes" if plowed under and properly hilled will produce a Celtic candidate for the Butte police force. The land in the Gallatin valley has been found peculiarly adapted to the raising of barley, thus providing an abundance of raw material for the 300 saloons of Butte as well as occupation for a limited number of agriculturalists in between drinks. In fact some one has likened Butte to a vast irrigation ditch with many laterals, the headwaters being in that storage reservoir commonly known as the Centennial Brewing Company. These thrifty agriculturalists of the Gallatin valley have been known to receive as high as four-bits a bushel for their product delivered to the brewery door here in Butte. From this bushel are manufactured no less than twelve gallons of excellent beer, four small glasses of which may be obtained at any saloon in Butte for the exact amount he receives for his bushel of barley, not counting railroad fare both ways between the Gallatin valley and Butte. The rest of the twelve gallons which is what our skeptical friend Colonel Burton would call the "unearned increment" goes to buy the diamonds which seem to be so indispensable to the proper equipment of the modern mixologist.

They are making a tremendous success of dry land farm-

ing around Bozeman too, raising bumper crops upon mountain sides so steep that the farmers have to sow their wheat with a shotgun and harvest it with a cyclone.

No, Montana is not a terrestrial paradise, albeit that is not my fault. Senator Clark, Heinze and the X-Ray have all "raised hell" in Butte at different times in their efforts to establish here a new and greater Eden. Still, the home-seeker who has nothing but a team of spavined horses, a red wagon and a break lock for the icy side hills, coupled with a penchant for attending strictly to his own business might prowl around a good while before striking a place that offers him such opportunities to roost under his own vine and fig tree. If he is looking for a city location he will find Butte a progressive city of 90,000 situated where the silvery Silver Bow creek wends its way, a town where they won't steal the very bread out of your mouth unless your mouth happens to be open. The emigrant and tenderfoot who has money that is burning a hole in his pocket can find here an opportunity to plant it.

My sympathy always went out to the poor cuss in "Brewster's Millions" who was given a million dollars to blow in. In case he got away with it in a year he was to receive seven million. He experienced no little difficulty in getting rid of his million for everything he invested in that he thought would lose him his million doubled and trebled in value. He should have come to Butte and ran for the United States senate against W. A. Clark. He might have gotten rid of both the one million and the seven million. We may be far out on the border of civilization but we realize that the gentle traveler who comes to us in his guileless faith should be taken in.

* * *

Speaking of Montana politics some one has branded that hotbed of anarchy, Paterson, New Jersey, as the "mouth of hell." This is a mistake. The bottomless pit is situated midway between the eastern and western confines of Butte—the rottenest political hole in this universe. Harry Orchard could take \$50,000 and elect himself mayor of Butte but the Lord Jesus Christ could not (strictly on his own merit) have been elected to any office in the city during the past fifteen or twenty years, unless backed by Clark, Daly, Heinze or Amalgamated sympathizers. When a citizen becomes a municipal candidate his first care is a corruption fund. Men rigidly honest in all things else,

gentlemen by birth and breeding unblushingly purchase political preferment in Butte, arguing I suppose that when a desirable office is for sale, somebody will buy and they might as well make a bid. When a community is notoriously corrupt, great scrupulosity can scarce be expected upon the part of its politicians; and yet on the other hand the man who could corrupt the average voter who has resided in Butte the past fifteen years could add malodor to the aura of a skunk or spoil a rotten egg.

* * *

Ornoldi Crohock Seville Rampast Oschomodinkpotechickamockafina is the alliterative cognomen of a Russian who has made some wonderful discoveries of late. This may not be quite the exact way it was spelled in the magazine article but it is close enough. According to this industrious traveler there is in Thibet a tribe called Ladakhs, entirely bossed by the fair sex and leading an idealistic Arcadian existence. The dearies make the laws, appoint the priests, buy carriages, cut flowers, opera tickets and wine suppers, marry as many husbands as they please, but have not as yet acquired the Butte habit of smoking cigarettes, playing the races, dallying with the waves and the dudes at the seashore in "the good old summer time" and going to Paris each winter to get their complexions enameled. According to this Russian author, the women are pretty, good natured and bewildering dressers, while the men are miserable slob-sided, shuffling, hump-backed boobies so devoid of reason that it is necessary to give 'em the highball to get 'em in out of the rain. What if we should have such a state of affairs in this country?

Think of Lawson, Heinze and the editor of the X-Ray smoking Turkish cigarettes while lolling in a he-harem or dividing the household duties while Emma Goldman or whoever we had promised to love, honor and obey should come home well corned at 4 A. M. and fairly kicked the front door in, in her efforts to get some of us to come down stairs and help her find the key hole in the door. Verily "If you can't be a bell-cow, fall in behind."

* * *

The Butte Evening News refers to Senator Carter as "the little sunshine of the senate." Well now wouldn't that rasp a clean shaved old man. It does more than that. It simply jars all the putty off of the window panes.

* * *

Please, Mr. Peter, let me out,
 I can't abide this deadly place,
 For up and down and around about,
 I find not one familiar face.

I hate your staring great white throne,
 Upon this harp I cannot play,
 I'll never wear this golden crown,
 This robe of white I fling away.

These pearly gates with gems ablaze,
 These saintly throngs—this endless day—
 This constant strains of fulsome praise,
 I hate them all—let me away.

I want my old time friends of earth,
 To wine and cards and laughter given,
 Those jolly, boozy songs of mirth,
 Beat all the hymns I've heard in heaven.

PLEASE, Mr. Peter let me go,
 And live the life I love so well,
 If I can't have the friends I know
 I'd ten times rather be in hell.

* * *

If Harry ever gets out of the asylum and he and Evelyn should go to keeping house again, it is hardly likely that any Jimmie Buttinski will endeavor to work up a case with the little lady. Even a Butte rounder would think twice before jeopardizing his life over her. Lead poisoning is a disease that too often proves fatal.

* * *

The attention of District Attorney Jerome of New York is called to the fact that each spring Montana's virgin mountains are covered with white until the thaw comes along. "It snows" cries the school boy. "Hooray!"

* * *

A gilded mirror, a polished bar,
 Myriads of glasses, straws in a jar,
 A kind faced young man all dressed in white,
 That's my recollection of last night.

The streets were narrow and far too long,

Gutters sloppy, policeman strong,
The slamming of doors in a sea going back,
That's my recollection of getting back.

The steps were slippery and hard to climb,
I rested often; I had plenty of time,
An awkward keyhole, a misplaced chair,
Informed the folks that I was there.

A heated interior, a revolting bed,
A seasick man with an awful head,
Whiskey, gin, beer and booze galore,
I introduced into a cuspidor.

Then in the morning came bags of ice,
So necessary to this life of vice,
And when I had soothed my aching brain,
Did I swear off? No, I got soused again.

* * *

They do it different in India than in Butte. A Hindoo father recently received the following letter asking for the hand of his daughter:

Dear Sir—

It is with a flattering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time past a secret passion has been firing my bosom internally with love for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction that is being constructed in my within side but the humid lamp of affection still nourishes my love sickened heart. Hoping that you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom and therefore acquire into your family circle.

YOUR DUTIFUL SON-IN-LAW.

In Butte the young man says to the old gent, "Im' stuck on the kid, can I have her?"

Nine times out of ten the old gent will say:

"Take her, my boy, take her. I want to get her married off before she gets too badly tangled up in Butte's high society or gets to associating with the hetereogenous herd of speckled spinsters, hip peddlers, freckled bachelors, middle-age propositions, old hens, no chickens, rough necks, and tough nuts that nightly assemble around the beer

tables in the gallery of the California Rathskellar, Beer and Concert Hall."

* * *

The editor of the X-Ray is looked upon by many people as a pretty tough proposition, but were he to die tomorrow he could go before St. Peter with the consciousness that he had lived in Montana nearly ten years without touching the nadir of human degradation. He has managed by the exercise of great will power, to keep out of the Montana legislature.

* * *

Baseball is a very, very old game.

The Devil was the first coacher, having coached Eve to take first and Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with the pitcher. Samuel struck out many times when he beat the Philistines. Colonel Lot nailed some high balls in the cave. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The Prodigal made a home run. Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea. The game was called on account of wet ground and Noah was given all the rain checks. Next.

* * *

No, Jimmie, you must not feel hurt at Maggie telling you she had other fish to fry. She probably meant she had other lobsters to broil.

* * *

The Butte taxpayer in the Third ward who put up a smallpox sign on his home because he got an inkling in advance from neighbors on the opposite end of the block that the assessor would call that day, displays a degree of ingenuity that almost takes the breath away.

* * *

"All ye who by night paint the town, take warning,
A taste for red begets dark brown, next morning."

* * *

To the Hoisting Engineers of the Western Federation of Miners, throughout the entire west—
Gentlemen—

When on shift keep your eye on the indicator, when off of shift keep your eye on the X-Ray. DAVENPORT.

* * *

Say, Tige, Buster just saw a blind man down on the

street corner singing that old coon song "All you coons look alike to me." Well what do you know about that?

* * *

The Havre Plaindealer says that "Taft towers above all other statesmen in the Republican party like a colossus." Lewis must have caught a glimpse of the president when lying flat on his back.

* * *

One of the pretty hoocha-ma-cooch dancers doing a stunt in a side show at the recent Butte Street Carnival went into the office of one of our doctors and said:

"Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me, but I don't want the vaccination mark to show."

"Well, my pretty girl," said the M. D., "where can I put a vaccination mark upon you so that it will not show?"

The girl was completely stumped.

"Doctor, I beg your pardon for coming in here for I had never thought of that," and blushing the modest, timid creature walked slowly out of the office.

* * *

All Butte is talking about "P——'s patent fire escape," yet nobody seems to know what it means. On sidewalks and on the billboards of vacant lots chalked in big box-car letters can be seen the words "P——'s patent fire escape." It's getting as wearisome to the eye as "Uneeda Biscuit" and "Gimme a Gibson." The editor of the X-Ray has investigated the matter and begs to hand in the following report:

Everybody knows big Mike P——, the policeman. Well, Mike is the inventor of "P——'s patent fire escape." Officer P——'s beat runs from the W. A. Clark bank corner east to the Florence Hotel, the big boarding house of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and the home of about 400 miners. There are probably a score of girl waiters at the Florence Hotel. Two of them whom we will call Bridget and Annie in this story, roomed up in room 311 on the fourth floor. Officer P—— showed the two girls considerable attention and many an evening after getting off of his beat would stray up to room 311 and exchange ideas with the girls. Bridget was a good, honest, industrious, hard-working, truthful, virtuous girl and was always accommodating enough to sleep on the floor while Officer Mike was busily engaged all night long in explain-

ing to Annie all the many difficulties Bill Taft has been encountering down on the Panama Canal. Oh, you kiddo!

The boys of the force finally got wise to Mike's missionary labors and one night gumshoed up to the door of room 311, put some screw-eyes on the outside and tied the door so tight that he could not get out. Mike had to tear up the sheets into strips, tie the ends together and let himself down out of the window to the ground 75 feet below. The rest of the force were so elated over Mike's new invention that they got busy a few nights ago, chalked up the entire camp. Hence the expression in every one's mouth in Butte today, "P——'s patent fire escape."

There is always something doing
In the lives of public men,
There are incidents and accidents
That crop out now and then.

* * *

An amusing incident occurred last week at the 30-days' racing meet we are having here in Butte. Our old friend, "Nigger Liz," on looking over her program saw that a stallion named Peter Jackson was entered in the race. She promptly sent a gem-man friend around to the book-makers' stand with a five-spot to say that Peter would win. When the horses came out in front of the grandstand the old lady's practiced eye noticed that all the starters were mares and fillies except Peter, who was there in his entirety as it were, snorting, whinnying and rearing up on his hind legs in uncontrollable fashion.

Rushing down from the grandstand and into the book-makers' stands she started to create a scene. Waving her ticket in the bookies' face she shouted:

"Lookee heah, you, you con ahtist, Ah wants ma money back and Ah want it back right now. Peter Jackson got no show in dis yer race."

"Sure he has, Liz," said the bookie. "Don't you see that he is 4 to 5?"

"Don't talk back to me, you—you hamfatter. Peter Jackson got no show Ah tells you, a runnin' wid all dem mares and fillies."

"And why not, Liz?"

"Cos he won't be able to keep his mind on de race."

* * *

Did it ever occur to you—you gentle reader, who have

lived in Butte, Anaconda, Helena, Great Falls, Missoula or Billings for the last eight, ten or fifteen years, what a lot of your old friends with whom you use to joke and carouse are lying toes up in the cemetery? We made up a list of them the other day and have been in the indigo ever since. The most noticeable thing is the quickness with which one is planted and forgotten here in the west. Pat went over with miner's consumption, Jerry got killed in the mines, Jones died in Hot Springs, Smith cut into the grape too strongly, Brown went to the mat with the gripe and failed to take the count. If the editor of the X-Ray were to die to-morrow the only remark passed would be, "Wonder when they are going to plant the ——— ——— ——— ———? I wonder where I can rustle a rig?"

There is a sweet singer in the vaudeville at the Family Theatre this week that makes a man realize the years are passing by very swiftly. She sings:

Do you remember the school in the lane,
 With the boys and the girls at play?
 Their glad shouts of laughter with each merry game
 We joined in them day after day.
 The teacher I see there as if in a dream
 And my schoolmates all pass in review.
 My thoughts often turn to those bright happy days
 When I walked home from school with you.

When I walked home from school with you, Nellie,
 It seems but a few years ago.
 We stood on the bridge o'er the brook, Nellie,
 You whispered those sweet words low.
 'Twas a promise in all of these long years to come,
 That you would be constant and true.
 Is your heart still the same as in those happy days,
 When I walked home from school with you?

As I sit by the window you're still by my side,
 As loving and as true as of old,
 Your face is no longer as fresh and as fair,
 As when our love story was told.
 Though years have not changed you, to me you're the same
 As when you said "yes," sweet and low,
 The boys and the girls passing by brings to mind
 Sweetest memories of long years ago.

* * *

It was 1 a. m., the time when the round heads commence piling the chairs on the tables at the California Rathskellar, the last car departs for the suburbs a hundred yards ahead of the clubman and the tum-tum-tum-tum of the rickety old pianos in the concert halls, hurdy-gurdies houses, bagnios and "buckets of blood" greets the ears with monotonous cadence. Arthur had been working day shift in one of the Butte mines for the previous two weeks every day, and two-stepping away every night at Renshaw Hall and the Coliseum. He was now trying to work his first shift on the night shift without having any sleep the previous day and was too near "all in" to lift the hind foot first. Throwing himself down on a seven-foot-ten by ten with the intention of "taking five" he was soon in the realm of dreamland and gentle voices.

"Girls, girls, you are wanted in the front parlor," said strong feminine voice No. 1.

"Tell John D. Rockefeller I'll be in, in just a minute," said gentle voice No. 2.

"That didn't sound like John D.'s voice," said gentle voice No. 3.

"I'll just bet that is Andy and he has dropped in for the express purpose of taking me upstairs and presenting me with another library. Dear good, old Andy. If they were only all as generous and easy as he is."

Just then a kick in the slats from the shift boss with the order to "get the 'll out of here" and "go up on top and get your time," awakened Arthur from the realm of Bohemia and he was soon on top of ground walking down the "hill" talking to himself.

* * *

Whether sister, friend, sweetheart, wife or mother, a woman is the noblest work of God. If she be high-minded and pure-hearted she appears as a star. When from any cause she falls—and there is scarcely another city in the United States of the same size with so many fallen women in it as Butte, Montana,—the descent is so swift, the distance so great, that restoration is well nigh impossible. Every man deserves to look upon his sister as the queen of all virtues, upon his sweetheart as a paragon of purity, upon his wife as a spotless priestess of love and upon his mother as an angel. They are what he lives for and for them he would brave all dangers and gladly die. They are

the pride of his life; their smiles illuminate his rugged thorn-strewn path from the cradle to the grave. Their kiss is the balm of Gilead to his bruised and bleeding heart when others forsake, disappointments are sore and all the world is dark. Cheered by a sister's affection, sustained by a wife's devotion and upheld by a mother's deathless love, it is strange that men fall by the wayside, victims of vice and lust. But they do—the very best of them—some sooner, others later.

Knowing and loving his own so well, it is almost incredible that he will lure to the hell of shame and ruin the sister, daughter, wife or mother of other men. The fall of womanhood is an awful commentary upon the depravity of men—and where will you find more depravity than in the greatest mining camp on earth? Did all men but keep the golden rule, there would not be so many wrecked homes, broken hearts and blasted lives. Isn't it the truth! Think it over, you cradle robbers.

* * *

Mamma—"How do you feel this morning, Willie, are you able to sit up?"

Willie—"I just feel awful bad, mama, don't believe I could stand on my feet."

Mamma—"Well, I guess you won't be able to go to school Monday. This is Saturday and I——"

Willie (jumping out of bed)—"Saturday! Gee!! I thought it was Friday."

* * *

The moral wave that is sweeping over the country has evidently missed Billings, judging from the following advertisement in the Billings Times:

"German lady wishes two gentlemen to share a large, comfortable bedroom, terms reasonable. Address M., care of Billings Times."

* * *

There has come to our notice a new scheme to work the bartenders of Butte for free booze. The *modus operandi* is to work up a snappy little rumor about some well-known man or woman of this camp, enter a bar, pass a preliminary joke or two, then lean over to the gentlemanly bartender and whisper in a confidential tone: "Say, did you hear about So-and-So? Well, I can't vouch for it—I just heard it—now don't go and say that I told you for there may be

nothing in it—but I got it on good authority—(Here follows the d—d lie) gimme a little rye.”

The above gag is worked every day in Butte. The purveyor of rumors of course is a bum, out for all the booze he can get for nothing, while on the other hand the rumor helps out the bar trade for that afternoon, being utilized to hold little groups at the bar.

* * *

Here is a novel way to collect debts. One of the leading doctors of Butte was hastily summoned to a mansion on the West Side to attend one of the serving maids that was reported sick. The lady of the house escorted him to the servant's room. Sitting down by the bedside the man of medicine gently inquired of the girl what ailed her. The response was a groan. On making an examination he grew quite puzzled and suggested to the mistress that she leave the room so that he could ask the patient some questions.

“Now, my good girl, what is the matter with you?”

“Oh, there is nothing the matter with me. I am just as well as you are, on the square, Doc—honest Indian. I'm just shamming that I'm sick. You see it is just this way. These people owe me for over two months' wages and when they hired me they agreed to pay me every week. I just got so al-fired sore that I took to my bed and here I propose to stay until I get every dollar of my money. They will soon come to their milk, believe me. No 'beet tops,' 'stage money' or 'clearing house certificates' go with me.”

The doctor gravely pondered for a while and then suddenly got up from his chair and said:

“Now, I come to think of it, I've been doctoring this family for over a year and I have not been able to get a cent, either. The idea of bunking in the bed of a party who owes you to collect a debt is a warm one. It beats splitting up with the lawyers all hollow.”

“You bet it does,” replied the girl.

“Now, I tell you what let's do,” continued the doctor, looking around to see whether there was another bed in the room or not, “let's just camp here until we both get paid.”

* * *

If the girl had not been sewing in one of the Butte dressmaking parlors she would not have been carrying in the bosom of her dress the needle which pierced the manly

breast of her lover, causing blood poison with fatal results. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear! Will girls never learn that they take terrible chances every time they work—in Butte. Now, if this fair lassie had been earning percentage on drinks at the Gem in Missoula or the Stockholm in Great Falls, had she been rustling an honest dollar up at the California or cavorting around the A. B. C. leading a godly, righteous and partially sober life, this dreadfully unfortunate accident would never have happened. I want to go to the ball game with the fall dame, etc., etc.

* * *

A correspondent from Miles City, Montana, wants to know what the X-Ray thinks of these big preachers in the east who go browsing around the dives of the big cities for material for sensational sermons. We can't see that it is any worse for a preacher than a layman to tour the underworld. There are times in the lives of the best of us when we long to get away from home and plunge into a dizzy round of dissipation. Some of us manage by a heroic effort to sidetrack this evil impulse and thereby add another feather to our white wings; but most Montanans, on some pretext or another, make a sneak to a distant city like Butte and hobnob more or less openly with the world, the flesh and the devil until nature files a protest or their pocketbooks become afflicted with "sweeny." When a layman gets caught he has no alternative but to 'fess up and be forgiven; but a preacher can plead that he went the rounds from a sense of duty—that it were impossible to successfully fight the old boy in red unless familiar with the alignment of his forces.

* * *

A man registered at the Finlen Hotel the other night and was assigned a room. The clerk said to him:

"When you go to bed to-night would you kindly make as little noise as possible. In the room immediately below yours is an awfully nervous, fidgety man. His nerves are all unstrung and the slightest noise upsets him terribly."

"All right, I will be quiet as a mouse," said the man.

About 2 a. m. he rolled into his room and of course forgot all about the clerk's instructions, and in pulling off his boot let it fall on the floor with a terrible thud. Then he suddenly remembered about the nervous man below. Taking off the other boot with great care he laid it gently on the floor, stripped off his clothes, turned out the light and

tip-toed into bed. In about half an hour a knock came at the door. It was the porter, grim watch-dog of the night and the seventh commandment.

"Who's there? What do you want?" said the sleeper.

"Say," said the porter, "that nervous man down below wants to know when you are going to take off that other boot."

* * *

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Jew, all residents of Butte, happened to be in Rome at once and went together to interview the Pope. The Englishman told His Holiness of all he had done for the church in Montana and the good of the cause generally, whereupon the Pope gave him his hand to kiss. The Irishman then stepped forward and gave the holy father an awful song and dance about his piety and so forth, in recognition of which the Pope gave him his foot to kiss. The Englishman and the Irishman hesitated a moment and then turned around to see if that confounded Jew was coming forward, and bless your heart the Jew had jumped the game and was gone.

* * *

Little sister back in the old home at Roanoke, Virginia, is writing a letter to big brother Harry in Montana:

"And Harry, you say in your last letter that you have been punching cows all summer near Miles City, Montana, but that you are now skinning a mule in the Rarus mine in Butte. Oh, you naughty, cruel boy. How you have changed since going west. What do you want to hurt the poor dumb brutes for? When you were younger and here at home you never used to abuse old bossy and long-eared Dick, etc."

* * *

In the spring of 1908 the prohibition wave that swept over the United States hit Montana and petitions of 5,000 names in Butte and 2,000 in Helena were presented to the city councils of these two cities asking to close the saloons at midnight. These two cities had always possessed the seven-day-a-week-24-hour-a-day-saloon, since they were founded a generation ago. Helena succumbed to the assassins of personal liberty, but Butte, the greatest mining camp on earth, still possesses her 24-hour saloon. The following open letter to the 5,000 petitioners to the city council of Butte appeared in the Butte X-Ray at that time:

Ladies, Gentlemen and Children: Five thousand of you,

not all taxpayers or voters by a long shot, but a large portion composed of women and children in the department stores, scared of losing your jobs, have signed a petition to the city council of Butte to have the saloons closed at midnight. The X-Ray is bitterly opposed to this movement, first, last and all the time. Not because I am a friend of the breweries, not because I am a friend of the saloons, the gamblers or the underworld, not because I am the enemy of law and order and progress, but because I am the friend of personal liberty.

If it is right to sell liquor 16 hours a day it is right to sell it 24 hours a day. If it is wrong to sell liquor 24 hours a day it is wrong to sell it one hour a day.

The present movement in Butte and Helena is an outcropping of the prohibition theory. This theory is a strangely seductive one. Its symptoms are constipation of the cerebrum, enlargement of the gall bag, abnormal secretion of the bile and an insane desire to insert the snout into other people's business. I am a temperance man from toenail to top-knot, but not a prohibitionist. Stripped of all sentiment and nonsense, the theory of prohibition is simply this:

"Some men drink to excess, therefore nobody should be allowed to drink at all."

Locally applied to the present situation it is this:

"Butte must revise its inherent tastes and time-honored customs because some drink to excess after midnight, commit a few robberies and an occasional murder, therefore nobody should drink at all."

Talk around it as you will, that is the alpha and omega that you ladies and gentlemen of Butte's Five Thousand are trying to have saddled on this community.

Old Smith of Dublin Gulch gets drunk every night after 12 m., and thumps his wife; old Brown of Walkerville spends his gains at the California each night, never getting home until the owl car arrives, and his kids must live the best they can; young Jones of Meaderville is cultivating the jag habit when he gets off of night shift and his mother is worried. The wife of Smith, the children of Brown and the mother of Jones are now up before Butte's city council praying for the passage of a law that will compel their loved ones to keep sober eight hours of the 24—to abridge the privileges of every respectable citizen of Butte for their sake. Why, bless your hearts, dear friends,

to win liberty we have had a million better men torn into ribbons with shot and shell. Four times in this country have we filled this fair land with orphans' cries and widows' tears—for what? To accord liberty to men who are not competent to say whether they need a cocktail? To sustain a government of, for and by a people incompetent to rule their appetites?

Not on your daguerrotype! A million women as good as Mesdames Smith, Jones and Brown have gone mad with grief, as many more have been enabled to marry a second time to some one they loved better and all that liberty might live in the land our fathers gave us.

When you establish a censorship upon the American citizens stomach he is no longer a lord of the realm; he is a ward of the state.

I pity the drunkard as I do the blind, the lame and the lunatic. I will give him of my mite and my counsel, I will shield him as best I may; but I will surrender my independence for no man's sake without a knock-down-and-drag-out struggle. Don't ask me to surrender my sovereign rights for any inebriate's sake. Selfish? Let's see about that.

Suppose I go around Butte with a petition precipitating a crusade against the mince pie that is sold at Whatley's, the Purity and the Chequamegon after midnight. I tell you that mince pie frequently reduces a man to pauperism, brings him to a premature grave and his family upon Silver Bow county for support. Mince pie makes dyspepsia and dyspepsia makes children miserable, fathers chronic fault-finders, mothers common scolds and is conducive of more marital misery than the wine room, the surf bathing suit, the dance hall and the road-house combined. We will be derelict in our duty if we do not compel these restaurants to stop poisoning the public with this infamous pie after midnight. Boycott the unclean thing which worships at Mammon's unholy shrine and put your trust in Davenport and the X-Ray.

Great God! You would rise up and politely inform me that any poor gilly who had no more gumption than to load himself to the nozzle with a joblot of mince pies and pickled pigs' feet deserves to be kicked to death with a nightmare; that you were amply able to engineer your own internal economy without the supervision of the X-Ray freak or the assistance of the state. But I'd have all the

Civic Leaguers and the W. C. T. U. and the Y. M. C. A. and other meddlesome Matties with me, and I'd just warp my tow-line about you old gourmands and bring you to tow. I'd let you know that the poor and the unfortunate have some rights which mince-pie aristocracy is bound to respect. I'd yet you know that to pamper your depraved appetites you cannot send your fellowman, who has a precious soul to save down in dishonor to an untimely grave; that you cannot trample on the hobo, make orphans of the children who are his only support, break the heart of his betterhalf and fill our our poor-houses and penitentiaries with pickled-pigs'-feet paupers and leather-pie assassins! Talk to me about "personal liberty" with the cry of the orphan and the wedding bell of the widow ringing in my ears, goading me on to do my duty to God and man! Liberty to do what? Liberty to fill Butte with unbridled nightmares? Liberty to give our mothers, wives and daughters an aggravated case of cholera morbus? Liberty to corral the deadly cramp colic, that pestilence that walketh in darkness, and send it whizzing like a besom of destruction from the Alice mine to the Nine Mile House, filling the circumnambient ether with yoops and yowls, caterwauls and cuss words?

Stuff and nonsense! I have a special "call" from the Lord to see that you are made happy, wealthy and wise, whether you will or no. It is my Christian duty to hold you up by the haw ear and kick the saw-dust out of you if I consider the medicine is good for you. How could I answer to my country and my God if I allowed you to have a single idea of your own? Constitutional prerogative? Then praise God, I'll ring mince-pie prohibition on Butte after midnight as a police regulation.

And there you have the summa summarum of the present controversy in Butte and Helena right in a nutshell. I defy any mortal son of Adam's misery to add thereto one jot or tittle. When I become a professional Moses and attempt to lead my fellow slaves to that Promised Land, via the Red Sea of their own stomachs, I'll make some important improvements upon the plans of you ladies, gentlemen and children of Butte's Five Thousand.

If put to a popular vote I don't believe it would be found that Butte and Helena are ready to pass from the golden sunlight of liberty to the upas shadow of sumptuary

law. When the mines were running full blast last summer had you taken a petition through the stopes, given the men to understand that their jobs were in no way dependent upon their signing or refusing to sign it, and my word for it you would not have obtained five per cent. of them as signers. One man's rights end only where another man's rights begin.

Any man who has never worked in these fiery sweat-boxes cannot realize how hard it is, even with a change of dry clothing and a cold shower bath in the change room to cool the body. Too much ice water gives a man cramps, milk makes him bilious and acid in lemonade plays whaley with his stomach. Nothing hits the spot like beer, good, old beer; "a million glasses a day, somebody likes it."

The new ordinance if passed will not hinder the "upper-tens" from enjoying themselves in card games and social intercourse at the Silver Bow Club 24 hours a day. But you close the saloon at midnight and you shut the poor man out of his "club," deny him his sluff game and a place to chat with his friends. The single men of this camp who sleep in the daytime and work half of the night in the mines must have some place to spend their waking hours the other half of the night. The gambling houses are closed. So is the public library. It is no longer possible to enter the Casino and close in on a Finnegan while watching some peroxide flusie elevate her tootsie-wootsey. Solomon assures us that the "glory of the young man is his strength." Must this strength be "cribbed, cabined and confined" in a bedroom at a boarding-house, drinking iced tea until there is clabber in the blood; reciting the pathetic story of Mary and her little lamb and singing Watts' hymn? For recreation you unwittingly drive thousands of young men into the cribs and parlor-houses.

You theoretical hot-air reformers make me sick. Somebody come hold my head while I puke.

The existence of the 24-hour saloon doubtless causes some drunkenness after midnight, but so long as liquor is made, it is going to be sold and drank, and it is a debatable question whether it does the most damage when sold by the thimbleful or by the jug—whether the man who does all his drinking at the bar or keeps it in the house is most likely to allow his appetite to master his judgment. It is much easier to resist the temptation to make a pilgrimage to a saloon to buy a drink (and perhaps spending a dollar

treating chance acquaintances) than to convince yourself that your system does not need a little toning up if you have a demijohn of ten-year-old constantly at the head of your bed.

Thanks to the "treating" habit, one is more liable to get piflicated in company than by himself; but an occasional "drunk-and-down" is infinitely preferable to a chronic state of semi-inebriety. It is the solitary rather than the social drunk that causes the grave-digger to "get busy."

Personally I think the good Lord made a grave mistake in not leaving old Noah out in the weather and saving somebody not quite so saturated with Yankee enterprise; but as he did not and we have several hundred different kinds of "jags," I prefer to let the saloonkeeper keep mine than to become my own bartender. I find that it lasts longer under this arrangement and that my legs are more trustworthy. I don't want to get jagged any oftener than I can help it.

Noah Webster says a jag is a little load, and the great lexicographer is eminently correct. A load is all that a man can carry from the sluff table to the center of the trolley car track, but he can get clear home with an ordinary jag if he has a good Samaritan for a guide. It usually brings remorse in the cold grey dawn of the morning after. It creates a fervent desire to get out in the street and argue points of theology with the Salvation Army and the Holy Jumpers. It requires great self-denial and a firm hold on one's self to keep from yelling like an Indian at a sun dance. When a man with a jag orders the bartender to set-'em-up-again he planks down silver dollars as though he had an ore car full of 'em. All same Charley Clark—"we will send the old man to the senate or the poor-house." He don't give-a-dam for expenses and wants it understood that we are the people. Heavy on Eagles' state convention. He wears his beaver up and gives a good imitation of a man having a good time—but isn't.

If he keeps on feeding the jag it develops into a load, sometimes called a stone-blind drunk. His eyes grow glassy, his tongue becomes thick, his legs tangle and acute nausea reminds him that there are times when even great men desire to be alone. There is the jag potential, the jag positive and the jiggety jag before he manifests a disposition to lie down with a load.

It is simply temporary paranoia, a period of lunacy, during which time a man strives desperately to make an "arse" out of himself, and the more brains and ability he has when sober the bigger rummy he is when intoxicated. A little good wine mellows the heart, warms the blood and sharpens the wit—has the same effect upon the supersensitive soul as has the charm of music, the majesty of the sea or the beauty of your lady bookkeeper when your wife is back east visiting her relatives. The whole trouble comes in a man allowing his head to become subordinate to his belly. When a man allows his brains to slip down under his belt, when he thinks he is thinking he is not thinking at all but simply troubled with a rumbling of the bowels. A drunk is to every man of culture a thing of horror. The sage reduced to a driveling idiot, the strength of manhood reduced to helpless infancy, the body embruted, the soul embittered, the revolted stomach, the palsied hand, the aching head, while Memory searches as best she may through the night of debauchery only to add shame to sorrow and tip with aspic's fangs the arrows of remorse. But how are you going to take the cussedness out of liquor by driving it from the all-night saloon into the blind tiger?

Where do you figure you are heading in at by denying the drinker mild, healthful beer over the open bar after midnight, converting him into a jug carrier and flask artist? Go to!

I will not pretend to say that the saloon business is a noble avocation, one in which a man may properly feel a pride, but it is sheer folly to condemn a man for seeking fortune in fields legitimized by law, to expect the individual seeking sustenance for a family to rise superior to public sentiment as manifested in legislative enactments. Five thousand is a very small fraction of the total population of this camp, and we should remember that it is not the opinions of the few but of the many that constitutes the world's code of ethics and that to question a man's moral or legal right to do what the majority approve is to strike at the very tap root of representative government. If a man who at present sells liquor over a bar after midnight is sinning against Butte he is doing so with its sanction and should not be criticized until a majority object. Those who denounce the 24-hour saloon as public sentiment now exists in Butte ask the court of public opinion to render a verdict against itself and become its own executioner. Place

the matter before the sovereign voters of Butte at the next election and let the majority decide the matter. That's the idea.

Every town in the country has wrestled with this problem. The church people rise en masse, grab a pitchfork and go a-gunning after John Barleycorn, calling upon the constabulary to do their duty. For a while old Bacchus is kept a bobbing and it looks like death or banishment, but the hunters soon weary of blowing their bugle horns and the god of wine returns to his revels. These crusades when carried to extremes have no other effect than the breeding of professional sneaks, keyhole spies, contemptible informers, the division of the community into two warring camps, the establishment of blind pigs and holes-in-the-wall.

Wherever strong drink is sold there will be drunkards and drunkenness is the fruitful mother of degradation. So much is universally conceded and with such premises, curbing the liquor traffic would seem to be the natural conclusion; but experience has amply proven that the remedy proposed only aggravates the complaint. Had it never been tried I would urge its application, but the mental condition of that man must indeed be pitiful who cannot learn in the school of experience.

When the prohibition star was in the ascendancy in Iowa and reports were going out to the ends of the earth that the land of corn and hogs had found salvation, people experienced little difficulty in getting booze everywhere, but when they found it so easy to get and so infamously poor as it ever is in prohibition states, many people became strictly temperate if not toototalers. In those old days I absorbed a burlesque on bourbon—a kind of infernal fire peddled by the drug stores that a respectable devil would not lick up—in every considerable town from Keokuk to Sioux City. Why did I drink the stuff? Well, it was the best I could get. It was a sort of a lunatic's liquid mulligan, made of red ink, acetic acid, pepper-sauce, jamaica ginger, lemon extract, Hostetter's bitters, iron water, fish-hooks and creosote, a poisonous hell broth that would fire a jackrabbit into going right up and slapping a bulldog square in the face. Furthermore, in common with the rest of mankind, I ever had a sneaking predilection for forbidden fruit. When a youngster, I wouldn't give a snap to court a girl if I stood "solid" with

her dad, her big brother and the bulldog. Man values most that which is hardest to get. That is human nature to a hair.

Man is just like a hog, only more so. You good people who are trying to force us out of the vineyard eight hours out of the 24 remind me of a party of city ladies I once saw attempting to drive a fat porker from a flower garden. They spread the gate wide open and swooped down on his swineship with various weapons and an extensive vocabulary. Mr. Poland China looked the Amazons over and then continued the artesian well he was digging in a pansy bed. The female troupes fought nobly, but they were bucking up against the inevitable. With a "wouf, wouf," that sounded like the exhaust pipe of a steam engine the enemy advanced upon them. The air was full of silk hosiery and exclamation points for a minute and then the price of arnica rose like the thermometer in Miles City on an August day. An old farmer who was passing was appealed to. He crawled off his wagon and half closed the gate. Then he tried to drive the hog in the opposite direction. The result was what might be expected. The miserable brute would have gotten out of that garden and through that gate in one time and two motions or torn down a whole brick block in the attempt.

The same contrary spirit is in man that is in the hog, and until you reverse the law of human nature the legitimate effect of any and all attempts to curb the liquor traffic for eight hours a day or 24 hours a day will be blind tigers, back-door sneaks, the breeding of spies, and the opportunity for every official from the policeman on that beat up to the attorney general of the state to make a "shake-down" of these doggeries.

Butte always has had the 24-hour saloon, and until a test is made by asking the sovereign voters of the city to vote upon the subject, it is safe to assume that the great majority of men still want it. No law can long be enforced which is not approved by an overwhelming majority of the people.

In rural districts and small towns, where the liquor traffic is not particularly profitable, the traffic can be curbed; but wherever there is a strong minority—and in Butte it is majority—who regard such an ordinance as the midnight closing as an unwarrantable interference with

their natural rights—a statute more honored in the breach than in the observance; wherever there is an active demand for strong drink and money to be made by its dispensation, legal restrictions have ever proven to be ropes of sand. There isn't a city in the United States over 25,000 population to my knowledge where a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicants has decreased poverty, crime and drunkenness, because in such places the law is a dead letter. In Topeka, Kansas, where there are no saloons at present, the sales of liquor in the drug stores average 22,000 prescriptions a month and the city getting no revenue therefrom. This is horrible and revolting. Out upon such a farce!

To this, Butte's Five Thousand might reply that if we are to refrain from enacting laws to curb the liquor traffic because these laws cannot be rigidly enforced we should repeal the statute prohibiting murder because it is so frequently defied—especially here in Silver Bow county. The argument defeats itself—is the most powerful of all pleas against curbing the liquor traffic. Laws prohibiting the taking of human life have universal sanction for the simple reason that no man wants to have his light put out. If the whole world regards homicide as a heinous offense which should be punished with death or life imprisonment; if, despite the prestige of antiquity, the sanction of all philosophies and the concurrence of every religious creed, it be so frequently trampled under foot, were it not the acme of folly to attempt the enforcement of a law which the reason of the world rejects—a mere neoterism, discredited by general custom and proven meretricious by experience? If it be so difficult to punish men for what is universally conceded the chief of crimes, how can we hope to punish them for what is so generally regarded as no great evil by itself considered—merely contempt for the opinions of impractical chumps. To enact an ordinance here in Butte which we know will be generally disregarded is itself a crime, because it fosters a disrespect for all law and undermines the social compact. A high-license law can always be enforced anywhere in the United States because it is backed by almost universal approval. Laws prohibiting the sale of booze on Sundays are invariably a farce except in little goody-goody Bird Centers where the favorite tipples are “pop” and “sarsyperilly,” while those commanding saloons to close on election days are generally respected. Why is this? Simply because there is a vast

contingent of broad-gauged American citizens who do not believe in mixing politics and religion, who believe in complete separation of church and state. On the other hand, they have learned by experience that with open saloons there is vastly more drunkenness on election days than upon others—that politicians have an unhappy trick of putting an enemy in the voter's mouth to steal away his brains and then use him to pervert the ballot.

As conditions now exist in Butte and Helena an overwhelming majority of the male population drink more or less liquor. They obtain it at licensed bars any hour of the day or night. They are freemen, lords of their own actions and answerable to society for any abuse of their liberty. In buying liquor they encourage no man to break the law or become copartners in crime. Capital, responsibility and legal sanction have raised the retail liquor dealer to the plane of commercial respectability. But you reformers are not contented to let well enough alone; you aspire to transform the old camp from midnight to morning into a paradise by due process of the law—to substitute the hosannah of feathered angels for the clinking of cut glass. Already many of you are referring to the saloon as a "plague spot" and branding the jolly bartender as a Moloch with springs in his jaws and a triple row of teeth. As I view it the blight of the Civic League is about to fall on us like the hand of a destroying angel, our civic pride is to be broken, our morals debased and across the path of our progress will soon loom the Demon of Discord.

When this town again gets in a normal industrial condition and 5,000 miners come off of shift at or after midnight they will have their thirst quenched—believe me. The fecund mother of infamy will start every type of the blind tiger. Habitual law breaking makes descent from the zenith of commercial pride to the disreputable doggery both rapid and easy. The legitimate fruits of such conditions are terrible to contemplate. I am more addicted to work than prayer, but on the square I do here petition the good God who made of man a responsible entity, to rescue the city of Butte from the Civic Leaguers and from sumptuary law which in every decade has done more to corrupt the morals of mankind than have all the publicans from the dawn of history to the present day.

The oak was not intended for the hot-houses nor grown men for a moral kindergarten. The first to develop its full

strength must breast the storm and take its chances of being blasted by the thunderbolt; the latter to grow in grace must scrap manfully with the world, the flesh and the devil. In such a struggle some must fall—the weak will go to the wall, but the fittest will survive. And one man who has been “through the mill,” time tried and fire tested, and comes out of the furnace proven true gold is worth more to the world than a thousand little microbes, the products of good fortune and fish blood, whose battle of life has been made a holiday march by circumstances. Give us men who rely upon themselves for their social salvation rather than a public policy which may change with the phases of the moon or the popping up of some new demagogue. The Bible denounces drunkenness, lying, theft and fornication, but nowhere do I find it advising the attainment of universal beatitude by suppressing the liquor traffic. It seems to have taken it for granted that man should be tried by temptation—that without a cross there can be no crown.

Ladies and gentlemen of Butte's Five Thousand, you are in the wrong. So are your brothers in Anaconda, Missoula and Helena. You can never eliminate an effect without first removing the cause. To stop the sale of liquor after midnight you must first reduce the demand. Persuade people to quit drinking and the saloons will close of their own accord. For every hundred men you persuade to quit drinking you will force a saloon out of business entirely, but for every saloon you close, part or all of the time, without reducing the demand, you start some kind of a doggery or stimulate the flask and jug trade.

To wean the world from its bottle were a long and arduous battle, but there is no royal road to universal righteousness. Christianity has been nineteen centuries converting the world and it hasn't quite completed the job. Only one-fourth of the world's population are classed as Christians. If we keep jogging along, Josie, like a three-year-old filly with her belly full of oats we will “capture the world for Christ” about 7636.

It is rather a wearisome prospect, I admit, but there is nothing in Holy Writ or human experience suggestive of a better plan of fighting sin than by moral suasion.

I do not question the honesty and sincerity of the rank and file of you ladies and gentlemen. Your errors con-

sist in permitting preconceived theories to blind you to present day conditions. You "church people" spend your time contemplating your self-righteousness instead of heeding Pope's suggestion that "the proper study of mankind is man." It is such people as you who continually interfere with and nullify the good work of the real enemies of the "rum demon," we people who would keep him out of dark holes and dirty alleys and in the garish light of day, where he may be kept shackled with laws he dare not defy.

The average young man raised by a good Christian mother back east has it hammered into him from the time he is knee high to a duck that a saloonkeeper is a son of Satan if not his infernal majesty in propria persona; his place of business as a spider web into which the poor buzzing fly has no more "gumption" than to go with or without invitation and be devoured body and soul; that he would rake into his till the last nickel of a man whose family was freezing on the street; that he would welcome money realized from the sale of an infant's shroud or picked from the pockets of a blind beggar. Thousands of people are men and women from external appearance, but mentally they are still children, never outgrowing their early teaching.

The saloon men of Butte and Helena as a whole are progressive citizens and liberal contributors to church and charity. Their manners and morals are equal to those in other lines of business, their intelligence as great. I am aware that a few of them have probably touched the nadir of human degradation but holy smoke! the same is true of all avocations. How many lawyers, merchants, doctors, farmers, preachers, even editors have been found guilty of arson, murder, rape, incest, sodomy, etc.? How many men engaged in the so-called "respectable" avocations right in Butte and Helena have robbed the widow of her mite and the orphan of his patrimony? Yes, how many?

Now, I've been lately thinking,
In my simple sort of way,
About this thing called drinking,
And what the antis say.
The friends of prohibition
Can make it plain and clear
The cause of human evil
Lies in whiskey, wine and beer;
That man would be angelic,

And free from every sin,
If not for the existence
Of brandy, rum and gin;
That earth would be a paradise,
A brilliant shining star,
Could they but kill that demon,
The Man Behind the Bar.

When I was but a toddler,
I heard the story told,
Of how rebellious spirits
Were cast from Zion's fold.
I often thought if whiskey,
Were the cause of all their ill,
Or whether they were tipplers
At some bright "Ethereal Still";
Or what were the ingredients,
The color, taste and smell,
Of the complicated cocktail
That sent Lucifer to Hell;
Oh, how they whooped their barrels
And sealed gigantic jars,
To ship to their retailers,
The Men Behind the Bars.

Some look on liquor dealers,
As the "scruff" of Adam's race,
Bereft of all integrity,
But such is not the case.
You'll find as true humanity
Among the liquor class,
And a grip of hearty welcome,
In the hand that wipes the glass,
I know whereof I'm speaking,
I write it full of tears,
I was whiskey's heir apparent
For many, many years;
And what saved me from perdition,
And lit my guiding star,
Was a friendly admonition
From a Man Behind the Bar.

Abandon Prohibition,
Promote the Temperance Cause,

Elevate by Education,
And enforce existing laws,
We'll have temperance legislation,
And all the sooner when
The friends of Prohibition
Become more temperate men.
I'll always work for temperance,
With all my humble worth,
So long as I'm a pilgrim
Upon this wicked earth.
I'll take a Scotch and soda,
Or I'll smoke a mild cigar,
But I'll never cast reflection
On the Man Behind the Bar.

I believe I am safe in saying that 95 per cent. of the liquor retailers of Butte and Helena do not want their patrons to drink to excess—are quick to warn them when they are overstepping the line that divides good cheer and drunkenness; will flatly refuse them liquor if they persist in going too far. They want only the patronage of men to whom liquor is a luxury, not a necessity, who can drink like gentlemen and go on about their business.

The bartender from the nature of his business must perforce be a temperate man, though not necessarily an angel. A drinking bartender could not hold his job 24 hours. At least half of the bartenders of Butte are teetotalers. Most of them are family men with homes of their own and respected as good citizens. There are only a few "tough" bartenders in the city. The trade they are engaged in is one that is legalized by this Christian government of ours and recognized as an institution—and a very popular one—in every country in the world. You may not believe me, but anyone who knows this entire subject as I do will tell you that the bartender is the first one to advise a young man to "cut it out" when that young man shows signs of going to the dogs. This is one of the anachronisms of the average bartender's character. In addition to sobriety, the essential qualifications of a bartender are patience, adaptability and tact. With these three virtues for capital, the philosophic bartender leads quite a jolly life, goes in for sport, helps a fellow being when he is broke and jogs along impervious to the slings

and arrows of you reformers, except perhaps to occasionally mutter out, "Aw, t'ell with 'em!"

The people you should go after in Butte are those who are absorbed in money making to the exclusion of everything else. A man will cheat, mislead or fail to help in the piteous hour of trouble his best friend to make or save a greasy dollar. This may be the spirit of the west, but I should like to see it broken up. The chase after the dollar here in Butte is getting too awfully coarse for anything. It is fierce. Let me say also that the bone and sinew of Butte, our fifty labor organizations, will not monkey with your theories long if they are thoroughly aroused, and that is the mission of this issue of the X-Ray at this time. Scars gained in the struggle for existence and hard contact with the practical activities of life have caused the bump of common sense to predominate over the imagination and the finer feelings. It is a case of "show me." So do not be disappointed if the final results of your campaign are not so brilliant as you anticipated.

If Butte's Five Thousand and its little sister in Helena want to really exert themselves for the greater glory of God and still keep within their proper sphere let them advocate temperance instead of prohibition. Let them start out with a petition for signers who pledge themselves to abstain from the treating habit. The social drunk is born of the treating habit and seems to be an evil indigenous to American soil and which the most rabid "midnight closer" will not charge to the debit side of the saloonist's account with society, as it prevails equally at the resataurant, the cigar stand—everywhere. Why is it that the average man feels that he may properly step into a shoe store and purchase a pair of "kicks" without asking every stranger in sight to walk in and be shod at his expense; kisses his wife without inviting the world to lunch upon her lips, but in pretty much else he imagines that he must share his bounty with bystanders or deny himself? The result is when a man slips into a saloon expecting to stay two minutes and spend five cents for a refreshing glass of beer he probably finds a dozen chance acquaintances hanging pendant upon the bar's railing—called up by a previous victim. Of course he must drink with them. Then his turn comes to "make a play," which tears the guts out of a dollar—and he

escapes half intoxicated and finds himself utterly worthless for several hours afterward.

His condition, his loss of time and expenditure of twenty times the amount he contemplated are not the fault of the bartender or the saloon. The single glass of cold beer would have been a luxury, would have done him good. That the saloonkeeper provided, but yielding to a foolish custom which he helped to make, the patron allows himself to be injured instead of benefited.

But the average "church man" does not hesitate to charge all the ills that result from this social delirium, as well as those due to the weakness and inherent cussedness of men with mental malformities to the boys of the "white apron brigade." If a man who had never been in a saloon in his life should purchase a gallon of mean whiskey of his grocer or from a moonshiner of the Kentucky mountains, come into Butte, get drunk on it, fall over his own shadow and crack his fool neck, no small portion of you people would parade the inconsequential event before all men as "another shocking result of the saloon curse."

The X-Ray regrets this tendency developing more strongly each year to "easternize Butte." I want to see this midnight closing movement hit so hard and buried so deep that it will never hear Gabriel's resurrection horn. Close the saloons at midnight and in a year or two it will be "close the saloons at 6 P. M." In a year or so more it will be "knock 'em out entirely."

Did you ever stop to think that if you choke off the saloon a third of the 24 hours that as a body the saloonkeepers have a just right to ask and expect a reduction of one-third in their licenses? Knock out of the city and county treasury one-third of the revenue poured into them by the saloons of Butte and your taxes, which are already up to 30 mills on the dollar, will soon be up to a point where they can skate up and down the Milky Way.

Heaven help Montana from heading one step toward the prohibition column!

With all due respect for the earnestness and sincerity of such good souls as Father DeSiere, Bishop Carroll of Helena and other worthy members of the cloth now warring upon the wine cup of Montana, let me say to you, O most

holy and reverend fathers, in words of boxcar letters and hammered in with a maul, that most of the sins you lay upon the liquor traffic should be borne by just such well-meaning reformers as yourselves—exactly your own type. Lend me your ears!

The liquor traffic, like its sister in infamy, the social evil, has always existed and always will. There is only one way to minimize its evil effects. That remedy is not prohibition. It lies in the removal of all tax—federal, state, county and municipal. There is such a thing as making liquor so cheap that nobody will want it and with cheapness will come purity. If whiskey was selling for a penny a glass, as it ought to with the removal of all tax, the man who invites a friend in for a drink and lays down 25 cents on the bar would feel as though he were insulting his friend if a postage stamp paid the bill.

Had the liquor traffic never been persecuted there probably would not be a liquor license in America to-day. Before the idea obtained that liquor was an unmixed evil that should be taxed out of existence it was cheap and general and pure. As the excise upon it was increased and local governments began to burden its sale with heavy duties, its quality greatly deteriorated until to-day much of the stuff that is supposed to be whiskey would qualify a saint for treasons, stratagems and spoils. That combination of creosote, bedbug poison, cheap chemicals and general cussedness that the Casino and Palm Garden used to ladle out would make a guy go and pick his own pockets.

In the old days when a man drank too much he was foolish and happy. Now he is murderous. Senator Tillman recently said that not a drop of pure liquor is sold in South Carolina. Why? You can make good whiskey as cheaply as you can make good molasses, but by proscriptions and extortionate taxation you have put a premium on adulteration. But while liquor that bears heavy legal burdens must be poor stuff to yield a profit when sold to the average customer, that peddled where the liquor traffic is persecuted must be even of a lower grade—veritable rotgut—to reward the dealer for his risk. Close the saloon at midnight, fail to lower the saloonkeeper's license and you force him to ladle out an inferior brand of booze.

For twenty years in Iowa and Kansas I have studied

the caperings of John Barleycorn when chased around the stump more or less. Montana has always possessed more personal liberty than any state in the union, but this prohibition wave that seems to be sweeping over the United States will soon brush us into the Kansas class if the guardians of personal liberty are not alert. Here is the whole logic of the situation. Let the liquor traffic alone, curbed only by a good stiff license, and you are going to have some crime, no doubt; you are going to have some widows' moans, some orphans' cries; you are going to have some criminals to provide for—but listen! You are going to have some revenue to help bear the burdens. Go to persecuting the liquor traffic anywhere and sooner or later you will have the burdens without the revenue. Keep the liquor traffic on the same plane of respectability as other lines of business and you will have men of some respectability—law-abiding citizens, at least—engaged in the traffic, who will try to make it decent, who will compete with each other for trade by offering reasonably pure liquors. Persecute the liquor traffic anywhere on earth and you soon have a lot of bootleggers and lawbreakers on one hand selling slum gullion and coffin paint and a lot of spies on the other stirring up costly litigation. Give the liquor traffic a clear track and you will be accused, perhaps justly so, of going into partnership with the devil, but you will divide the profits. Start to putting the bud to old Bacchus and the devil will go into partnership with you in spite of yourselves and pocket all of the swag. This is my honest opinion based on years of observation.

When it comes right down to hard facts and cold logic you people of the buttermilk brigade are painfully shy. Pretty theories are not worth a whoopinell when slammed up against the cumulative experience of centuries. Arguing against the prohibition of the liquor traffic to me is so easy that it is just like getting money from home or neglecting to step in and pay the bartender for that tab you promised to pay next day. All the equipment a man needs is to have lived in Iowa or Kansas or Maine; then he knows what a rotten and idiotic farce it is to try to give John Barleycorn the rope. A Kansas City (Kan.) paper recently came under my observation and I noticed the following unique advertisement:

WANTED—Tailor, bushelman and cleaner; one who

can stay reasonably sober in a prohibition town. Carl D——, Ardmore, I. T.

Grant, for the sake of argument, that prohibition does prohibit; let us concede the possibility of "repealing a law of God by act of state," let us admit that if you knock out the saloon it will be impossible to get an eye-opener for love or gold; that even the jug trade can be abolished. What then? Balance the books and tell me if you have profit or loss. Marshal forth those you have snatched as brands from the burning and let us estimate their value in this world's economy. There is as much difference in the breed of men as in the breed of pups. Socrates was worth a king's ransom, and if alive would probably sell for a million dollars on the same counter where a lot of you Montana Civic Leaguers done up in bunches would be a drug on the market at 10 cents a dozen.

This midnight closing movement is a very innocent looking proposition on the face of itself, but it is the beginning of the real thing—prohibition.

If the Butte city council at the request on one-eighteenth of the population of this city enacts an ordinance that results in eventually fastening the prohibition curse upon us, with its attendant race of perjurers, disrespect for law, blind pigs, drug store coffin paint, armies of spies and costly litigation, something is radically wrong with them. Biff between the lamps this prohibition monster, masquerading under the fair name of the midnight closing movement and send it up Salt River talking to itself!

The bitter experience of my native state, Iowa, in which I was born and lived until I attained my majority, coupled with that of her sister state, Kansas, is so indelibly stamped on my soul that I cannot but cry out in anguish when I see the prohibition idiocy invading Montana.

Iowa and Kansas are naturally progressive states, but they have at times been well nigh wrecked morally and ruined financially by Civic Leaguers. Before the professional reformers got in their graft these states were noted for their public spirit, their thrift and the sobriety and law-abiding character of their citizens. Go through those states to-day and in all the smaller towns you will find hundreds of business men whose chief ambition is to get

into the drug store business and peddle mean booze; that of a majority of its other male inhabitants to put it under their watch charms. Under the high license system they were considered exceptionally moral states; under local option they possess some of the hardest holes this side of hell. They are living illustrations of the axiom that evil communications doth corrupt good manners. Under prohibition and local option crimes have multiplied and drunkenness increased.

Instead of three or four semi-respectable saloons in the little county seat towns contributing to the support of government, you will find a dozen disreputable drug stores. Pure liquor has been supplanted with coffin paint, the social drink at cleanly bars by bottle nursing in back rooms. The licensed saloonist who will sell to minors is an exception to the rule and is tabooed by his brethren everywhere. In Iowa and Kansas are hundreds of men who a few years ago would have scorned to have played the publican and serve princes with wine of Samos now they sell mean booze to beardless boys by prescription.

It is with aching heart that I say these things at this time, because they are true, and that Montana may profit by the pitiful object lesson and avoid the foul pit into which her sister states have fallen; that she may not be swept from her moorings by the prohibition wave that seems to be engulfing the whole country. The present unhappy condition of these states is by no means the only evidence that local option is the mother of infamy, that prohibition is the enemy of municipal progress and manly pride.

Wherever tried its tendency seems to be to foster crime, promote drunkenness and corrupt the morals of the people. That this is true all fair-minded and observant men will concede; that it must be so those capable of reasoning from cause to effect must infallibly admit.

We never knew a town yet bossed by preachers and prohibitionists that amounted to a row of pins. The preachers themselves are non-producers and the prohibitionists never spend a cent. Let the finest little town in the world and surrounded by as fine an agricultural country as the sun shines upon, be seized with the prohibition idiocy and forthwith the town goes on the bum, the hotels become nothing but cheap boarding houses, travelers will give it the go-by and farmers living at a distance will angle off

on their journey townward and strike for a town where they can have some cheerful relief from the monotony of the farm. Prohibitionists reckon without human nature. How much energy, ingenuity and time they waste in their attempts to establish prohibition. It is surely waste of time to try to enforce upon the man in the street by local ordinance the virtue that he can possess only by the energy of his own will. Coercion will make fools of one-half of the people and hypocrites of the other half, and the world is overstocked with fools and hypocrites already.

Francis Murphy, the great temperance orator, says: "The prohibition policy amounts to Cæsarism. They believe in going ahead, right or wrong. In states where laws have been passed prohibiting the sale of liquor nearly the entire state has been legislated into crime, for if it is a crime to sell liquor it is a crime to buy it, and the majority have done one or the other. So unpopular have such laws become that the method of enforcing them has become more injurious than the original evil and the officers whose business it is to enforce them have lost the sympathy of the common people."

Abraham Lincoln declared "prohibition to be a species of intemperance in itself and a blow at the very fundamental principles upon which our government is founded," while Bishop Potter proclaimed that "prohibitionists are guilty of denying great and fundamental facts in human nature in their foolish and futile attempt to remedy the perversion of human instincts by extirpating them," and are "true children of the mediaeval system of monastic asceticism which they fain would substitute for the freedom of regenerated manhood;" also that "the grotesque hypocrisy of the prohibition system from Maine to Kansas is a sufficient commentary upon their systems."

Prohibition is always a failure sooner or later. The end aimed at (temperance and sobriety) is all right, but the method is wrong.

As well abolish sunshine because some men try to do a week's work in one day and get sunstruck; as well abolish water because some who can't swim go in over their heads and are drowned; as well set our faces against Paul's charity because some men run off with other men's wives; as well destroy the mainspring of the human race, sexuality, with the pride of patriarchy and the joys of maternity

simply because some fall victims to early excesses and are confined in lunatic asylums.

You can confine the liquor traffic, gambling and the social and kindred evils to certain reasonable limits, but you cannot knock them out entirely as long as millions of people crave stimulants, are pruriently eager for gain or the fires of passion blaze in the blood. And suppose you could. Would not that streak of perversity and cussedness in all men's natures cause them to turn to opium, morphine and other drugs more harmful than the blood of grape? to forms of speculation worse than faro, roulette and crap tables? to practices more detrimental than wallowing in the under-world?

The best repressive of bad habits is not sumptuary law—not a foul rape of liberty in the name of God and morality—but enlightened public opinion. The idea of driving people to perfection with a whip has been tried in all ages, has ever resulted in miserable failure and always will so result. That liquor becomes a curse is more the result of mistaken and meddlesome laws than of man's natural inclination to make a beast of himself.

If the clouds rained liquor, if every well were full of it, if the creeks, rivers, lakes and oceans were made out of it, there would not be one-half so much intemperance in the world. To drink too much would be no more reprehensible than to eat too much or to over-exercise. Too careful parents could not then keep liquor from their sons until they reached the proper age for going to the devil. They would grow up familiar with the use and the danger of its abuse the same as they did in our granddaddy's time, when every family kept pure liquor in the house. Look at the temperance of the great wine-growing districts of the country. Compare them with the excesses of people in those countries where liquor can only be come at with great difficulty; where it is placed under repressive laws and so burdened with taxes that it is all adulterated, the drinker paying these impositions not so much in the price of his dram as in the inferior quality of the liquor with which he is served by stealth and which he imbibes, not so much because he relishes it, but rather as a defiance to those who presume to meddle with his rights, to arbitrarily curtail his liberties.

Put on every street corner in America a fountain flowing

with the best Bourbon that ever passed a still and millions of men would pass it up who would make a sneak up a filthy alley or go into a drug store and sign up for a concoction of bilge water and fiery chemicals at 25c a throw, if the law said to them they should not put under their belts whatsoever they chose. Let me repeat, good liquor is a blessing when used temperately, the nauseous stuff sold by druggists and blind pigs under a repressive system is a thing to be dreaded and shunned by all men.

It is a veritable hell broth filled not with health and good cheer, but with disease and death. One drink of it will convert a man into an infuriated dervish and an overdose is almost as poisonous as so much strychnine. The prohibition wave is sweeping all over the country at present. Lay not the flattering unction to your souls, oh joyful prohibitionists, that you are annihilating John Barleycorn; you are simply driving that potentate to the use of weapons that "kill at 40 rods." Thanks to you, oh assiduous prohibitionists, you are dotting this land thicker and thicker with drunkards' graves. The cup that once cheered, of which poets sang and Christ blessed, is being metamorphosed into a flaming brand by the premium which your meddlesome zeal has put upon adulteration, scattering death and destruction far and wide, filling the asylums with mental and the penitentiaries with moral wrecks, lighting for the human race the way to the desolate regions of the damned.

The prohibitionists have so long harped that the drinking of liquor is inimical to health and happiness that about ten-tenths of them believe it. If a man believed everything he read in the Union Signal, the New York Voice and other journals of the cold water crew he would soon imagine that Uncle Sam was floating hellwards down an immeasurable river of rot-gut to a Niagara Falls finish. When the prohibitionists find that a man frequents the saloon occasionally they begin to talk of the cold and silent tomb, squat around him like a flock of buzzards waiting for another frightful example of the destructive power of booze. They would have a man believe that every time John Barleycorn sneezes myriads of unfortunate mortals are hurled headlong into hell.

The saloonist is supposed to be the emissary of the party on the pale horse. His back alley is supposed to be filled

with the bones of habitual drunkards. Each morning the "swamper" is supposed to pack to his attic shoes torn from baby feet and "soaked" for "de stuff." Now, it is unquestionably true that a man can drink too much booze, the same as he can salivate himself with prohibition literature, but a vast majority of men who in modern times have reached the century mark used liquor, while the total abstainer who reaches a very advanced age is such a rarity that he is always put on dress parade. This I do know, and that is that the brightest men in the world—Shakespeare and Socrates, Washington and Wellington, King Solomon and Christ, have not been total abstainers nor have 90 per cent of the world's intellectual titans. Prohibition is idiocy gone to seed.

What is the solution of the liquor problem in America? There is no remedy if you call extinction of the liquor traffic the remedy, for John Barleycorn has an asbestos hide that knocks all the edge off of Father Time's sickle. We must choose between the least of two evils, high license or prohibition that does not prohibit. It would be reasonable for liquor dealers to demand that abstainers be forced to drink against their will as for prohibitionists to demand that all liquor drinkers be abstainers. Temperance is the one desirable thing and it is coming, too. The liquor problem will eventually solve itself if left alone. Statistics show, with the possible exception of so-called prohibition states, that drunkenness is decreasing in America. That drunkenness is decreasing in general is due to many reasons. A few such reasons are: The terrible struggle for a livelihood, the average man not having time to "blow himself," one must be sober and keep the eye peeled to scramble out of the way of street cars, bicycles, automobiles, to work around machinery, elevators, etc. But the greatest friend to the cause of temperance is beer. It is the mildest of all intoxicating drinks and has done more for the cause of true temperance than all the 'sputing and spouting, pounding and expounding, cussing and discussing ever indulged in by a million Carrie Nations.

It is the happy medium between drunkenness and fanatical prohibition and keeps the drinker from tanking himself with more fiery fluids. City missionary workers, sociologists, police magistrates and scientists largely agree upon beer being the one stimulant which accords well with natural nervous disposition. Beer is fast destroying drunken-

ness in America. Beer is the salvation of the laboring man from the loss of time and employment through the whiskey debauch, and to-day the bottled beer industry is introducing the drinking of beer into the homes, militating against saloon carousings, against the evil results of treating and waste of time at the bar and all the gilded allurements of fast life in cities. The rise of beer means the downfall of intemperance. The beer drinkers rule the world. What are the great nations? The United States, Great Britain, Germany and Russia. What are the nations that affect to despise the beer drinker? France, Italy and Spain—on the toboggan or at the bottom thereof. The thinking, doing, educating, christianizing and progressive nations are beer drinkers. Russia has yanked the sawlogs from her optics. For the past 30 years Russia has been paying large bounties for the establishment of beer breweries. Why? To wean the people away from the murderous vodka. The government finds that beer drives out vodka, a poison on the order of drug store coffin paint, I imagine. At the abolition of drunkenness in the United States all will rejoice. But prohibition simply makes a bad matter worse.

The early closing of saloons may be all very well in Montana as a political propitiation to the church Furies, but if it is expected that the consumption of whiskey will be lessened they are all off their trolleys.

In Glasgow and Edinborough the restrictions as to hours introduced a few years ago has resulted in such an enormous increase of drunkenness that a commission of inquiry was appointed to look into the matter. Their report was to the effect that the restriction had decreased the consumption of beer and added to the consumption of potent spirits. Since early closing was instituted in Edinborough and Glasgow, the consumption of beer from excise figures shows a falling off, roughly speaking, of 200,000 barrels per annum; the consumption of whiskey during the last three years has increased by 260,000 gallons per annum.

From investigation and inquiry from those engaged in the trade it is found that this additional whiskey is being sold in clubs, she-beens and illicit channels in prohibited hours and not through legitimate traders who have lost the sale of the beer on account of the restricted hours. The number of public houses in Liverpool is immensely greater

per head of the population than the number in Glasgow and their hours of opening are nineteen and a half more per week than the hours in Glasgow and in Liverpool now they are twenty-five hours more. Liverpool is comparatively sober because the workingman gets time to drink his beer; Glasgow is drunken because the drinking is congested into too short hours and the working man is forced to the consumption of the stronger and handier spirit which can be carried in the pocket. And there you are.

Human nature as we take it is the same in Montana as in Scotland.

Take any state in the union and bring about conditions such that liquor is hard to get and it seems to make a drink the more desirable. Men who seldom touch liquor when it is under their very noses begin to dream of mint juleps and little brown jugs. The ghosts of long forgotten cocktails come trouping back to haunt the waking hours of men and the tinkle of cracked ice in cut glass reminds them of the days that are dead. Casks and jugs begin to drift in from the larger cities or adjoining states labeled "paregoric" or "soothing syrup," and the Rum Demon to do a little password business in the back rooms. Those who had previously yowled for prohibition the loudest usually become its best patrons. When one man bribes another to break the law he is morally bound to protect him as far as possible. Like Sir Lancelot, "His honor, rooted in dishonor, stands, and faith unfaithful keeps him falsely true." Thus is contempt of law fostered and immunity secured. Soon men who never before dreamed of selling booze, finding the trade profitable and safe, add a little mean liquor to their stock in trade "for the benefit of their customers." When men whom the youth have been taught to regard as examples disregard the law, practice deceit, suborn witnesses and pander to debased appetites of drunken bums to make a greasy dollar, that community is dangerously near the devil. Only a special dispensation of Providence or an anti-prohibition victory can pull it through.

Prohibition will always be a failure because an overwhelming majority of men who use liquor do not use it to excess and when you deprive these men of their natural rights to save the sots you make lawbreakers of them.

Whether liquor is used moderately or excessively depends

wholly upon the character of the people in the communities in which it is sold. Prohibition is making terrific strides throughout the southern states because there are 10,000,000 blacks in the United States and 8,500,000 of them are below Mason and Dixon's line. The white man has been forced to deny himself in order to keep the ignorant blacks from destroying his peace, law and order. Many of these southern states now going "dry" will be back under high license in five years' time and infinitely worse off financially for the experiment. Prohibition is a beautiful theory, but it most generally fails to work out in actual practice.

But to get back to our mutton. The spectacle of the good ladies of this city up before the city council of Butte upon this matter is both pitiful and amusing. A woman is the noblest of the good God's creation when in her place, and her place is not in politics dabbling with municipal government. When she begins to meddle in such affairs she needs a master. Female suffrage and prohibition are correlatives, twin hollyhocks burgtoning on the same stalk, the Siamese twins of American politics. One presupposes the other. The women who want to exchange the sweet retirement of the home for the vulgar association of the blatant rabble and the men who insist upon attending to the private affairs of their fellows have heads cast in the same little .22 calibre mold. Each would reverse the laws of nature, the edicts of the universe. The first are crowing hens, the latter egg-laying roosters. There is something radically wrong when women act this way. Perchance they are ill-mated and take this method of working off that nervous energy which women mated to manly perfection expend in ways more pleasant, if not more profitable.

When the women commence trying to regulate the greatest mining camp on earth it must be because they are conscious of their husband's weaknesses, their lack of backbone, and they would have them lean upon the law, fence them off from temptation by taking their liberties away from them. The wives of such weaklings are compelled to rise up and "wear the pants." There must be a head to every household, and where the husband is acephalus it devolves upon the wife to fill the hiatus. They must take charge of the tender little he-things, see that their faces are prop-

erly washed and prevent them from falling into the fire. Quite naturally they judge all men by the pitiful specimens tied to their own apron strings. Knowing that their own husbands have not sufficient stamina to resist temptation, they turn to sumptuary law for salvation.

Whenever a woman commences playing on this kind of a stage she is either a wall flower whom no one will risk tying up to or else hiding out somewhere among the boulders is a pitiful little henpecked husband. Goodness, goodness, Agnes! Such men are neither lords of creation nor masters of themselves. They are probably meek little things who were seduced under promise of marriage and the "amende honorable" made at the muzzle of a shotgun wielded by their more than Spartan mothers. Doubtless such men are handy to have around the house when a pair of stockings need to be darned or the baby needs a fresh diaper. But it strikes me that they are devilish poor stock for breeding purposes.

Take it all in all, Butte's Five Thousand had best "pick a few feathers from the wing of its fancy wherewith to supply the tail of its judgment." For more than 5,000 years, in fact, as far back in history as we have any knowledge and accurate record of, men have drank some kind of intoxicating liquor. Wherever there is a new tribe or race of people discovered we find them using some kind of stimulant which is made from fruits, berries, vegetables, bark or grain. What has been a habit of mankind so long as mankind has been on earth and which is so universal in its scope, it is fair to presume will continue to be his habit for some time to come, and you can't abolish it by any kind of prohibitory law. Just so long as the national government authorizes its manufacture it will be drank in every city in the United States 24 hours a day, 365 days in the year, it does not make any difference what kind of laws you have.

What Montana and the whole United States at present needs is a "Keeley cure" for intemperate reform cranks. The opponents of prohibition realize that strong drink is responsible for much crime and poverty and wretchedness. Any power that will strike the shackles of the accursed habit from every sot and banish intemperance from the world will have accomplished more for mankind than all the statesmen and martyrs since time began. If I had the

power I would paint across the sky all the horror and heart-ache that spring from this pernicious habit—the blasted hopes and ruined homes—the deep damnation of the besotted slave of drink. As it is, I regard the saloon as I do the coffin factory. Man will drink and man will die. No law ever devised by human brain has abolished drunkenness or banished death.

The Blind Bard of Chios, whose opinions I presume are still entitled to respect, praised the flowing bowl. Sophocles the Grecian Shakespeare and Socrates the colossus of human intellect sang of Samian wine. The noblest Romans poured libations to the gods and crowned the sparkling cup. The prophets of old blessed the fruitful vine and Christ testified by a miracle—which our vintners are still striving to repeat—that he considered wine a beverage much preferable to water. Shakespeare and Ben Johnson—peace to their mighty shades—loved their “cup o’ sack with a toast in it.” Washington could not tell a lie nor decline his “night-cap,” while doubtless scores of Butte’s Five Thousand can sit content for hours with rod and fly upon the umbrageous bank of some well-peopled Montana brook with a keg of ice-cold beer at their sides—and that is no lie!

So much for precedent. Mark you, I do not say that these old-timers were in the right, but I find none of them in favor of midnight closing or in any way tampering with the liquor traffic. I simply feel that if I am in the wrong; that if I am training with “the emissaries of hell,” as we personal-liberty advocates are sometimes called, I am in most excellent company; that if Christ fills the cup and St. Paul intimates that it is good for stomach complaints; if Aristides and Aurelius exclaim in unison, “Here’s looking to the X-Ray man of Butte,” I might as well bid farewell to every fear and let her gurggle. Being a modest young man, I shall not attempt to give pointers on social policy or human habits to the Immaculate Son of God, but leave that pleasant duty to you ladies and gentlemen whose names, I am told, make a petition stretching from the Thornton Hotel to the Public Library. Very Respectfully,
THE X-RAY.

* * *

A winter scene in the Imperial Bath House, Arkansas

Hot Springs: Two Butte men attired in bath gowns, are lying side by side on bamboo cots doing their sweating stunts.

"Hello, pal, your face looks familiar to me. I've seen you somewhere. Where are you from?"

"Butte, Montana."

"Put her there, so am I. How long have you been here. I thought I had seen your face around the M. and M."

"Oh, about six weeks. Getting along fine and dandy. Rubbed a box of "eights," a box of "sixes" and six boxes of "fours." Licked up enough iodide of potash cocktails to make my brain whirl and make me feel like I was playing hookey from the bughouse. Greenway says after I take ten or a dozen sweats I can board a train that will "take me back to old Montana, where there's plenty room and air."

"Better not be in any hurry. We've got flowers and green grass and singing birds here. The snow is a foot deep in Butte."

"I expect you are right. I want to go out to Oaklawn track and the kennels, the alligator and ostrich farm, in a few days. Nearly all the national league players are here getting in trim for next season. You want to see them practice. And say, pal, I am certainly going home clean. The doctors, druggists and hotels, in addition to the water, have all 'cleaned' me."

"It is lucky that Uncle Sam owns all these springs and sub-lets them to these bath house people, fixing the rates they can charge the public. Nobody but a millionaire could come here otherwise. The charges for the baths are dirt cheap."

"I wish I was a millionaire. I would not build churches and libraries. I would hire a man to stay right here and deal out financial help to all the needy. Isn't it pitiful to see these poor devils hobbling along on crutches with locomotor ataxia? You will see sights over there in the government bath house where the paupers bathe free that will make your hair turn grey. And when they stop you on the street and 'stick you up' for a piece of coin you haven't the heart to turn 'em down."

"Yes, it is too bad. Still people have a wrong idea of this place. When they hear that a man has spent a month at Arkansas Hot Springs they look at him out of the corner of their eyes. This is not right. The wealth and

beauty and culture of the entire country come here every year solely for an outing. They say there were 135,000 visitors here last year."

"Gee! I didn't suppose there were that many. No wonder there are forty bath houses and two hundred hotels in the town. They certainly have had some swell balls the past winter at the Arlington, the Eastman, the Park and the Majestic. The average person who comes here once gets dead stuck on the place and wants to come again. I'd come here every winter if I had the price. It's certainly the sportiest place in America outside of Butte, though it isn't what it used to be since they stopped gambling. It used to be the Monte Carlo of America and wide open gambling brought hundreds of thousands of dollars here. By the way, you haven't got a copy of the Butte X-Ray with you, have you? I'd like to see what is going on in old Butte."

"No, I haven't, I am sorry to say. Say, that feller is a whizzer, ain't he? Reading the X-Ray is like taking a ride on the roller coaster out at Columbia Gardens—fast and furious from start to finish. I don't suppose there are over two or three states in the union that Davenport hasn't scampered over. And say, he don't always ride on the cushions, either. All the 'shacks' in Christendom could not keep him from riding on a freight train when he wants to travel. He'll ride if he has to hang on to the numbers on a boxcar with his eyebrows. He is perfectly 'at home' in a drawing room or a boxcar. All same Jack London and Thomas W. Jackson. I wish he was here now. I would blow myself for a livery rig and take him out to some of these saw mills six miles from town just to get to read the 'write-up' he would give some of these 'natives' of Arkansas a la Opie Reed. Have you seen any of them? They are the limit. Every time they bury a man here in Arkansas they dump a load of manure in the grave so that he will rise on resurrection day. They are so lazy that this is a necessity. The natives seem to be composed of miserable old women and lean, lank-bellied yahoos—worse than the clay eaters of North Carolina or the Missourians that exist along the Sheridan river. Their principal occupation is drinking whiskey and shooting niggers. They are too infernally lazy to eat a full meal and consequently have a hungry look. Nobody ever saw a fat man in Arkansas. They are too shiftless, too trifling, too worthless, to ever get fat. Some of them stray

north once in a while and take on a little flesh, but here on their native heath they are like Cassius—they have a lean and hungry look. They all have noses like pelicans and eyes deep sunk in their heads, yellow, watery and sickly, which are set so close together they can look through an eighth of an inch crack in the fence surrounding a ball game with both eyes at once. They are restless and uneasy, a condition which I suppose they have acquired by lying awake at nights and listening to the notes of the bullfrog and the mosquito. Religiously they seem to be divided into two classes—the heathens and the greater heathens. The heathens get drunk every Sunday on mean whiskey and raise the devil generally with sacred things when not too drunk. The worse than heathens shoot or burn a nigger at the stake for a pastime and when they get down to business assassinate a white man. A real good Arkansas father licks his son half to death if he catches him in a clean shirt on Sunday, but commends him if he makes a successful raid on his neighbor's chicken coop. Within ten miles of Hot Springs I'll bet there can be found men so illiterate as to be incapable of intelligible speech and upon whose bodies a crop of wheat might be grown and gathered, so great is their laziness, so deep the accumulation of dirt. Hundreds of thousands of northern people come here to Hot Springs bringing books, soap and other evidences of civilization, but the natives are impervious to it all. Take Hot Springs and Little Rock out of the state and I wouldn't give a section of the badlands in Montana for the whole cussed state. There is too much malaria all through this southern country to suit me."

"Not all through it, just part of it, pal. I was particularly struck with the Panhandle country of Texas in and around Amarillo. I'd like to get a piece of land there and go to raising wheat. It would beat working for wages in Butte."

"If you want to raise wheat why don't you go up into the Canadian northwest?"

"That country is too cold."

"Aw, nonsense. Why, they are raising good wheat crops way up in the Pease river country, 1,300 miles north of Butte—500 miles north of Edmonton—in a climate that is a paradise beside the climate of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth. You see, the rivers all run north up there, it is a low altitude and the Rocky mountains are pretty well pe-

tered out, so the winds from the ocean currents get over there instead of being soaked up by the snowcaps further south. They have about 20 hours of sunshine every day during summer."

"Yes, but your Canadian market is nowhere near the equal to the market on this side. Uncle Sam is a good spender."

"You are right, there. And when people find that out they will cease passing up Montana and settle in the Treasure state. Why, there are at least 5,000,000 acres of rich wheat lands right around Great Falls that await the plow to tickle it into producing an hundred fold. Do you know I am dead stuck on Great Falls. It has 22,000 people, but five years from now her population will be as big as Butte. It is destined to be the biggest town in all Montana."

"Why?"

"Because it has the natural resources and the country around it to make it. The Missouri river drops 535 feet in seven miles there. They have 348,000 horse power in those falls, of which only 20,000 to 30,000 is in use. The falls at Spokane only contain 16,000 horse power and they are considered pretty great. That Judith Basin country will pour her wealth into Great Falls. They have 1,000 square miles of coal lands in Cascade county. They already have the second largest smelter in the world. Out northwest of Great Falls are three tremendous irrigation projects in course of construction, the Sun river project, the Alkali basin project and the Conrad project. The Sun river project alone will irrigate 275,000 acres. I can't give you all her many resources offhand. Just sit down and drop a postal card to the secretary of the Great Falls Chamber of Commerce for particulars of Great Falls, the Judith basin and those irrigation projects. Long after Butte is dug out and deserted Great Falls will be a splendid city of from 100,000 upwards. That magnificent water power! Why, my stars, there is enough power there when harnessed to make a supply of electricity that will light every city and turn the wheel of every industry in the entire state of Montana for all time to come. And that means something, for although we only have 350,000 population, we have a state capable, under development, of supporting 10,000,000 people. Great Falls looks mighty good to me."

Just then the darkey attendant came in and said:

"You all Montana men gwine to lay here all night and

sweat yerselves to death? Suppah bell done ring ovah to de Eastman long time ago."

The men got up, dressed and left the bath house still talking about Montana's unlimited resources.

* * *

A great many Butte politicians resemble the famous resurrection plant. They must be thoroughly soaked ere their ebullient beauty can be seen. Every two years we send twelve Butte politicians to Helena to represent Silver Bow county in the Montana Legislature, many of whom should be kept at home and given tops to spin and rubber balls to play with. Nothing down.

* * *

Late discoveries seem to show that when Moses got away from the Egyptians he made use of a bicycle which he hastily constructed from the wheels in his head, the frame of his mind, the rubber of his neck, the seat of his pants and a part of that tired feeling. Bartender, for God's sake, hurry up.

* * *

Bob Ingersoll assures us that "not even death can conquer a woman's love." Correct. Here in Butte before the embalming fluid has irrigated every nook and cranny of the late lamented she is casting about for some one to comfort her couch. Woman's love is not only "unconquerable," but is as flexible as a political platform. Female friendship is but a fad—has no basis in fact. There will never be a she-Damon and Pythias.

* * *

Mrs. Brown had a savings bank of polished brass. She had it placed invitingly in the center of the quaint mahogany table in her room.

"Yes, it is my Lenten sacrifice," she told half of a dozen of her friends, all residents of Butte's West Side. "I am afraid I am becoming a dreadful gossip, so every time I catch myself speaking unkindly of anyone I drop a dime into the bank. I expect it will be full by Easter."

Then she sighed and shook her head and made them lift the bank to see how heavy it was getting with its accumulation of dimes. One day a friend of Mrs. Brown's was seized with a brilliant idea. "Wouldn't it be a good joke for the rest of us to drop in a dime every time we run into see her? She will feel so conscience-stricken when she comes to count up the total number of dimes in her bank!

Besides having a laugh at her expense we'll be helping along a good cause."

So it became a habit of Mrs. Brown's friends to drop dimes surreptitiously into the little bank whenever they called. As the Lenten days went on and the bank became heavier and heavier, Mrs. Brown puckered up her pretty face in a dismay.

"Dear me, I didn't suppose I talked about people so much as all that," she said disconsolately. "It is a wonder I have any friends at all. Perhaps they come to see me simply to hear the latest gossip."

As the bank took on added weight her friends looked at her in mock horror and Mrs. Brown declared she was so ashamed that she was tempted to hide the telltale receptacle.

"It seems as if every time anyone comes here she gets to talking about somebody just to lead me on to making some spiteful remark," she moaned to her husband. Then she immediately felt so ashamed of her uncharitable thought that she dropped a dime into the bank just to ease her conscience.

"We are all coming over when you open the bank so we shall know just how many spiteful things you have said," her friends assured her. Mrs. Brown tried to look as if she did not care. One afternoon the talk turned on missions and charities and each one was warmly advocating the hostess's plan of the savings bank.

"By the way," said one of the visitors, turning to Mrs. Brown, during whose momentary absence from the room the bank had been enriched by three dimes. "You have never told us to what charity you are going to give your conscience fund."

"Oh," said Mrs. Brown, "that money is for my Easter bonnet."

Back up.

* * *

The maid had conscientious scruples against telling visitors that her mistress was "not at home" when she really was in the house and the mistress gave way on the point. The minister had sent a message to say that he would call early in the morning and the mistress told the maid that if he came at any unseasonable hour she need not say "not at home," but could explain matters and ask him in to

see her. When the mistress came down to breakfast the maid was waiting for her with distressed face.

"Please, ma'am," she said, "the minister came, but he went away angry."

"Well, my goodness, what on earth did you say to him?"

"I said, ma'am, as you said you were in your bath, but that if he liked he could come in and see you."

* * *

One of our Jewish friends and his son were riding in from Columbia Gardens the other evening.

"Fadder, vy so many of these Irish come to the Gardens?" said the son.

"I don't know, my son. I vish ve cood lif in a town vere der vas not so many of dese tam Irish. It is just Irish, Irish, Irish, everywhere here in Butte."

This was too much for Mrs. Casey of Dublin Gulch, who sat opposite and facing them. Doubling up her fist and waving it at them she burst out:

"Yez two sheenies can both go to hell. Yez'll find no Irish there."

* * *

In the last issue of the X-Ray we took the liberty of saying a few words of commendation for the Mormons. And now comes an eastern Montana paper down at Forsyth and accuses us of "defending polygamy."

Heaven preserve us! When did it happen? Produce the evidence and I will plunge head-first down the 2,800-foot shaft of the Anaconda mine. So far from being an apologist for polygamy am I that I look with disgust upon second marriages—having never tried the first marriage yet—cannot understand how the affections can be transferred from the dead to the living in the space of one brief life time, much less in a few months or weeks, as is often the case in Butte. Still, I shall not quarrel with a world I do not understand. If the world has the happy faculty of forgetting, perhaps it is to be congratulated. Why should we remember husband, wife or mistress, after they have crossed the threshold of the tomb? Why should we ever linger heart-broken beside the unresponsive mound or the cold brazen urn when warm lips tempt us to new delights? Life is so short, why should we waste it in vain regrets? Why should we blend our souls with other souls for all eternity? What's a dead wife good for, anyway? She cannot boil potatoes, make pasties, sew on shirt but-

tons or shift diapers in the nursery. What good is a dead husband? Let him rot and on with the dance.

* * *

A full mining claim is 600 feet wide and 1,500 feet long. The apex of a vein of ore is the point where it comes nearest the surface. If the veins apex in your ground and run lengthwise you must stop mining at your 600-foot lines, but you can mine sideways and out past your side lines of 1,500 feet from ocean to ocean or pole to pole. If your vein runs across the short way of your claim if you have the apex in your ground you can go as far as your 1,500 lines and stop, while you can mine past your 600 lines as far as a pigeon can fly in a week. Inasmuch as there are several thousands of claims and fractions of claims on the Butte mountain and about 7,896,453,857,854,906 veins knotted and wrapped around each other like serpents, the apex theory has piled up trouble in Montana as high as Hamen.

* * *

Dressed in a suit of conventional black and a white bow tie he walked into Newbro's drug store, Butte, and asked the clerk if he could give a dose of castor oil so that the nauseous stuff could not be tasted.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Take a seat. One of the men will prepare it for you in the course of a few minutes."

The clerk then asked if he would take a glass of soda water "on the house" while waiting. He said yes and named the syrup. It was brought to him, he drank it and felt much refreshed. At last becoming impatient at the delay he asked the clerk if the castor oil was ready.

"Why," replied the latter, "you've taken it. The oil was in that glass of soda water I gave you."

"My God," moaned the man, "I didn't want it for myself, but for a friend of mine. I was to have been married at high noon and it is a quarter of eleven now."

* * *

The Standard Oil controls the price of oil in every civilized country on the globe. The tribute they realize is over \$100,000,000 a year. They have branched out until they have secured the controlling interest in nearly all the great transcontinental railroads of this country, forming the Harriman system. They sought to make a universal railroad trust, but Jim Hill blocked the game. Not because Jim Hill loves the people, but because he could not

be at the head of it. This is one reason they paralleled Hill's lines through Dakota, Montana and Washington with an extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul to the coast. "There are others."

They have built up a banking trust in New York that is a menace to civilization. But as Lawson has truly told us, Amalgamated has been the cause of more hell on earth than all corporation infamy since the beginning of time. The reason for this is that Rogers and Rockefeller and Lawson bought a controlling interest in the six big mining companies of Butte for about \$55,000,000 and sold it to the public in every country on the globe for \$155,000,000, cleaning up a \$100,000,000 in a year's time in the greatest swindle of all ages. Lawson failed to get all his end of the swag, opened fire on Rockefeller and Rogers in Everybody's Magazine and for two solid years let out a constant roar that would shame Niagara. But the formation of the Amalgamated was only the beginning of a world-wide copper trust to include the Arizona and Michigan fields, the Rio Tinto and the Rothschilds. The world-wide copper trust is a failure. The money centers of the world, Paris and Vienna, Berlin and Rome, Madrid and London, have had their eye on Butte almost as much as Boston and New York. Why? Because the banks and trust companies of these great foreign centers loaned out over a hundred million dollars on Amalgamated stock to their customers on the \$155,000,000 basis. In a great many cases the customers made good the difference between the price of the stock and the money loaned upon it, but in a multitude of instances the banks and trust companies could only retrieve their losses by new booms in Amalgamated. It would take the rest of my natural life to tell the complete story of Amalgamated. Lawson talked for two years on it and threw up the sponge in disgust.

* * *

A traveling man at the Butte Hotel handed us a good yarn the other evening.

"At the cabin of a Tennessee settler where I stopped over night they told me of a widow who lived three miles away, who finding that the body of her husband had been petrified after being buried six years had sold it to a showman for \$100 in cash. The people were not at all sentimental, but they didn't look upon the transaction as exactly the proper caper. The next day as I journeyed along

I stopped at the house of the widow named for a glass of water. When she learned where I had stayed over night she asked:

"'Did they tell you about my dead husband turning to stone.'

"'Yes.'

"'And about my selling him to a showman?'

"'Yes.'

"'And they don't think it right?'

"'Oh, they didn't say as much.'

"'But I know what they have said to others and how they feel about it. Mebbe it wasn't just the right thing to do, but I tell you what's in my mind. If I kin git an offer from a rich man I'll marry again and the first thing I'll do after that will be to buy Jim's body back again and use it for a gate post and have him near me all the rest of my life.'"

Correct as hell, madam.

* * *

The above story caused another traveling man to turn loose with a story of an Indiana woman whose husband was drowned while fishing. His body was not recovered for several weeks later, when it was discovered by some of the neighbors, one of whom was delegated to break the news to the widow. He incidentally informed her that the body was full of eels and inquired what disposition should be made of the remains.

"How many eels are there?" she asked.

"Oh, probably half a bushel."

"Well, neighbor, you know Tom was of no earthly use while he was living and so I think you had better send them eels up to the house and set Tom again."

* * *

"Will you pass the butter, Mr. Pieface?" asked the new boarder.

"Every time," said Pieface.

And the landlady said it was the way he said it that made her angry.

* * *

The editor of the Forsyth Times boasts that he has a "personality." So has a skunk.

* * *

The Red Lodge Picket says "The X-Ray is worse than the Police Gazette." Can't refute the argument. When

the barbers raised from 15 to 25 cents we quit 'em and have been patronizing home industry for over two years.

* * *

It was the noon hour in the mechanical department of the X-Ray office. The clickety click, te-click, te-click of the Merganthalers was silent and the force were cutting wide swaths in their lunch. "What a curious fellow Davenport is," said the janitor of the building, who incidentally beats the bass drum each evening in the Salvation Army. "Educated in an Iowa Methodist college for the Methodist ministry and now, after nine years' residence in Butte, opposed to churches and religion, opposed to schools and education, opposed to organized society, in favor of the wide open, high licensed saloon and all the evils that attend it, floundering hopelessly in the mire of an infidelity that is a mixture of Tom Paine and Mary Baker Eddy, in his early thirties, yet unmarried, and a pronounced woman hater, absolutely despising the very ground the average woman walks on. What a power for good in the world he could be if he would only come out on the side of the right."

"Cut it, cut it," said the foreman of the X-Ray. "He is as good a Christian as nine-tenths of the church members. He is not opposed to churches, religion, schools, education and civilization, except for the evil, the worthless and the hypocrisy in them. He is a profound student of the Bible. His Bible on his desk in the sanctum is all marked up and half the leaves are turned down. Parts he has read hundreds of times, other parts he never reads. He is not the rounder you would suppose him to be from his writings, yet he has a heart in him as big as a barn for the woman who falls and for suffering humanity in general. Just the other day he said to me:

"'As I look out over the earth with its two thousand million people, the false and the true, the good and the bad seem to be so inseparably woven together that to approve is a crime, to condemn is a crime.'

"His mind is a seething maelstrom, a burning Siroc all the time."

Just then the editor strolled in with an armful of exchanges. The boys were expecting him to josh them in his usual Billie Baxter barroom slang style. But he appeared to be in a dejected mood.

"What's the matter, Davvy, old stockings, did the favor-

ites all stop to eat grass at the back stretch, are the veins beginning to pinch out with depth or are the gaffles of Montana's daily press beginning to reach home? Brace up, old cockalorum."

"Montana's muzzled daily press in their relation to the X-Ray resemble a lot of buzzards puking on a thunder-bolt," said the editor. "I love humanity and want to help the human race. Helen Gould is my ideal. I have champagne tastes along philanthropic lines with only root beer assets. Here is what I would do if I had lots of money. I would go into every crib and every parlor house in the state of Montana and talk with these unfortunate women, finding out how many are living lives of shame from choice and how many from necessity. All of those living the life from choice I would let them alone. I believe in legalizing this class and in so doing erect a barrier that will in a way protect the purity of our homes and reduce rape and seduction to a minimum. This may not be good morals, but it is good sense. Those who are living this life from necessity—and many of them feel their degradation as no male degenerate ever felt it and would wash out their past with their heart's own blood if they possessed the power—I would help them up out of the depths, secure respectable employment for them, send them back to the old home or some place else that would be a change of environment. What does the hymn say?"

"Rescue the perishing,
 "Care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave,
 Weep o'er the erring one,
 Lift up the fallen one,
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

"Oh, boys, it is pitiful, pitiful, pitiful. Nearly every one of those girls has a life story that is a tragedy. Some were seduced when in their teens, others married to drunken, brutal husbands who made life so intolerable that they were compelled to plunge into a life of shame to get out of hell. The poor devils, they are to be pitied. The man who would lift an unkind hand or point the finger of scorn at one of this class ought to be horsewhipped. How I would like to help them out of the depths. This is what Jesus would do if he lived in Butte to-day—the same

Christ that had nowhere to lay his head, eating bread with beggars and sleeping in the jungles. And to the class I believe in licensing I would say, 'Girls, it's no use to talk to you. It would be like barking at the moon. We can't be told anything. We must all go through the mill of experience. When the day comes that you have drained the cup of degradation to the dregs and see the folly of it all and want some financial help to enable you to quit the old game, get on a train and pull for Butte. Walk right into the X-Ray office and 'Ill see what I can do for you.' Boys, I have traveled through every state in the union except Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. I've been as far south as the City of Mexico and as far north as the Pease river country, 500 miles north of Edmondton, which is 1,300 miles north of Butte. I have seen human misery at Rochester, Minn., where the Mayo Bros. operated upon 5,000 people last year and only lost 37 cases. I've seen the consumptives at San Antonio, Texas, and the drunkards at the Keeley Institute at Dwight, Ill. I've visited scores of prisons, hospitals, poor houses and asylums in all parts of the country. But if you want to see Pike's Peak crowded into a pint cup—if you want to see Pelion piled upon Ossa, human misery in its most dreadful forms drop into Arkansas Hot Springs. Three years ago I was hitting the rods through the south and I dropped into Hot Springs and spent six days there. I went through forty different bath houses and saw more misery there in six days than I had ever seen before in my whole life, and more than I hope I will ever see again anywhere outside of that place. Something like 135,000 people a year visit there from all parts of the world. There is great need of charity there. America's wealthy four-flushers delight to build churches and libraries, but they all pass up poor old Arkansas Hot Springs. The government has built a bath house there where the poor can bathe free. But there is no free food, free shelter, free clothing, free medicine or free doctoring. Tens of thousands of people come there penniless or are penniless after they are there a short time. The doctors are all grafters as long as a man has a dollar, but after that they are princes and will do all in their power for a suffering mortal.

"It is pitiful to see little boys 14, 15, 16 and 17 years old knocked out with gonorrheal rheumatism—arms stiff at the elbow, legs stiff at the knees. And there they sit in

those bath houses with hot cloths around their stiff joints, six or eight hours a day for six or eight months. Oh, it is awful. It is bad enough when the juvenile victim has plenty of means, but when penniless it is awful. How I wish I was financially able to help suffering humanity at Arkansas Hot Springs. When I get on my feet with the X-Ray I'm going to. At present my ambition is to make my mind a perfect storehouse for the golden gems of literature, become more intimately acquainted with all the great history makers of the world and the tragic story of all ages, nations, races, religions and philosophies. Nature has already made me a close student of men, their conceits, fantastic tricks, aspirations, hopes and ambitions. What do I want to do with this kind of mental equipment? To make money to help suffering humanity. The one ambition of my life to be the ablest, truest and most fearless defender of the rights of a struggling people that ever stood upon the red sands of Montana's arena and challenged the Goliath of greed and special privilege. I want to be one of nature's noblemen in the realm of intellect, a plumed knight clad in the invincible armor of truth, fighting in the fierce unequal struggle for the masses of Montana, blazing the way to a higher and holier civilization. Though in constant conflict with the grizzly gorgons of ignorance, prejudice and greed, I have pitched my tent on the frontier of modern civilization and here I am going to camp, the whole majestic world is powerless to sway me.

"As the editor of the only free lance paper in Butte I am at death grips with the subtle poisons that rise from the rotten swamps of political corruption and the cesspools of social life. I am striving my level best to lead the masses hand in hand to the rugged heights of hope, where we may all see the blue hills rising in the mist, the sunlit vales, dales, glens and glades, the winding silvery river and the golden harvests of liberty waiting for the reapers. Vipers are daily snarling and hissing in my pathway, but these venomous and vicious serpents are powerless to put a blemish on my soul. When I die I want to have lived a life such that my friends can gather around my grave and truthfully feel that the elements of charity, justice, mercy, kindness, honor, sympathy, truth, courage and integrity were so woven in my nature that all Montana could stand up and say 'HERE WAS A MAN!'

"As you well know, the Standard Oil is trying to gobble

up everything in Montana, and what a host of traitors to Montana, individualism and unionism, is in their employ. Swift in his Gulliver's Travels must have been viewing the future with prophetic eye at the horde of corporation hirelings in Montana when he said that 'whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve more of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians.' In Cymbeline Shakespeare intimates that Englishmen objected to paying tribute to Rome for the blessed privilege of being permitted to wear their own noses. Montana objects to paying Rockefeller for the same privilege.

"I believe with that Litchfield born schoolmaster at Harper's Ferry, writing upon the natural bridge in the face of nations his single copy, 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.' I believe with William Jennings Bryan in his famous Chicago speech, "The humblest citizen in all the land when clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts of error.' Beautiful are those words quoted by Webster Davis at the Kansas City convention:

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
As He died to make men holy
Let us die to make men free.'

"Aye, Brutus stabbed his Cæsar, Henry butchered his queens, Cain murdered his brother, Judas betrayed the Redeemer and to-day Montana is literally salivated with parallels of those nameless, inexplorable, incomprehensible mysteries of human conduct. The human tiger who by malformations driven springs from the ambush of friendship upon its unsuspecting victim and murders it, kills but one. But there is no conception of the mind for that thing in the shape of a man who will profess a political creed and lead a great party of people holding to the tenets thereof and who will deliberately and wilfully, while pretending to be one of their faithful number, plot and scheme for their complete undoing. Heavy on Tom Carter. There isn't a human being above the sod capable of forming a correct conception of such an unthinkable monster. May the curse of the living God remain throughout all

time and eternity upon such. A thousand times has the X-Ray and the Butte Reveille exposed them. One would suppose after being roasted so often they would be all conscience and one blister. Their stand before the people is so devoid of principle that it reminds one of the words of Victor Hugo in *Les Miserables*, in which he says in describing Baptistine, the sister of Bishop Bienvenu: 'Her person was made of a shadow, there was hardly sufficient body to provide for sex—a mere pretext for a soul's remaining on earth.'

"Man will tear his fellow mortal,
Suck the blood from out his heart,
For the old, old tiger spirit
Of his very self is part.
He will tremble on the helpless,
Spring the lock and forge the thrall,
Till the final cataclysm
Our proud planet shall befall.

"Were I the owner of such a record as many of these politicians engaged in murdering individualism in Montana for the Standard Oil 'system,' my conscience would soon cause me to cry out in the language of Othello:

"Oh, cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils!
Blow me about in winds!
Roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep down gulfs of liquid fire!"

There was a break in the speaker's voice and when he resumed it was in commonplace language to the boys.

"Yes, I love humanity. I would like to steer the rising generation in a way to avoid mountains of suffering and misery. But every man has to take his little course in the school of experience and it isn't much use to offer my advice."

There was a silence for perhaps a half a minute and then the editor broke loose again.

"I am sometimes tempted to believe that Lawson is right and that humanity is a lot of gelatine-spined shrimps not worth saving. Whither are we headed for, anyway? Intellectually we are below the level of Walpole and Boswell,

morally the inferior of the Turk. Physically the human race is deteriorating. Compare the squabs that daily roost in Butte's high society and sip tea out of China cups at afternoon Kensingtons at the Thornton Hotel, with the colonists that walked with bare and bleeding feet in the snows of Valley Forge that we might have the liberty we now enjoy. We are degenerating. Crime is connived at. Arrests are made, juries are drawn, lawyers plead, judges squat upon the bench and look as wise as owls, but a man languishes in prison, is hanged or goes scot free in accordance with his bank account. The love of riches has become so predominate that the itching palm is in the hand of everybody, from Rockefeller down to Terry who tamps the tie in the 'low centers and high ends' brigade on the section. Justice has left man. The marriage tie is becoming a rope of sand. People get married nowadays with as little thought of responsibility as a man buying a cow. He can rid himself of either at pleasure. We must have society to have government and we can have no society without homes and no homes without respect for the marriage contract. A tide of polygamy is upon us. People know it, talk about it, cry out against the tendency of the times, but what does it amount to? Travel anywhere in the country, talk to the great mass of people and you will find that they are writhing in discontent and their condition is getting worse and worse each year. Why? It is because democracy is dead, wealth rules and we have government by the few, but not government by the people. A day will come when the history of France and Rome will be repeated in this country. Great and powerful men as Wall street's kings of finance have rotted on lonely islands, died in senate chambers or been hurled into hell before their own palace gates. Oh, hasten the day when the brawn and brain of this country will lead the people triumphantly from the new Egypt into the Promised Land that the trusts have stolen. There are Hampdens among us that will be Johnny-on-the-spot in the council halls when the time comes.

"Dives is doing the ostrich act—running its head into the sand to avoid seeing the cyclone that sooner or later will play whaley with his tail feathers. If there be one class which more than all others is vitally interested in ameliorating the condition of the masses it is America's great kings

of finance, for it is upon their heads that the blue lightnings will break, that the storm will expend its fury.

“Comes a vapor from the margin,
Blackening o’er heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it,
In its breast a thunderbolt.’

“As it is now, the trust magnates sit back and laugh at us, singing:

“The masses are asses, we never forget it,
The masses are asses, this idea we pet it,
The masses are asses, we do not regret it,
The masses are asses, we would not upset it.
The masses are asses, we safely can bet it,
The masses are asses, our tribute we net it.
The masses are asses, the problem we’ve met it.
These assified human masses.’”

“When will the final crash arrive?” inquired the linotype operator.

“I don’t know. We can tell to the minute when an eclipse will occur, but the ruin of a republic or the fall of an empire defy the skill of the mathematician, the wisdom of the philosopher, the sagacity of the statesman and the knowledge of the scientists.”

“What this nation needs is the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ,” said the Salvation Army janitor.

“Right you are, brother,” said the editor, “and we need the pure quill stripped of the husks of creed. It don’t make any particular difference about the immaculate conception, the theory of his tragic death and resurrection from the dead. Simply look at Jesus the man, the greatest reformer of all ages. It is in the rectitude of his life, the sublimity of his character, the strength, beauty and simplicity of his creed that furnishes food for reflection and an anchor in the time of storm and trouble. He taught nothing new. He simply put lots of old wine into new bottles and then the world hardly recognized it. The golden rule is enough to make a heaven of earth if people would follow it. ‘Do unto others as you would have them do unto you’ is the keynote to universal peace, progress and prosperity. China received Confucianism from the sage of Lu;

India took her Brahmanism from Crishna, but Jesus gave us a universal religion, applicable to all ages and conditions of humanity. The churches have so disgusted me with their four-flushing hypocrisy that I make no outward profession of religion, but with millions of passion-cursed sons of men, I can say from the bottom of my heart:

“‘All hail the power of Jesus’ name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.’”

“I would like to see every employe in the X-Ray office read the Bible every day,” said the Salvation Army man.

“So would I,” followed the editor. ‘To swallow the Bible whole, however, is an insult to the Creator; to turn it down’ altogether is a rank injustice to yourselves. Just cut out all that rot about Jonah sloshing around in the belly of the whale without a life preserver, never mind about the ravens feeding Elijah, draw the ‘blue pencil’ through the part about Daniel bunking with the lions, pay no attention to that mysterious Anna Eva Fay funny business of the burning bushes holding a confab with Moses. Then there is a lot more nonsense about David putting a kibosh on Goliath with a nigger shooter, Lot’s wife turning into a chunk of chloride of sodium, Nebuchadnezzar banqueting on cactus and sagebrush until he became four-footed, etc., etc. It’s just this way, boys. The Bible is like one of these big copper mines on the Butte hill. Mixed with much worthless rock and debris there is a well nigh inexhaustible store of the good old red metal that makes the mare travel. If you want it you have got to dig assiduously, every blow of the hammer against the drill will reward you. There are some great lodes in the Bible, boys, and you can’t do better than to get a ‘lease’ thereon and commence ‘stoping.’ One of the strangest things to me about the early biblical religion is that it did not hand out the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Its whole teaching was that when the grave gulped a man it was ‘all off.’ The rewards for riding on the water wagon, fighting the Standard Oil ‘for the good of the cause’ and serving 90 days for vagrancy because the sheriff needed the board money and you could not buy a job for love or money, were not heaven and eternal life but prosperity on earth and

'full time' pay checks as an inheritance to the good man's posterity. Just where the doctrine of the immortality of the soul butted into the cult of Jehovah is by no means clear, but that it was received from without instead of within must be evident to every student of the Bible. The New Testament is generally supposed to be a sort of a 'continued-in-our-next' for the old. Judaism is supposed to be the root of which Christianity is the stem. This is bad dope. The relation of the two books is a strained and unnatural one, something like the Rebekah lodge and the Doukabours traveling together in double harness. But, boys, there are other pebbles on the beach. The Butte city library is a whole quarry.

"Would you know all about jurisprudence, the Cokes, Cooleys and Blackstone? It is there, as are the words of Brahma, Buddha and Confuscious, but Moses and the Decalogue have them all beaten to a pulp. All just law is based on the Ten Commandments. Would you know all about the great warriors, Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Grant and Lee? The great religious leaders, Wesley, Calvin, Luther, Christ? You will find them all in our public library. And there are the works of all the great novelists, Scott, Dickens, Hugo et al. You boys who like to get up and spout in the union halls might do worse things than spend your time brushing up against such orators as Desmonthenes, Pericles, Cicero, Pitt, P. Henry, Webster, Clay, Gladstone, Phillips, Grady, Ingersoll and Bryan—Pericles, Cicero and Ingersoll being the 'favorites' in Father Time's pool room. I am sure there are none of you but that could be uplifted by the poetry of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Whitman, Burns, Byron, Moore, Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Virgil and Homer. Read Homer and I assure you that you will never forget Paris, Hector, Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, Helen and Penelope. Read the Iliad and weep with Venus, Juno and Thetis over the fate of their 'favorite sons.'

"Some of you boys who aspire to go down in the annals of time as notorious criminals by breaking into the Montana Legislature need to wise up on statesmanship a little by drinking in the words of Gladstone, Bismarck, Blaine, Li Hung Chang and in my judgment the two greatest statesmen that ever lived, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln."

Just then a new subscriber with a two dollar bill for a

year's subscription to the X-Ray came in and by the time the editor got through "getting the money" the 1 o'clock whistle had blown and the noise of machinery precluded further controversy.

* * *

To the Farmers of the United States—

Gentlemen: Montana is a jewel pendant from the fringe of Uncle Sam's robe; a veritable Kohinoor, though possessed of several flaws, such as "Montana politics" and "Butte's high society." As stated in these columns before, the state is so large it "gives a man blind staggers to try to comprehend its dimensions." You can put 135 Rhode Islands into Montana. Outside of 9,000,000 acres in Indian reservations, 20,000,000 acres in the permanent forest reserves and many millions more in military reservations and withdrawn under the reclamation act, there are still 50,000,000 acres of public lands in Montana on which no settlement has been made. Do you get that through your hair without cracking your little hickory nut skull? And yet during the year 1907 there were only 1,264 homestead entries and 755 desert claim entries, a total of 2,029, embracing about 315,000 acres, or one-twentieth of one Montana county—and there are 26 counties in the state. If the state don't fill up faster it's going to take 160 years to settle the vacant, unoccupied and unreserved lands of this Treasure state. It gives a sympathetic man the heartache to read that in Chicago, Philadelphia and other eastern cities where people eke out existence on postage stamp areas, of organizations being formed to permit the unemployed to cultivate lots after the Pingree potato patch fashion, while so many millions of acres of good land is going to waste in Montana. Montana has plenty of lawyers and doctors and teachers and trade unionists of all kinds; she is surfeited to suffocation with "business men;" what she needs to-day is the sturdy sons and daughters of Iowa, Illinois and Indiana farmers, men with families and from \$1,000 to \$5,000 capital, who will settle down upon, cultivate and make their homes upon 160 to 320 acres of land—a population that will make more markets and more consumers for Montana's industries, as well as more producers. Montana's population is infinitesimal compared with that which the richness and beauty of her domain warrants. The state has been slow in its growth. It has never been farmed in a true sense except in some of her

oldest and richest valleys where irrigation is feasible. Most of the farming has been done with a cayuse and spurs. The big cow and sheep men have discouraged intensive farming and everything else that interfered with their business. Scores and hundreds of them have fenced in anywhere from 1,000 to 75,000 acres of the public domain and with signboard and shotgun methods have hurled their withering defis to the world to "keep off the grass."

One man owning, leasing or squatting upon tens of thousands of acres of land is a curse and hindrance to the commercial prosperity of the state.

Judge Hunt's administration has helped to make better days for Montana. This brave United States federal judge has hauled upwards of a hundred of Montana's cattle kings upon the judicial carpet, thrown them into jail and imposed heavy cash fines upon them for illegal fencing of government domain. Many a haughty pioneer who could count his live stock upon a thousand hills and imagined himself lord of all his eye and branding iron surveyed, has been forced to come down off the perch and limp lamely home like a crippled parrot making a sneak on a rotten peanut under a rocking chair. There are millions upon millions of acres of land in Montana that could be successfully farmed in long rooted crops that have never been utilized save for grazing purposes, yet a land-hungry world passes it by to enter the Canadian Northwest. Fergus County, Montana's inland empire, has 20,000 people and could easily support 500,000.

In 1907 the Canadian government spent \$7,000,000 in advertising her wheat lands in the newspapers of every civilized country and the population she gained was enormous, as high as 8,000 people a day passing west through Winnipeg, yet the climate cannot be compared with Montana's climate both for comfort and crops. In 1906 Canada yielded as bountiful a wheat crop as any country on the globe, but the frosts of 1907 played havoc and the spring of 1908 saw the government come to the rescue of thousands of her impoverished children by loaning out \$4,000,000 for seed grain distributed at Regina, Moose Jaw, Prince Albert, Edmondton, Calgary and other points. Climatic conditions are changing each year, the rain belt is moving farther west. Western Kansas, Western Nebraska and Western Dakotas were looked upon fifteen years ago as the great American desert and practically worthless;

to-day millions of these acres are worth from three to five thousand dollars per quarter section.

WANTED—I want a half a million families to make homes upon my vast empire as actual farmers.

MISS MONTANA.

For fifteen years ex-United States Senator Paris Gibson experimented with dry land farming before he found the solution. That solution consists in plowing the soil and harrowing the top of the ground into a dust bed, re-harrowing after each rainfall till the growing crop precludes, thus forming a dust blanket on the top of the ground and conserving the moisture below. If left unharrowed the sun forms a cake after each rain which cracks and the precious moisture escapes. With the 14 inches of rainfall which we receive crops can be raised in Montana without irrigation if the scientific principles of dry land farming are followed out.

Doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, editors and business men as a rule form your stereotyped conventional people, imagining that they are God's acknowledged hot stuff and that what doesn't exist in their little Rhode Island of intellect is not worth knowing. They would rather fight the world, the flesh and the devil for a bare existence and die poor in order to keep on dress parade and enjoy the so-called benefits of civilization than to go up against "the rough" for a few years and hew out a life of independence fifty to seventy-five miles from the railroad, the pink tea, the comic opera and the Sunday supplement. Montana has plenty of professional people. What she wants is brain and brawn and lots of iron in the blood. Come, oh sons and daughters of the farm, and in a few years you will be rewarded as nowhere else on earth. Would you know a thousand times more about Montana and her undeveloped resources than I can tell you here? Then send 20 cents in stamps to the Bureau of Labor, Agriculture and Industry at Helena, Montana, for their eleventh biennial report. It is a volume about the size of a Montgomery, Ward & Co. catalogue, filled with facts, figures and photos—everything you want to know that tends towards improving your conditions by coming west. Max Bass, General Emigration Agent of the Great Northern at 220 South Clark street, Chicago; C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent of the Northern Pacific at St. Paul, and C. A. Padley, General Land Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St.

Paul at Milwaukee, will forward you, upon application, voluminous literature about Montana. Enter the office of your local newspaper and by perusing a newspaper directory you can get the names of upwards of seventy weekly newspapers of Montana, all of whom, upon application, will send you sample copies containing many facts and figures. With all this literature before you, you can easily familiarize yourself with homesteading, openings of Indian reservations, schools, churches, irrigation projects, water rights, dry land farming, sugar beet culture, creameries, lumbering, live stock, wages, mineral productions, railroading and hundreds of other things. The desire for a home is one of the holiest passions that can imbue an ambitious person, and the chances in Montana under any of the many government reclamation projects with ten years to complete the necessary payments cannot be excelled anywhere in the world. The X-Ray has pressed the button and you do the rest—get busy and work out your own salvation.

* * *

When President Roosevelt called the different governors together in Washington in May, 1908, to discuss ways and means for conserving the nation's natural resources, Governor Morris of Montana spoke as follows, referring principally to forest reserves:

"Those spots upon the map, though they comprise 21,000,000 acres in Montana, we don't object to; we would not blot them out. But I would urge, Mr. Secretary, that there be no more. We have sufficient. We want forest reserves to protect the forests because the forests protect the watersheds. They give us water for the reclamation of arid lands, and Montana generally, although heretofore known as a great mining state only, will in a few years be known as one of the great agricultural states. When I hear you gentlemen talk about producing 10 to 20 bushels of wheat per acre it makes me think that I would like to take you into the Judith basin in our state, where last year on dry land they produced 60 bushels of wheat to the acre, and were not especially vain on that yield, either. With irrigation we can produce 100 to 125 bushels of oats per acre, weighing 42 pounds to the bushel, while I believe the usual weight is 32 pounds to the bushel. That is something Montana can do.

"But, gentlemen, we do protest and we do object to using a forest reserve as a means for regulating the ranges of the

west. In other words, we do object to levying tribute upon the stockmen who graze their herds and their flocks in order to get money to protect the forest reserves."

Heavy on Governor Norris' words "Montana generally, although heretofore known as a great mining state only, will in a few years be known as one of the great agricultural states."

* * *

MISS HELEN GOULD: You are the queen of the human race. A child of wealth, you have certainly climbed to the sunlit summit of beautiful womanhood. In the barren desert of wealth, where greed rules and money is god, we find you blooming like the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Though born in a palace and reared in the lap of luxury, your soul has been proof against the blandishments of wealth and the blighting influence of greed. Possessing a heart purer than gold, a character spotless as polar snows, you have given up every comfort wealth could afford to become a ministering angel to suffering humanity. For years you devoted your life and fortune to the suffering and needy, but in such a gentle quiet way it was scarcely known beyond the circle of your most intimate friends. When the Spanish-American war broke out you gave your beautiful mansion at Chickamauga to be used as a hospital and to the sick you gave your life. On the fields of carnage or in the hospitals of pain your words of cheer sounded like trumpets to the dying, your smile was sunshine, your touch a healing balm. Out of your own purse you often paid for medicine and proper food for the sick and suffering. Some you nursed back to life and loved ones, others you saw slip o'er the brink into the great unknown. But when the vision of life grew dim they saw in the gathering mist above them not the face of a mother, wife, sister or sweetheart, but your sweet face—the face of Helen Gould—one of the purest, best and most womanly women that ever lived. The world will ever bless your name. Where and when help is most needed you are always there to relieve distress and comfort the bereaved, thus adding more stars to a crown already dazzling with glittering gems. As to your sister, Anna and Boni and Selie de Hagan, bah—that is too rotten a subject for even the X-Ray to tackle.

* * *

The average Montana millionaire is a generous being

when seated in his private office all alone. The moment any human being enters that private office on any mission whatsoever, selfishness begins. If he were not equipped with this kind of a make-up he never could have become a millionaire.

* * *

Reform movements among the erring sisters are always interesting to the scrutenizing student of social conditions. These movements have been in progress for some years past—many a wretched creature has been led by kindly hands out of the foul atmosphere of lust into the radiant light. The world still moves and despite the ipse dixit of Solomon there is something new under the sun. Many people hold to the theory that it is as impossible to reform a public prostitute as to make a savory omelet out of a rotten egg—that all the well meant effort of noble men and women who go as missionaries among them is but love's labor lost. It is a terrible and cruel theory and sometimes looks justified by conditions. A couple of years ago the matron of one of the best known houses of refuge in Denver told the writer, with tears in her eyes, that she doubted much if all her earnest labors to uplift the fallen had resulted in one bona fide reformation. Now, hundreds of "girls" are voluntarily abandoning their life of shame. It is enough to make even a hardened sinner join in the hosannahs. But is this bad old world growing better—are these reformations real? We do not know. We will first give the words of the Denver matron already mentioned, also the result of an interview with one of the well known "madames" of Mercury street, Butte.

The former says: "Poverty is the scourge which drives women into prostitution, and it has become the lash that is driving them out. Never before, perhaps, in the history of Denver, were so many women trying to subsist on the fruits of their shame: Many find it impossible and must seek more respectable employment or starve. Reformation, so-called, induces the ladies to find these poor creatures employment."

Not very encouraging, truly, still the fact that for some reason women do come out of the depths, is just cause for rejoicing. The words of the matron merits the serious consideration of sociologists, while that of the "madame" seems to call for carbolic acid. The latter says:

"So we are reforming, are we? Sure, Mike! We're being starved out by the competition of 'respectable' prosti-

tutes. I make a great mistake in trying to run a 'house' instead of becoming a leader in Butte's swell society. I think I'll get a coat of moral whitewash, convert this dump into a laundry and give my girls a chance to make their bread and butter washing the dirty linen of Butte's fashionable w——s."

Perhaps the madame is too hard on Butte's high society, but it is noticeable that her explanation of the success of the reformers has much in common with that of the eminently practical if too pessimistic matron. It will also so be remarked by the student of social phenomena, that the number of prominent business and professional men who frequent places of ill repute becomes appreciably smaller year by year. Is a successful reform movement in progress among the male debauches likewise, or are they all keeping mistresses clandestinely. It is to be hoped that social conditions in Montana are improving; still the constant number of "scandals in high life" and the divorces granted on the ground of adultery; the noticeable lack of confidence which women of fashion have in the virtue of their dearest friends and the consensus of opinion that society is becoming daily more corrupt are not encouraging signs.

* * *

It was an Irish funeral in Butte. That means a Catholic church crowded to suffocation and 150 buggies in front of the church. The services were over and Pat and Mary were patiently waiting outside of the church for all that was mortal of their beloved friend Mike to be brought out of the church and placed in the hearse.

Fully twenty minutes had elapsed and seeing a friend of his, a Cornish miner coming out of the church, Pat advanced towards him and enquired the cause of delay. The "Cousin Jack" replied that they were "takin' geckins at 'im afore ascrewing' of him down."

* * *

"Sir! how dare you? My place is at this machine and your place is over there at that desk. Go away and sit down."

It was the stern voice of a Butte stenographer to her employer who had become a trifle too fresh in his search for charity's loaves and fishes.

"What you want sir is not a stenographer but a mistress qualified to do stenography work."

A moment of silence and she burst out again.

"If the walls of this office should commence talking some day when your wife comes in there would be something doing."

"Yes, yes, and if the walls of the Helena, the Grandon, the Finlan, the Thornton and Butte hotels should commence talking the whole state of Montana would take fire too," replied the employer.

"A girl has a mighty hard time to hold both her virtue and her job among you horrid men. If she is economical and puts her wages in the savings bank you horrid men wreck the bank and she loses the fruits of her industry, and if she piles all her earnings upon her back you horrid men rubber at her as you pass by turning up your noses sniffing the atmosphere with 'hum! pugh! Whose pussy are you? I wonder who is breaking his back in these hot mines to pay for your glad rags. I love my socks, but oh you open work hosiery.' You men are awful."

There was another silence for a minute or so and then she burst out: "It is one of the incomprehensible mysteries of human life why so many of you Butte men will take a prostitute and try to make a lady of her and then turn right around and take a lady and try to make a prostitute out of her."

"Aw for heaven's sake, cut it out, dry up, you old hen, you make me sick. I accidentally laid my arm over the back of your chair and it has given you the fantods. If you are really and truly insulted, I am sorry. It won't happen again I can assure you. I beg your pardon. And now if I pile a box of bon-bons on top of these words will that square the deal?"

"Oh, I suppose so. You are afraid I will squeal to your wife. That is all that ails you."

Exit the boss on the trail of bon-bons, enter Agnes, another stenographer for a few minute's visit with the recently-insulted stenographer.

"Hello, Nellie. Say Nell do you know I am just dying to get married?"

"So am I. But these Butte men are no good. They have all gone the paces so fast they can't be true to one woman. They will take you to the theatre or the skating rink once or twice and then the moment they are convinced there is nothing doing it is all off. I've a big notion to

quit this job and go back home in Indiana and see if I can capture a good young man."

"You want a dead one, a mummy. I'm going to stay here in Butte till I nail a live one. And what's more I want a college-bred man ten years older than myself. I want one that has shot every chute, looped every loop, leaped every hurdle, got caught in the current and swept to a level lower than the very dogs, seen the folly of it all, risen again and whose nobler nature is pining for the good, the pure, the beautiful and the true in the simple life. Butte is full of that kind and they make the very best of husbands. There is no undiscovered country to such men. They will stand without being hitched. The auto, the street fair parade and the steam calliope may come along and although they will prick up their ears because they are thoroughly alive, yet there is no danger of a runaway. But you take these kids from twenty-one to twenty-four and you can't bank upon them. The odor of clover fields wafted to them on the gentle zephyrs sets them to pawing the ground and the first thing you know they have broken the halter strap and are off—the marriage tie is but a rope of sand."

Just then the boss came in with the box of bon-bons and all three commenced sampling the dainty sweets.

* * *

OLD MONTANA.

Take me back to old Montana
Where there's plenty room and air;
Where there's cotton-wood an' pine trees,
Bitter-root an' prickly-pear;
Where there ain't no pomp nor glitter
Where a shillin's called a "bit."
Where at night the mag-pies twitter,
Where the injun fights were fit.

Take me back where the sage is plenty,
Where there's rattle-snakes and ticks;
Where a stack of "whites" costs twenty,
Where they don't sell gilded bricks:
Where the old Missouri river
An' the muddy Yellowstone
Make green patches in the Bad Lands,
Where old Sittin' Bull was known.

Take me where there ain't no subways
 Nor no forty-story shacks;
 Where they shy at automobiles,
 Dudes, plug hats an' three-rail tracks;
 Where the old sun-tanned prospector
 Dreams of wealth an' pans his dirt;
 Where the sleepy night-herd puncher
 Sings to steers and plys his quirt.

Take me where there's diamond hitches,
 Ropes an' brands an' ca'tridge belts:
 Where the boys wear shapps for britches,
 Flannel shirts an' Stetson felts.
 Land of alfalfa an' copper!
 Land of sapphire an' gold!
 Take me back to dear Montana,
 Let me die there when I'm old.

J. CAMPBELL CORY, at a banquet of Montana people at the
 Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

* * *

I WILL PAY ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE BLESSED
 PRIVILEGE OF LOOKING FIVE MINUTES INTO THE FACE
 OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN MONTANA.
 FURTHERMORE, I PROPOSE TO ASCERTAIN HER NAME AND
 HABITATION AND MAKE A PILGRIMAGE TO HER SHRINE
 NO MATTER HOW FAR FROM A RAILROAD OR STAGE LINE
 SHE MAY DWELL.

Why not? In days of old chivalric knights rode in quest
 of the Holy Grail; why should not I search throughout all
 Montana for that perfect Beauty which the philosophers
 tell us is the quintessential of all Truth? Were it not
 time and money better spent than in prowling about the
 tawdry art galleries of Europe or going nuthouse over the
 crumbling ruins of ancient Rome? My fellow townsman,
 Sen. W. A. Clark, sits in his private office surrounded by
 his whiskers and dispatches his agents a scouting across
 far seas to snail onto multilated statues and faded paint-
 ings with which to decorate every nook and cranny of his
 Fifth avenue palace that he may enjoy what is little better
 than a feast of Barmecide. Art is not to be despised, yet
 Art at best is Nature's substitute and who does not prefer
 the "real thing". Is not one live Montana girl better
 worth the seeing than a world of mouldy canvas, a wilder-

ness of unfeeling marble, tho' once touched by the hand of a master?

Let "Our Leader" bow down to his divinities of spattered pigments and senseless blocks of stone with the orchestra softly playing "The Star Spangled Banner" but I will bend the knee only where beauty lives and breathes.

"I've been loving all my days,
Many nymphs in many ways;
Virgin, widow, maid and wife—
I've been doting all my life."

This, however, is only the ordinary every day life of the average "live one" in Butte. Those of our faith hold with Novalis that "you touch heaven when you lay your hand upon the human body."

This is the chief tenet of our Confession of Faith. Woman was created "little lower than the angels." She is the only tangible, the only terrestrial thing worthy of man's worship.

Lovely woman's eyes are
"The books, the academies

From whence doth spring the true Promethian fire."

The love of the beautiful is a part of my religion whether it be a rosebud diademed with the morning dew, the slanting sunlight on a sleeping sea or a beautiful woman's shapely form. Every man is more or less religious but the spirit of worship manifests itself in divers ways. There be many who make long pilgrimages to kiss the Caaba stone while others smack a dried sheep skin or bull hide in which some remarkable fish and snake stories and other fairy tales are neatly bound, but those of my cult prefer to leave on lovely woman's lips this outward evidence of an inward grace.

Gens. Washington and Sherman were of our faith and never known to slight its soul inspiring ceremonies. Likewise Richard K. Hobson, Ditto Senator W. F. Meyer, of Red Lodge, Montana. What ho, she bumps

I long have dreamed that somewhere within Montana's glorious confines there exists a creature more divinely fair than poet ever fabled or artist ever feigned, some glorious topnotcher to whom would have been accorded without dissent, the golden apple by Discord thrown away among

Peleus' guests and for which strove with unveiled charms in Ida's slumbrous groves, the daughters of the gods.

It may be a "Dream of Fair Women" such as entangled the fancy of romantic Tennyson or mere Quixotic madness but I have heard her voice in the low sweet anthem of Montana's gentle chinook winds at Night's high noon; I have caught fitful glimpses of her dark eyes splendor in waking dreams and when demons rode upon the storm of passion and murder fairly shrieked within my soul I have felt her dewey breath upon my fevered cheek, her cool tresses floating like leaves of the lotus flower across my face. Who is she? who comes and goes like a spirit borne from Elysian Fields and too ethereal for these mountain fastnesses? Is she a faint remembrance of a former life, perchance lived ages ago, when the world was fresh from the great hand of God, his creatures not yet scarred and worn out battling in ceaseless warfare with all-devouring Disease and Death?—

"When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of sin and woe,
And mortals saw without surprise,
In`the mid air angelic eyes
Gazing upon the world below."

Or say rather that tis the wild phantasy of a vagrom minded young man who dreams with open eyes that when the angels were recalled from earth one slept upon a flowery bed hearing not the celestial summons.

Woman's Beauty, woman's Sweetness and woman's Truth constitute our terrestrial Trinity, man's noblest guerdon this side the grave, earth's greatest glory, God's last best gift. In days gone by there was a maid so surpassing fair that the law forbade her to veil her face and the decree was wise; for if it be offense to heaven to hide a light that might guide the lone traveller to his goal, how much more the sin to conceal from sight that womanly beauty sent to illumine the world, to turn man from deeds of blood and fill the savage breast of the brute beast with soft dreams of love.

The dozen daily papers of Montana in their Sunday editions have long been publishing portraits of local society belles and expatiating upon their beauty. Each in turn is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the one altogether lovely paragon beyond compare. I now propose

to determine as nearly as possible what woman represents the acme of physical perfection amongst Montana's fair sex and when her claim is fairly established will pay one hundred simoleans for the blessed privilege of looking five minutes into her fair face. This fleeting glimpse together with the fond recollection of her unparalleled loveliness will be my only guerdon. She may do what she likes with the money—purchase Amalgamated stock with it, buy a set of furs, blow it in on champagne and automobile rides, invest it in saving grace for exportation to the heathen of foreign lands or support for a short time a male parasite of the slums. Yes, the houris of the underworld in this Missourian test have an equal show with the peris of the upper world. Those fair dames and damsels willing to reveal themselves to the modest gaze of the X-Ray editor should forward cabinet photos at once. Personally, I prefer that the contestants send me photos taken in décolleté gowns. Whats that? Why there is not a he-sinner on earth that does not approve of décolleté—on some other fellow's sister or sweetheart. What will set the blood a tingling sooner than to gaze into a lovely woman's face and catch a glimpse thro filmy lace of arms and shoulders which suggest Idalian Aphrodite rising from the Austral ocean's foam. Of course a corsage cut sufficiently low to give more than the faintest hint of the boson's splendor suggests a sañs-souci unworthy of the highest type of womanhood.

However, the drapery of the contestants for the X-Ray's beauty prize is left entirely to their own discretion. Each has doubtless learned ere this in what she looks best. This is to be no Homeric exhibit of beauty unadorned for the benefit of a simple shepherd boy, still I would suggest that as the portraits will not be exposed to public view outside of the X-Ray office the objections that might be urged under ordinary circumstances to ultra-décolleté do not apply. A beautiful arm and bust are powerful adjuncts to a pretty face. It is desired that the winner in this contest be Montana's most beautiful woman both in face and form and as every one knows one does not necessarily connote the other. Artists not infrequently require many models from which to shape a perfect statue. Contestants must be within the ages of 15 and 50. I am entering into no compact which may carry me from Mondak to Monida, from Glendive to Thompson Falls to see a suckling infant or

faded chromo. All photos should be at least cabinet size and taken within the year 1909. Accompanying each must be the sender's address, height, weight, age, color of eyes and hair. Bust and waist measurements would assist the judges in determining the contest but these may be given or withheld at the option of the aspirants. It is needless to say that all data furnished will be strictly confidential. On Mar. 1st, 1910, a committee of connoisseurs consisting of gentlemen prominent in the social life of Butte, Anaconda, Missoula, Great Falls, Billings, Dillon or Helena, will be asked to inspect the photos and make the award. The names of unsuccessful candidates will not be revealed and immediately after the decision is rendered their correspondence will be destroyed.

The winner will be advised at once and within a week thereafter I will set forth on my pilgrimage to pay my respects to the Queen of Beauty, Montana's fairest flower. The privilege I ask is worth ten times what I offer and will cost no one but myself a cent.

I will pay her \$20.00 a minute for five minutes for the pleasure of her company and then depart while she sweetly murmurs

"Farewell, thou hast a pulse for every dart
That Love can scatter from its quiver;
And every woman finds in thee a heart
Which thou with all thy soul dost give her."

* * *

Butte is a mighty hard town on a young girl, especially if she has a temperament like a little red wagon. It frequently happens this way in Butte. Charlie and Florence, aged 22 and 20, are "stuck." They are not engaged, but Charlie always told his friends they were "just as good as engaged." Unkind fate throws a large chunk of geography between them. Charlie goes out on a ranch or to a small mining camp or lumber camp several hundred miles from Butte as the case may be, while sweet-tart (whose whole family reside in the eastern states somewhere) remains in Butte and is employed as a waitress at the Purity Cafe. At first Florence writes twice a week, in six months she "takes her pen in hand" once a month while in a year's time she writes about once every ninety days. With Charlie "absence makes the heart grow fonder" while with Florence in the big bustling sporty mining camp it is pretty much

"out of sight out of mind." Finally Charlie leaks out the scalding sob and the sympathetic moan, as follows:

Tall Grass Valley, Montana.

Dearest Florence:—

I have never before scolded you, lovey dove, but this condition of affairs is no longer endurable. I am heart broken at your treatment of me. What has worked such an awful change in you. I know you still love me for you are an honest, good hearted girl, and if you have learned to love another you would come out and honestly admit it. In your last letter, three months ago, you spoke about rooming in a cheap room down in South Butte and although you had steady work at the Purity, yet you could not keep even to save your soul and was \$23.00 in the hole. In this letter today you say nothing about being skidoo dollars in the red. But you do say you haven't worked any for over two months, you have a fine room uptown in the Goldberg block costing you \$25.00 a month, that you are attending the races every day and either automobiling or bumming around the Coliseum, Renshaw or California every night. You speak of having purchased a pair of \$175.00 diamond earrings, a pair of \$8.00 Louis XIV French high heeled shoes, a \$35.00 silk lavender underskirt, two gowns, a princess and a directoire costing \$75.00 apiece, a new \$60.00 hat at Connell's and a \$40.00 amythist belt jewel, a veritable sunburst, at Hight and Fairfield's and moreover you are contemplating a trip to Salt Lake. Now look here, Florence. Where on earth are you getting all this money? Show me! Cough up to your Charlie boy out here in the brush the whenceness of all this noisy toggergy and the general increase of speed in the time schedule. Surely you are not going in debt for all this. I don't mind your extravagance so much for it is possible an aunt or uncle has died and left you some money although you say nothing about any of the folks dropping off. But the long intervals between your letters I can't account for. Oh, dear heart, you don't know how discouraging it is to slave like a dog the way I am doing, saving every penny to have a good start when we are married, while you are blowing in your coin right and left and write to me so seldom. Write oftener, honey bunch, please do.

Your heartbroken,

CHARLIE.

The editor—"Oh Charlie, dear Charlie, when the daisies

bloom in the meadows, tra-la, beware, oh beware, of the omniverous calf. Take a tumble to yourself, "make a noise like a hoop and roll away." "Who's Allen?"

* * * *

To Judge Alexander McGowan—

In devoting your life and your private fortune to alleviating human suffering in the Butte dope fiend colony you have demonstrated that you have a heart of pure gold. Keep a stiff upper lip and don't lose faith in humanity. Butte has better things in store for you.

* * *

Quite a sporting event was pulled off recently in one of the little hamlets on the banks of Lake Como in northern Montana. A young fellow named Billie S——, borrowed a saddle horse and rode ten miles out in the country to see his girl whose name was Minnehaha without the ha-ha. Everything being quiet, he dismounted, tied his horse to a tree and climbed into his dulcinea's bedroom window. A hiatus occurs here. It would be absolutely impossible to imagine what happened then. However, the boys in the house discovered the saddle horse. Being suspicious they burst into Minnie's room and then—dear, oh dear, me, oh my, well, tut, tut, you know how it is gentlemen, you've doubtless been caught like that yourself during your early twenties. What? No? Yes? I thought so. In the twinkling of an eye blood and hair were flying. Billie got the d——est licking any man ever received. Finally with practically no clothes on at all, he managed to get to his saddle horse, but alas, a human bull dog was guarding it. Billie still in his merry widow undershirt now had to make for the breaking a la Doukabour with the bunch in full chase. In the breaking were lots of tall willows but nothing was too tall for Billie on this occasion. Over them he went like a world champion doing the high hurdles. By this time the moon—good old moon—had come up. Billie's legs became very conspicuous in the moonlight, so sooner than lose more blood he made for the nearest slough. The unhappy youth jumped into the slough and after rubbing himself over with mud continued his weary flight back to Lake Como. On arriving back to town it was daylight and he cached himself in the bush but managed to communicate with some friends who brought him clothes and grub.

The above sounds like a St. Paul society item, but it

is merely an ordinary Montana episode—and a true one.

* * *

The following incident which really and truly happened a few years ago, previous to the death of Butte's merchant prince, the late D. J. Hennessy, is interesting reading.

An Irish family arrived in the camp and took up their residence in South Butte. Being without work, money, credit or friends it was tough sledding for a while. The family was finally granted credit by a South Butte groceryman. The husband then secured work in the Amalgamated mines and in a few months had the groceryman paid up and felt very grateful to him for the credit extended in their time of need. In due course of time the solicitor for the Amalgamated's "company store," the Hennessy Mercantile Co., began making his regular morning visits to solicit orders.

But the Casey's would give him no orders preferring to patronize the little corner grocery that gave them credit when they were hard up. After the solicitor had failed a dozen times he gave Mrs. Casey a quiet tip that if her husband expected to hold a job in the Amalgamated mines they had better give a few orders to the "Big Ship." It had no effect. As he was about to leave after one of his usual unsuccessful spiels the solicitor burst out in despair: "Well, Mrs. Casey, if we can sell you no groceries, let me send you down some bran, hay and chops. I see you have a cow in the back yard. Please Mrs. Casey let us send down something for your cow."

Mrs. Casey shrugged her shoulders hesitated a minute and then burst out: "Well ye moight go back and tell Mister Hinnessy he can send down a bull."

* * *

It was a Sunday afternoon in the good old summer time at Columbia Gardens, Butte, Montana. On this particular Sunday there was an unusually large outpouring of the demi-monde. Pat and Mike were parading around over the grounds flirting with the sporty girls and finally went into the dancing pavillion where the sweet Lilliths seem to be in complete control of the situation. In a minute Pat burst out "Begorra Mike there is nothing innocent out here today but the poor little swans down in the lake."

* * *

Sav, you taxpayers, do you ever visit the Butte schools? We did the other day. What a flood of recollections of our

own kid days it brought back to us. Once many years ago we fell into horrible disgrace at schools because we could not remember that "a proposition is a thought expressed in words."

Eventually we learned the exact wording of this important definition and so our hope of success was saved from overthrow. As soon as we had that down pat we felt ready for the battle of life. We still know that "a proposition is an idea expressed in words." The fact that we haven't the least idea what the definition means cuts no ice whatever. Sometimes even now we wake in the middle of the night bathed in perspiration and proceed to chase around the bedroom in our shirt tail, having just dreamed that a proposition is a thought expressed in Centennial beer, Union Leader plug, baled alfalfa or calomel.

Suppose that something else than a proposition had been understood by us to be that "thought expressed in words." How the current of our whole life would have been diverted and led upon the rocks.

When we look at the thousands of poor ignorant working people walking the streets and lounging in the saloons and billiard halls of Butte today, who were never taught that a "proposition is a thought expressed in words," our heart goes out to them and we go off and get on a sympathetic drunk.

Then there is the inestimable value of knowing how to extract cube root. Ah! that is the priceless boon! Knowing that has saved us lots of good money many and many a time to say nothing of the social blunders it has helped us avoid. Do we know yet how it is done? Sure Mike! You simply take the number whose cube root is paining it so that nothing but extraction can relieve it, put it down on a piece of paper and divide it off into chunks of three figures each. Then you write 4-11-44 to the left, multiply it by the number of days in the year, divide it by something else, then—aw, come on boys its time to have another drink. A little Scotch for mine, old cockie.

* * *

Say, Mary Mac Lane, if it takes one of your flat-bosomed, cold footed, poke spectacted Boston old maids beneath a Merry Widow hat an hour and a half to lick up a dish of ice cream with a hat pin. how much time should be allotted a crummy Montana lumberjack to pick the live stock off of himself with a pair of boxing gloves?

* * *

Great Caesar's ghost! Society in Billings, Montana, must be in frightfully rummy condition. A notorious woman of the peroxide colony was lately hauled up before court and given a good stiff fine. It seems that her "house" in the twilight zone south of the tracks had been raided because of the complaint of a citizen that his two daughters well known in Billings upper society, had been cutting loose from their second story bedroom in the wee sma' hours via the patent fire escape route and surreptitiously frequenting the place where it was their happy custom to clandestinely meet two of Billings' rising, ambitious and pushing young men. Oh you baby dolls!

* * *

To future Montana legislatures:

Dancing, racing, wineroms, gambling, saloon-closing, concert halls, and all other questions wherein the personal liberties of Montanans are involved should be settled by each community not by you gentlemen with state wide laws.

Leave Butte alone. The old camp needs fixing at all times tis true, but by those of us who are thoroughly acquainted with Butte conditions. Every legislature takes a whack at Butte. Butte pays you people of the cow counties the highest price for your beef, hides, hay and grain, is that not enough? Then why the devil do you persist in poking your beaks into our affairs when it is none of your damn business. If Butte wants to take sweet Lilith out to the road house Saturday night and bring the dear girl into town Monday morning in time for her to commence messaging the alphabetical vertabrae of her typewriter, that is our business. Are you on?

If Butte wants wide open gambling—and in these degenerate days when hundreds of white men, the owners of homes and heads of large families cannot get a job in the Butte mines without imitating the Dago by "blowing back" with \$15.00 a month for a job to the foreman, it is about the only way we can prevent a half a million a month from being shipped to Austria, Italy, Hungary and Finland—that's our business.

Butte has a mayor, a city council, a well equipped police force, a county attorney, three district judges, and a sheriff with a dozen club fisted deputies. These men are able to enact such ordinances as Butte needs and enforce them,

too, without interference from you people who don't know anything about us. Heavy on Jeremiah Tightwad! Why only in the last Montana legislature some simple Simon introduced a state wide prohibitory law. Countless others had maggots in their miserable little cerrebellums that horse racing and Sunday baseball was just what was about to blow out the cylinder head of the heavenly locomotive and leave Butte kicking and dangling in mid-air at the half way road house, while some other unhung idiot—hear, oh heavens and let the earth be still—had the immaculate nerve, the transcendental insolence, the unadulterated audacity, the brazen effrontery, the bare faced cheek, the brass in solid slugs to introduce a bill to prohibit Sunday dancing in Montana—a back handed slap in the mouth at Butte and Columbia Gardens. Gillies who possess so little gumption of the rights of people earning their bread in the Turkish bath of their brows 2000 feet underground should cover the knots on the ends of their necks with thimbles lest some marauding magpie come along and mistake 'em for acorns. And this is the class of cattle that come hay-footing, strawfooting, cakewalking and turkey trotting into Helena from the cow counties every second winter to murder personal liberty for Butte.

Do the legislators from Butte ever attempt to interfere with the personal liberties of the cow counties? Indeed and they do not.

To spend a half a day listening to the idiocies of the average Montana legislature makes a resident of Butte want to go out and kill a man, butt a runaway freight train off the track or shoot the pig tail off of a Chinaman abowling along on a bike—fills his hide with more hussy than six months of constitutional treatment can irradiate.

Mr. Haybag of Tallgrassville, arises, waves his ears at the speaker and introduces his little bill making it unlawful as well as endangering the great universe of God to drink a glass of beer with a lady in a concert hall or work your toes within 40 miles of a deserted church on Sunday.

The preachers gird on their armor and marshall the wall eyed orthodox gang to the support of the idiotic measure. Montana's business and professional men keep as quiet as mice. Every one of 'em with sense enough to pound sand down a rat hole knows the measure is un-American, unchristian, unnecessary and positively idiotic, but they are

afraid it might "hurt their business" to oppose it, exchange their birthright for a pitiful mess of pottage. The bill becomes a law. In the larger cities of the state no attention is paid to the idiotic law and its more than idiotic author and thus do the larger cities get an undeserved reputation for lawlessness in the eyes of residents in the Bird Center towns.

Fully 50 per cent of the laws on our statutes if tested by the supreme court as to their constitutionality would not hold baled hay.

If future legislatures are going to be repetitions of past ones—and it looks as if they would get worse, if possible—if they are to be our masters instead of our servants, filled with little busy bodies who attend to everybody's business but their own and interfering with the rights of free men and women, something will be doing—believe me. Cram your nauseous Sunday nostrums concerning dancing, saloon closing, racing, etc., down Butte's throat until our gorge rises—until we proclaim the dignity of American citizenship by seizing an adult piece of pole lagging and drive such idiocy howling into its hole. Keep pressing down the screws a little tighter every two years until the brawn and manhood of Butte—30,000 strong and applauded by our wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, sweethearts and mistresses—rise up infuriated and marching across the country, Coxey army style to Helena, enter the capitol and take half a hundred of you hypocritical roosters, sanctified sinners, half baked goslings, narrow headed old stiff, supersanctified young smart alecs, insolent asses and bilious livered old bigots out into the open and nail you to hitching posts by the ears.

God of our fathers! Have we fallen so low as to come within an ace of yielding up our liberties and placing ourselves under the guidance of such despicable little curs and personal liberty assassins as these?

Must we, whose watchword has ever been "liberty of conscience," permit such cattle to dictate how we shall demean ourselves toward the Deity? After a century and over of boasting that we would tolerate no union of church and state, must we see the secular government bequeathed us by our fathers—and which does not so much as recognize God's existence in its fundamental law—transformed into a theocracy? Must we who declare that "one man's rights should end only where another man's rights begin,"

permit Connecticut blue laws to be pounded into us with a maul? Heaven help us.

The equipment the average cow county legislator needs if he possesses a sincere desire to better conditions for Butte, is ot be kicked off of Tom Carter's payroll, stripped of every penny and friend on earth, be forced to ride the rods to Butte, jump sideways to eat every day for three months while rustling on the Butte hill for a chance to take physical culture lessons putting "rock in the box" or pushing his teats against an ore car in the hot boxes of the Butte mines for a year. That'll fix him all right, all right, all right-o.

Respectfully, THE X-RAY.

* * *

It was a sensational rape case in the Butte courts. A buxom girl was charging an aged doctor with having criminally assaulted her in his private office while she was subjecting herself to a physical examination.

"But how was it," said the judge, "that being a big husky stout girl as you happen to be that you could not successfully resist the advances of a feeble old man like the defendant. Did you lack physical strength to protect yourself?"

"Oh, sir," said the girl, "I have the strength of a lioness when I am mad but when I laugh excessively, I am as weak as a sick kitty. The shattered crystal of my girlhood toodle-de-uppty-ido, etc.

He had such beautiful eyes
He told such beautiful lies
He had me hypnotized
Mesmerized, etc."

* * *

To John D. Ryan, President of the Amalgamated Copper Company, 26 Broadway, New York:

Esteemed Sir—It is a far cry from being a commercial traveler on the road selling oil to corner groceries of the retail trade in Montana towns to the chair vacated by the late H. H. Rogers, but you have spanned that gap in a remarkably short number of years. Your rise has been simply phenomenal. Congratulations. All your conquests have been victories of peace. No Divels and Olsens have been murdered in cold blood, no bitter hatreds have been engendered to enable you to reach your present high pinnacle in the world of finance. Your masterly mind it was

that brought peace between Heinze and Standard Oil after John W. Gates and Lawson and a hundred others had tried their Alexandrian swords on the Gordian knot. In a recent toast at the Silver Bow Club, Butte, the burden of your song was something like this: "I love Butte. Butte is my home and always will be my home. Montana owes much to Jim Hill," etc.

You then sail back in your private car to your Fifth avenue mansion, New York, and spend about 10 months a year there. This is a trifle inconsistent and we people of Butte do not like it. We would much rather have you spend 10 months a year in Butte and the two remaining months in New York; but in all probability business affairs preclude the consummation of such a happy state of affairs.

Now, down to business. Butte wants the very best treatment it can receive at your hands. You have the best wishes for Butte's prosperity and doubtless desire to be idolized, at least held in the highest esteem by her people. The X-Ray now sends you a chunk of advice, charges all prepaid, by which you can become the most popular man in Butte very quickly, easily and cheaply. Here it is: Come to Butte and call in on the carpet on the top of the Hennessy block all the shift bosses, foremen and superintendents employed in the thirty or forty odd mines of the Amalgamated Copper Company in Butte. Address the assembly something as follows:

You gentlemen are all receiving salaries ranging from \$150 to \$600 per month for your services. This does not seem to be enough for some of you. I am informed that some of you are grafting from \$500 to \$2,000 a month off of the miners. A regular system of selling and buying employment in the Butte mines seems to have been inaugurated, and it must stop if I have to fire every manjack of you and install a new force to accomplish this result.

White men, the men who own Butte homes and pay taxes and are the heads of large families cannot obtain employment because they possess too much American manhood to pay even five cents a month for a job. But with the Dago, the Hun, the Fin and the Austrian, accustomed to working for 25 cents a day in the old country, it is different. They can stulify their manhood and still be away ahead of the game compared with old country conditions. I am informed that a foreigner who can speak English

will be the ringleader and after each pay day goes around and collects \$15.00 a month a piece from his countrymen and hands the sum total over to the foreman, thus insuring employment until the next pay day. This is infamous. Better that every Dago and Austrian ride out of Butte on the rods hunting employment in other fields than that one white child should cry for bread.

American miners making \$100 a month in the Butte mines means good times for Butte. Be they married or single, they use it up in tailor-made clothes, groceries, jewelry, house or apartment rent or booze. The Dago pays \$15.00 a month for a job. A dozen of them will sleep on the floor of a back alley shack and subsist on axle grease and tallow candles. New overalls and a jumper occasionally is the limit of their clothing purchases. Then there is \$60.00 a month or more shipped to the old country which is gone forever.

No, it isn't poker games or pool rooms and horse racing that has had Butte on the bum the past few years. It is this steady stream of several hundred thousand dollars a month that is shipped across the water.

Now, gentlemen, the Dago who buys a job will not render this company the good service that an American miner not paying for a job will render. The Dago mutters to himself during his eight hours underground, "Me-no-work-hard-me-pay-for-job-me-no-get-fired."

The Butte business men and the Amalgamated Copper Company have both been getting the short end for lo these many years. You have a chance to "cut it out" and retain your present salaries or keep it up and see your heads roll into the basket in the near future unaccompanied by an explanation. All of you are not in on this steal but many of you are. I shall examine the payroll of each mine every month and I expect to see a large decrease in foreign names and a large increase of American names. In giving out employment always give first choice to the American miner who is a Butte property owner and has a family; the single American miner should come in second for he doubtless will get married and start a home as soon as he gets his stake made; the Italian and Austrian miner with a family should be given third consideration and the single Austrian and Italian miner should come in last when nobody wants to work. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse. Gentlemen, you are dismissed.

* * *

To the City and County Officials of Butte and Silver Bow County, Montana:

Gentlemen—If John D. Ryan fails to take this hunch on account of the X-Ray being too insignificant an institution to pay any attention to, then take the bull by the horns in your own hands. Throw everything as wide open as a bootjack. The best times Butte ever had was when everything was wide open. Throw the gambling houses wide open, permit poker games in every saloon, throw open the dance halls in the twilight zone, adopt every catch-penny scheme you can think of to make the Fins, Austrians and Dagos drop their money—and they are nearly all inveterate gamblers. In heaven's name, do something to stop this steady stream of half a million a month more or less that is pouring over to Europe.

If the poor Dago and Austrian lose their entire month's check in a single night at the roulette tables they can make it up again in another 30 days. If they don't like the treatment they get in Butte let them go back to the old country where they came from and where they properly belong. When everything is wide open, everybody eats; when the lid is on, the Hennessy store eats while the gang have to open their mouths and fill their bellies with the east wind. America for Americans first, last and all the time.

Respectfully,

THE X-RAY.

* * *

Ha! What's this? A wireless telegram from old Posey county, Indiana. The dear good housewives back there are all making doughnuts, getting ready for their annual county fair. Won't that be nice! For six months after the fair the digestive organs of the male population will be in such a state that they won't be able to hold anything on their stomachs except their hands.

* * *

Mrs. Harry K. Thaw, accompanied by her mother-in-law, stopped off in Butte last week for a week's rest. They were traveling incognito. With a truly Pittsburg sense of humor they are traveling as Mrs. and Miss Snow, but the young lady's picture has become so familiar especially to newspaper men that her attempts to travel incognito are not altogether successful. On arriving in Butte they rented a summer tent and had it pitched on the summit of Big

Butte, a mile northwest of the city, where there is plenty of fresh air and a splendid view of the scenery in four directions. On the first rumor that these two celebrities had stopped off in Butte on their journey across the continent, the X-Ray editor hurriedly put on a clean collar, straddled Shank's mare and was soon at the summit of Big Butte. As a rule it is easy to get acquainted with easterners sojourning in Butte as they are generally walking question marks. There was no exception to this rule in this case, consequently we were soon seated upon a camp-stool within six feet of the charming Evelyn and chatting away to beat the band.

"Charming view from here, don't you think?" said Evelyn.

"Indeed it is," said we.

"Great place to come and have a rest."

"I should imagine so."

"This is our first visit to Butte."

"Is that so? Then everything will be new to you. Down there is the Centennial brewery, a little further on is Senator Clark's smelter, over yonder up that canyon is Columbia Gardens, while over northeast this way is Walkerville. You must get some picture post-cards of the city at Keefe's newstand before leaving."

"Oh, how delightful, how very exciting."

"By the way, did you follow the Thaw trial, Miss Snow?"

"Oh, yes, I followed it," said the young lady dryly and with a searching stare

"Quite a tragedy, wasn't it?"

"Yes, quite a tragedy."

"That fellow White must have been a heifer-hunter for fair."

"He certainly overlooked no important bets."

"Do you think Thaw will ever get out of the asylum without 'coming across' with a \$100,000 to Jerome?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Have you attended any of the attractions at Sutton's Broadway Theatre since arriving in the city?"

"No, we have not."

"There is no roof garden on top of the building, but the gallery of the California is not far away. I suppose this high altitude on top of this mountain is the best substitution for roof garden life that you ladies could obtain while in the city."

Evelyn stared icily at the editor with one of those I'm-discovered-oh-you-mean-hateful-old-thing expressions on her countenance, but soon pulled herself together and ducked the subject by remarking, "Pardon me, Mr. Davenport, but I think I hear mama calling me from inside the tent. She never could lace her own corset. You will excuse me for leaving you so abruptly."

"Oh, certainly."

This may have been a somewhat stupid way to "thaw the snow," but the desired chat was secured and that is all we were after. Honest Indian, it was. Anyone who thinks we were trying to "butt in" and work up a case with Evelyn while in Butte during her husband's incarceration in the asylum is surely mistaken. The ladies left next day for Seattle and will take the steamer down to 'Frisco.

* * *

When figuring out the ten greatest books of the century, don't overlook W. A. Clark's check book.

* * *

To reformers Parkhurst and Comstock—Dear self-appointed guardians of America's morals—

Whenever a new play is staged or a new book appears that appeals to men and women with iron in their blood, its you to the spotlight as leader of the anvil chorus. It has always struck me that if the government needed you two gentlemen as official censors of the productions of America's authors and playwrights it would create such a department and call upon you to fill it and that until such a time your place is behind your respective pulpits preaching "Christ and Him Crucified." Before setting the awful seal of your disapproval upon this book come to Butte and look things over. Then take a run down to Arkansas Hot Springs and make a tour of 40 bathhouses. If I had a command of all the adjectives of every language, human and divine, ideas as numberless as the stars, words as plentiful as the sands of the sea, a pen of lightning, the oceans for ink and the space of the whole universe in which to write I could not print a correct description of down and out humanity at Hot Springs, Arkansas, especially in the government bath house. Twenty per cent of the profits derived from the sale of this book outside of Montana in the U. S., Canada and England will be donated to this cause.

Until you have visited Butte and Hot Springs and then returned to your respective vines and fig trees and announced to the world that 20 per cent of your salaries will be donated to this or some similar charity, will you please be consistent enough to keep your sanctimonious paws off of the sale of this book. This is written in a spirit of kindness, not in anger.

Very Respectfully,

WARREN G. DAVENPORT.

P. S. What's that? Yes, Butte sends more men to Hot Springs each year than any city of equal size on the continent.

Bucketts suggests to me that when you two gentlemen die your remains should be laid away in the same mausoleum on which should be inscribed the rather startling epitaph:

You did your damnedest;
Angels could do no more.

* * *

Billings, Montana, as everyone knows is located right on the edge of the Crow Indian reservation upon which there have always resided a large sprinkling of cracking, good-looking, young squaws. A Butte lawyer recently addressed a jury in Billings in defense of a rancher charged with murder. It was alleged that this man had given a Crow Indian so much liquor that it killed him. A government analyst from Washington, D. C., gave expert testimony outlining the amount of whisky that would end a person's mortal career. In his address to the jury the real bright, young Butte lawyer said "Gentlemen, you have heard the evidence of the learned expert from Washington. Now, if what he has told you about the amount of whisky required to kill an Indian is correct, is it not a wonder that the great majority of the esteemed people of Billings were not in their graves long ago?"

This unintentional slap at one of the favorite pastimes in early days of many of the leading business men of Billings today was accepted in good nature. Pioneers of Havre and Forsyth please sit up and take notice.

* * * *

With apologies to Mary McLane.

From being a 90 pound man swinging a 300 pound woman across a ball room floor on a hot summer's night and feeling both suspender buttons give away behind; from

picking a wife out of the A. B. C.; from prohibitionists, kind devil, deliver me. From the hotboxes in the Butte mines; from people who feel sorry for Heinze; from attending the average session of the Montana legislature, kind devil, deliver me. From the grafting of 15.00 per month per head in the Butte mines; from going through another copper war; from trying to run an automobile from the Nine Mile House up to Homestake, kind devil, deliver me, toodle-de-umpty-ido.

* * * *

Strictly from a literary standpoint, the Anaconda Standard is the best daily paper in the U. S. published in a town the size of Anaconda, Montana.

* * * *

Over in Spokane—the enlightened city of Spokane in this enlightened 20th century—Billy Sunday, the baseball evangelist, has just exchanged seven weeks of hot air for eleven thousand dollars in cold cash. Talk about seven come eleven. What a difference between the old style evangelist and the present-day product. There was Pere Marquette. The New World of this generation little realizes how much it is indebted to the dauntless courage and self-sacrificing devotion of the Jesuit fathers and Franciscan friars. Pere Marquette was one of these disciples of Ignatius Loyola. He inherited an ample fortune in sunny France and could have lived a life of luxury. Instead of doing so, he was sent at his own request, a missionary to Canada when that country was inhabited chiefly by wild animals and still more savage men. He went, not to accept a salary of a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a week and incidentally slander everybody in the universe, but to live among bears and wolves, to sleep in huts and eat raw dog—to fill the places of priests tortured to death by savage tribes. Armed with only a crucifix he penetrated 2,000 miles farther into the unknown forest than white man had ever trod before. His discoveries were but incidents of his journey—his sole mission was the salvation of souls, his zeal the glory of God. Everywhere he won his way by the magic power of love. Everywhere he was welcomed with rejoicing and parted from with regret.

“How bright the sun, oh Blackgown, when thou comest to visit us” cried the chief of the savage Illini, while painted warriors fierce as hell’s own blood, knelt to kiss the snow that bore the imprint of his feet. No warship

was necessary to force such a teacher upon them, no armed squadrons to protect his mission house. No paid chorus made the welkin ring, no gang of black-coated hypocrites unctiously belly ached "Amen."

When he walked they followed, when he spoke they bent eagerly forward to hear the story of Christ crucified, when he slept they kept watch and ward, stealing up to look at the peaceful face that mirrored the gentle heart. Worn with hardships and sufferings too great for one so gently bred, he passed away to his reward surrounded by his swarthy converts—the night of death came down in those Northern wilds ere he reached manhood's glorious noon.

* * * *

Why is it that cloak the veriest tommyrot with a semblance of religion and people will gulp it down like a hungry sow enveloping a bucket of swill and then comfortably damn a man if he dares to doubt. This Billy Sunday is a bag of wind and a bushel of muck, with an agate brain and a stallion type of mouth, graduating from the Pacific Garden Mission near the corner of Clark and Van Buren streets, Chicago. Ever since Sunday's phenomenal success in bringing 5,000 precious two by zero souls to the mourner's bench in Spokane rumors have been rife that he would come to Montana to save Butte, and perhaps a few other towns. Heaven help us! Helena can seek protection behind those flaming lithographs on the bill boards advertising the state fair, but Butte must stand naked and helpless before the noted Chicago slum product. Now the X-Ray stands for a wide open policy for Butte.

It stands for licensed gambling. Why? Because, take away cards, dice and the layout and men will put lumps of sugar on a table and gamble as to which will receive a fly speck first.

The X-Ray stands for well regulated houses of prostitution. Why? Because the opposite state of affairs means the street walker system, an increase of disease and seduction. The X-Ray stands for the high licensed saloon. Why? Because prohibition won't prohibit. Billy Sunday holds opposite opinions on all these subjects.

If Sunday is right then the X-Ray is wrong and the sooner we perish from the earth the better for Montana and her people. If Billy Sunday's pull with the Lord is as strong as it should be to be pulling down \$1,000 to \$1,500 a week he can soon pray us off the earth.

Solely in the interest of truth I propose to make a test of Billy Sunday's power in prayer; to subject it to the experimentum crucis, that the fraud may be exposed if it is a fraud and the fact forever established if it is a fact. I ask that Billy Sunday and all the tens of thousands that he has converted since he quit Capt. Anson's baseball club, to get down on their knees each morning from now until Jan. 1st, 1911, and pray that I may drop dead on the streets of Butte at noon. No one need hesitate to prefer such a petition for what is the brief terrestrial life of one man compared with the salvation of thousands.

If your prayers are answered, if the plans of the Omnipotent can be altered one iota by the supplication of any mortal son of Adam's misery, the scoffer would fall upon his knees and the boldest would scarcely listen to the sophistries of an Ingersoll.

It will be urged, of course, that I am defying the Deity. I am not defying him; I long ago learned that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. Why should I defy the Deity? If he exists were I not an ass to challenge Omnipotence? If he is non-extant what man cares to make a spectacle of himself by shaking his puny hand at an empty heaven?

I stake my earthly existence on the simple proposition that Infinite Wisdom will not suffer itself to be guided by finite folly. I do not defy the Deity, but I do defy Billy Sunday and all his converts, or even the population of the whole world for that matter to pray me off the earth or even pray the nail off my little finger or pray one hair to grow on the palm of my hand. Get busy now, Billy Sunday, and pray Davenport off the earth.

* * * *

Two Butte politicians that had been faithful, poorly paid stool pigeons for F. Augustus Heinze in his seven years of underground anarchy in Butte were talking over the past in the X-Ray office. One was the editor, the other a man who had been one of Heinze's mainstays in three sessions of the legislature and had had dozens of chances to feather his nest with Standard Oil bribes but had remained faithful and true to the sheeny Napoleon for a pittance.

The earthly wealth of both of us consisted of a choice assortment of holes in each pants pocket.

"We've been awful chumps, haven't we, Senator." "Forget it.."

"I'd like to, but I can't" continued the editor.

"At least a hundred Amalgamated politicians received leases in these Amalgamated mines on which they cleaned up five, ten, twenty, thirty, forty and fifty thousands of dollars during those seven terrible years in which the Amalgamated squandered \$20,000,000 trying to crush Heinze. As the situation existed, the Amalgamated possessing 35 or 40 mines and Heinze only possessing 6 or 8, Heinze was enabled to surround himself with patriots, embryo Bryans, Jacksons, and Jeffersons, many of them standing on the firing line throwing their lives away for a \$100 a month—8 months in a year.

Way back in 1900, when at least one of Heinze's journalistic lights in Butte at present, was either herding sheep around Fort Benton or kicking a sick wife down stairs in Anaconda—infamy incarnate, outrage unspeakable—I was a writer on Heinze's Butte Reveille. After election Heinze and O'Farrell went down to New York to try to sell out to Rogers. O'Farrell kept the paper hot with his correspondence from the New York end while I was chief editor at the Butte end. I was working under O'Farrell's instructions. Heinze went from New York to Helena Jan. 1st, 1901, and was busy all during the legislature. I didn't know what I was going to get, when I would get it or whether I would get anything or not. Those were fearful days you will remember, Senator. Heinze could hardly meet his payrolls. After 25 weeks of red hot writing in which I fairly took my life in my hand each issue, what do you suppose Heinze paid me, Senator?"

"I don't know, Davenport, perhaps a thousand dollars. O'Farrell was pulling Heinze's leg at that time for about two thousand a month." "Believe me, Senator, when I say that Heinze paid me \$250 for 25 weeks work, or \$10.00 a week, which is less than half what the street sweepers employed by the city of Butte make. And he growled like hell about that. It takes an awful lot of faith in and love for a man to work nearly six months on faith."

"Great God, Davenport, why didn't you haul off and smash Heinze in the face." "Well, he was over \$10,000,000 in debt at this time to German bankers. The legislature of 1901 had pulled his leg, he had many new properties under development and many more shut down under injunction and his long drawn out battle with the Boston and Montana Company in the courts had drained his re-

sources and credit to the very limit. I felt sorry for the man and had he told me he couldn't afford to pay me anything at all I would never have whimpered. I had a world of confidence in the man but my confidence was badly shaken when six months later he kicked me out of a miserable little clerkship at his smelter to make room for a dissipated relative. From then on to the campaign of 1902—8 months—I never saw a monthly check amounting to a \$100. It was Davenport up against the hard graft in the Rarus what odd shifts I could get in."

"Why did you not fight Heinze with your X-Ray paper in 1902 after he had used you so dirty in these two deals?" "Out of respect for John McGinnis and because P. A. O'Farrell begged and begged of me not to. I came almost doing so. But O'Farrell took me out of Murray and Freund's hospital two years previous when I had a broken arm—befriended me when I was friendless and penniless and Senator I simply can't give the dirty throw-down to a friend. I am not cold blooded enough. O'Farrell jumped onto Heinze and gave him hell for the way I had been treated in his (O'Farrell's) absence since the campaign of 1900. Heinze promised O'Farrell that henceforth I should be decently treated. I swallowed the bait. And then again I felt sorry for Heinze. The Minnie Healy had just been closed by injunction, the Heinze concentrator had just been burned down and was in ashes, and not a pound of first-class ore was coming into his smelter. It looked as if he was on his last legs financially. Everything was going to the dogs.

"O'Farrell sent me to Forsyth, Rosebud county, to edit a paper to elect a Heinze man, J. S. Hopkins, to the state senate. Rosebud county had only 800 voters in it and Heinze spent \$40,000 in importing voters into the county and gerrymandering the election. Heavy on the Anheuser kid. I was in Forsyth 60 days."

"Had you stayed in Butte and fought Heinze with the X-Ray in 1902 you ought to have made \$5,000 or \$10,000. How much did you get when you came back to Butte?"

"Well, Senator, I did the best I could. It wasn't my fault that Hopkins' seat in the Montana state senate was contested. For my 60 days' services Heinze paid me the nice little sum of \$100. If I hadn't made some side money from local county candidates I would have been up a hard row, for my bar bill took all that \$100. You

can't be in politics with a crowd around you and make votes without bar money."

"One hundred dollars! What a dirty cheap skate he was!! I suppose you had steady employment after that?"

"No, I was idle for four straight months the winter of 1903 unable to get any employment with the Heinze people, and 'canned' with the Amalgamated for having fought them in two campaigns. When I finally got a job at the Heinze smelter in May, 1903, it wound up a long stretch of 17 months in which I saw just 3 monthly checks that ran as high as \$100."

"Horrible, Davenport, horrible. Were you ever employed on Heinze's Butte Evening News?"

"No. After the election of 1902—the hottest one in Montana history—Heinze and Fidus Achates O'Farrell took a 50-day run down to New York to try once again to sell out to Rogers. O'Farrell left me in charge of the circulation of the Reveille and to write my dope for it each week. Kilroy was now editor and he told Kilroy to publish my dope."

"Did he do it?"

"The train bearing Heinze and O'Farrell to New York had scarcely got as far as Homestake when Kilroy commenced to trample me underfoot. For seven consecutive weeks I handed in my dope, just as able as anything he was publishing from his own pen, and for seven consecutive weeks he threw every line of my writing into the waste basket. I had to either get off the paper or else take a base ball bat and commit murder and I chose the former. And as he crowded me out so did he crowd out J. M. Kennedy, Frank Collins, Spencer, Hayden and many other good men."

"He seems to have made all this rough stuff stick with Heinze."

"Birds of a feather flock together. Richard R. Kilroy with all his hateful qualities is one of the ablest writers in the entire west. He simply cannot brook a rival or share a throne, that is all."

"Where were you in the campaign of 1904?"

"I got disgusted trying to make money out of the Heinze side and undertook to give gratis the best talents of tongue and pen that I possessed to Heinze to try to insure a steady days' pay job in between campaigns but was balked by O'Farrell. He came Kilroy on it and threw all my best

articles in the waste basket. I fished out of his waste basket some of my best long articles and took them to John McGinnis and showed them what the dirty cur had been doing for several weeks. McGinnis took those articles to Heinze and read them to him and you bet they went into the Reveille over P. A. O'Farrell's head. I didn't make five cents in the campaign of 1904, although thousands and ten of thousands of dollars were being squandered all around me. I would not take up arms against Heinze."

"Davenport, suppose you had used your voice and your X-Ray against Heinze in those terrible campaigns of 1900-'02-'04 and during the legislatures of 1901-'03-'05; suppose you had been given an average Amalgamated lease; money out of the Daly bank to buy North Butte stock at \$15.00 that went to \$90.00 as all Amalgamated men were given. What do you think you would have been worth at the close of the copper war?"

"Fifty thousand is putting it mildly, and I wouldn't have lost it in stock speculation either like a lot of these supposedly wise Amalgamated Mikes around Butte. Land is my favorite type of investment. Look how land has doubled, trebled, quadrupled and in some cases sextupled in value the last four years over in Washington and up in Alberta. Wheat lands that could have been bought for a song a few years ago are now selling for a grand opera. It would be no trouble at all to have doubled that \$50,000 in the last three and one-half years since Heinze sold out. I ought to be worth \$100,000 this minute."

"But Heinze gave you some scale work to do at the smelter between elections, did he not?"

"Senator, you make me sick. William Jennings Bryan running the elevator in the Silver Bow block would only be worth \$2.00 a day. Yes, I crucified myself at his smelter for a hack driver's wages, and summing up the last nine years I sacrificed a \$20 bill for Heinze every day I went down to that smelter."

"Did you ever ask Heinze to right the many wrongs done you?"

"Yes, senator. The last time I talked with Heinze was in his office in the Silver Bow block, Butte, in Feb., 1907. He gave me a whole hour and I went over my whole career with him in all the details of the entire seven years. Two years I had been off his payroll at this meeting, was "down and out" and worse than broke, canned with the Amalga-

mated all this time. This was a year after the sell out. Heinze was not \$10,000,000 in debt now. He was worth \$20,000,000, it was before the panic and he was president of the great Mercantile National bank in New York with \$65,000,000 of deposits in it. After I had gone over all the details of how I had been hoodooed and humbugged and razzledazzled and robbed and ruined by sacrifice for him, what answer do you suppose he made to my claim that I had sacrificed a life's independence for him?"

"I don't know, Davenport."

"Well, senator, he honestly admitted it, but was too damn mean to back up his declaration with something substantial and said, "Davenport, you were a dampfool for doing it."

"But, Heinze, suppose all your lieutenants had flopped over on the other side where there were dollars compared with nickles standing by you. Where would you be today? You would not be occupying your present high pinnacle in the financial world. You would be broke. You would have had to walk out of Butte without a hat on your head." He replied, "You are right, Davenport, that is life."

"Senator, I was furious. Lawson in Everybody's Magazine told about an interview he had with Heinze in which he became so maddened that he wanted to 'kick Heinze down stairs.' I wanted to hurl Heinze down the Silver Bow block elevator shaft and would have done so if I had possessed the physical strength. Well I kept on presenting my claims to him, never losing my temper or using ungentlemanly language. I was pacing the floor and talking at a furious rate and absent mindedly I stopped, picked up a pin off his private desk and commenced to pick my teeth with it, and what do you think he said?"

"I can't imagine."

He said, "Davenport, you are always doing the wrong thing, you did the wrong thing right now. You picked up a pin off my desk, something you have no business to do. That pin belongs to me." Senator, may the curse of the living God remain on me throughout all time and eternity if this is not the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. As dictatorial as a czar, as venomous as a rattlesnake, as grasping as a Shylock! Heinze is a generous proposition when making grandstand plays before the public, but when you do business with him in his pri-

vate office he is the frostiest proposition this side of the North Pole. He knew he was acting the dirty cur, but little did he dream that his actions would some day go into print and be read by hundreds of thousands of people on two continents. Well I kept pleading for help, even getting down to asking for a \$3.00 a day working job for myself or father or both of us at Bingham or some of the rest of his properties throughout the west. Finally gathering himself together he said, 'Davenport I have nothing for you at any of my properties anywhere in the U. S. I am determined to get rid of you now and for all time. You are a nuisance. This is final. Goodday, I have other business to attend to.' That was as good as saying 'Get the hell out of here.' I ought to have picked up a chair and broken it into kindling wood over his head, but I didn't. I left him in his private office to stink himself to death. It is almost inconceivable, Senator, how a human being can become so insensate in his greed, so dead to all the nobler promptings of the soul. If a man was to jerk his good right arm out of its socket to help Heinze, he wouldn't appreciate it.

Enough money is a good thing, but too much is a curse. Both poverty and riches are fearful handicaps in life's moral Marathon. Augur framed the most sensible prayer ever uttered when he said, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' There is something about great riches that rots the soul, destroys sentiment and makes of man a heartless, brutal, inhuman beast. See how Bill Corey the steel magnate treated the woman who made him. See how Russel Sage refused five cents damages to the bank clerk whom he used to protect himself from a bomb thrower, spending thousands of dollars in the courts fighting the case. Heavy on Diver and Olsen. If when my book is published some government official should come out from Washington and arrest me on the flimsy trumped up charge of publishing obscene literature, you can bet it will be Heinze and Heinze's money at the bottom of it all. He said he was determined to rid himself of me forever and he may still possess that determination. 'You stay with me boys and I'll stay with you and if they starve us out we will all walk out together.' 'Bring on the cheap beer.' Just then the carbon in the arc light began to splutter, the two disgruntled politicians looked up at the clock and saw the hands pointing to midnight and each hit for the hay.

* * * *

To F. Augustus Heinze,
 Waldorf Astoria,
 New York—

Dear old Montana saviour—During the Revolutionary war the motto of the colonists was “Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.” During the seven years Montana copper war your motto seemed to be “Millions for litigation and lawyers and gambling house politicians and champagne and sweet Lilliths and special trains to New York celebrating the Minnie Healy victory, but not one cent for a sack of flour for the widows of Divel and Olsen, the two Pennsylvania miners killed in the underground warfare in the litigated ground between the Rarus and Pennsylvania.” These two widows sued you in the district court but you owned the courts. ’Nuff said. Now, Heinze, the last time I talked with you said you were determined to get rid of me for all time.

You’ve played hell getting rid of Davenport. You’ve succeeded in getting rid of \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 in Wall street since then. It is to be sincerely hoped that you are rid of some of the swelling in your head since then but the only way you can ever get rid of Davenport is to dynamite him into eternity to join Divel and Olsen.

The past year the Butte Miner has succeeded in collecting for the Peyton Memorial Fund nearly \$2,000 to be used in the support of the widow of the late state game warden who was killed by Indians while in discharge of his duties. Bully for the Butte Miner! Inspired by the example set by our contemporary the X-Ray has decided to start a “Divel and Olsen Memorial Fund” and will contribute 20 per cent of the profits from sale of this book in Montana to those two widows, whose husbands were supposedly killed by Heinze Indians during the copper war. Elsewhere in this volume I claim to have thrown away opportunities for you in the last nine years to be worth \$100,000 today. It is the truth.

Now, Heinze, the Heinze Amalgamated war is over. But the Heinze-Davenport war is not over. However, I am anxious for a settlement and will settle for fifty cents on the dollar. You can settle all differences with me for the sum of \$50,000 in cash.

Whoa! Steady there! This is no black hand. Listen while I tell you what I will do on the receipt of the

amount. I will turn every penny of it over to the "Divel and Olsen Memorial Fund," heading the list this way:

"Heinze and Davenport, \$50,000."

Come on now, act like a white man no matter how hard and unnatural it may come to you. Fifty thousand dollars is nothing. When you thought you saw Conly & MacTague beckoning to you, you blew back with a \$100,000 to the Aetna bank without a whimper.

When you were egotistical enough to think you could throw down the whole state of Montana and still come back and be elected to the United States senate you readily blew in a small fortune buying the Broadwater Hotel and Natatorium in Helena as a place to entertain your friends filling them with electric interurban pipe dreams.

Come on, \$50,000 for Mrs. Divel and Olsen. It is a much worthier cause than giving Stanford White dinners to dizzy blondes, placing at each plate an English walnut shell containing a hundred dollar bill.

Dig, you son-of-a-gun, dig!

Divel and Olsen have been dead several years but the lapse of years never made a wrong right. The X-Ray does not charge that these men were deliberately murdered by your instructions for mining in litigated ground, although a majority of people in Butte thought so at the time. But we do assert that when you were in the height of your power and worth \$20,000,000 you could have given \$50,000 to the Mrs. Divel and Olsen and it would hardly have been one grain of tobacco in the bottom of your sack. Cast your bread upon the waters and the chickens will come to roost after many days. As it has been four and a half years since I've seen the color of any of your coin—securing 60 days employment with the Amalgamated Copper Co., the present sole owner of Butte, during all this time I hope to hear from you at an early date, enclosing check for \$50,000 for "Divel and Olsen Memorial Fund." Or checks for \$25,000 each to the widows direct will be just as satisfactory.

Respectfully,

WARREN G. DAVENPORT.

P. S.—Now watch Kilroy rear up on its hind legs and root for its master.

* * * *

Will any one arise and tell us why Trerise jumped to

South Africa and stayed there for three or four years after the death of Divel and Olsen?

* * *

People whose nerves are set on edge by the bluntness and outspoken manner that the writer cannot help expressing himself in, will have from now till Gabriel blows his horn to recover from the shock.

* * *

We have little respect for the nonentity that has never accomplished anything of note in the world yet at the drop of the hat is ready to hurl the shafts of ridicule at the fallen giant whose eyes were so intently set upon the stars that he could not see the snares at his feet. If F. Augustus Heinze had wronged no one in Montana but the writer no mention of it would be made in these columns. But their name is legion and we have not mentioned one-tenth part of our own grievances. But candor compels us to state that in attempting to pyramid the banks of New York with a view of controlling the banking situation of the United States inside of five years, the nerve, the conceit, the foolhardiness and lack of judgment of F. Augustus Heinze reminds us of a fool celluloid dog starting out to chase an asbestos cat through Evangelist Billy Sunday's brimstone hell. "I'll bid one last farewell to you, pouf-pouf, good-bye."

"The years are seldom unjust." "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." The law of equalization and just retribution is a fierce proposition to outstrip. Heinze's downfall is exactly what he deserved for the shameful treatment he gave a dozen or more of his faithful lieutenants in the long bitter copper war among whom the writer is small potatoes.

When the ex-Butte banker, Tom Hodgins, sues Heinze for a sum of money that would be a fortune to the average man what does it mean? It means that another faithful friends who "went to hell for Heinze" has been given a dirty deal.

Everybody in Butte knows that Heinze was "into" the State Savings Bank at one time to the tune of \$900,000, more or less. Tom Hodgins put grey hairs in his head risking the funds of his bank and its depositors—on a dozen occasions took chances in saving Heinze from going broke that he would not do again for all the wealth in the Butte mountain. When Heinze imagined he no longer

needed Tom Hodgens in his business why pouf! heavy, on yellow, cur.

"But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder
Whereto the climber upward turns his face.
But when he once attains the utmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back
Looks into the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

—*Julius Caesar.*

Picture in your mind's eye a man with legions of faithful friends ranging from day laborers to men of the Hodgens calibre. Each of these friends possess a little pocket change earned by faithful service for this man. This man having attained by the aid of these friends his object in life, imagines he no longer needs these friends. He thinks of his monthly payroll for years and says to himself "They are all grafters. I wish I had my money back." And so he starts out to get some of it back—"Davenport, that pin belongs to me"—using all the methods of a masked highwayman looting a stagecoach on a lonely road. Some of his friends he does up brown in business deals a la Hodgens. To others he or his agents telegraph the wrong steer from New York to buy certain stocks and they quickly drop the savings of a lifetime. "Ha-ha, wasn't it easy," he says, "but my old stamping ground is too small a field for my magnificent thieving talents."

And so with his pockets bulging with the wealth that his friends enabled him to make together with the wealth he has robbed his friends of, he goes over on another highway where the travel is heavier, more stage coaches, more passengers with more loot in sight.

He starts in to rob stage coaches in the same old way. At first he is successful. And every successful robbery only adds to the nerve and conceit of the swaggering braggart.

Finally a stage coach comes along filled with buccaneers and strong arm boys of his own type, men who have grown grizzly in the business in which he is a novice.

Instead of shelling out their earthly all to him they proceed in the language of the "Cousin Jack" to "w'ale bloody 'ell outen 'im."

They tear his hair, black his eyes, beat his body black

and blue, break a half dozen of his ribs, throw him down and stamp in his face sending his teeth rattling down his gullet and leave him for dead on the highway exactly at the spot where he attempted the hold up. And thus today is F. Augustus Heinze.

As soon as Heinze comes across with \$50,000 for the Divel and Olsen Memorial Fund we have a scheme to present to him that will enable the depositors of the Aetna Bank who received about 20 cents on the dollar to be fully re-imbursed.

We will furnish the brains for the scheme, Heinze must furnish the money.

The creditors of the defunct Wall street firm of Otto Heinze and Company—heavy on the company—who received less than 5% of their money must take their turn. We can't get around to everybody at once. "You stay with me, boys," etc.

If Heinze can successfully imitate John R. Walsh and evade the penitentiary he will be back in Butte shortly, wining, dining, and shaking hands with people that two years ago when he was worth \$20,000,000 and thought he would never need their friendship again, he wouldn't have allowed to walk across his mule pasture. And this is no lie. Unless he comes in right on this Divel and Olsen matter everybody in Butte has a picture of Davenport and Heinze shaking hands—not if our legs hold out. Stanley Ketchel might bestride a lion but he certainly would steer clear of a skunk. If Heinze again becomes a large factor in Butte's industrial life and you can enter his service to your own advantage, by all means do so.

But get your money in advance. Don't work six months on faith and accept what he is willing to give you. Who was it that refused \$250,000 from Charlie Clark to save the Minnie Healy for your Uncle F. Augustus in his struggling days when he was bankrupted and millions in the hole? Judge Harney, peace to his shade. Who was it when he got to be worth a score of millions and at the head of a bank with three score of millions folded his arms and with the stolid indifference of a Digger Indian squaw absorbing a gourdful of grasshopper soup, watched Judge Harney go to his grave in poverty and want? Let us all rise and sing forth in unison those ex-magical words, America's most selfish, ungrateful and pitiful egotist, F. A. Heinze. Get busy, Kilroy.

* * *

Marriage in Butte ofttimes proves to be an institution that enables a sweet little Miss to dismiss the steady, devoted attentions of half a dozen young men for the inattention of one.

* * *

Did you ever notice on public occasions, when the streets and roadways of Butte are swarming with men, women and children, how the owners of automobiles delight in driving their machines through the mass of jumbled humanity? If it is absolutely essential to the happiness of these aristocrats that the public should know they possess automobiles, a placard tied around their necks announcing, "Am walking but have an auto at home," would serve the purpose. Then they could mix with ordinary folk and still maintain their standing as superior persons.

* * *

The Montana paper that howls, "Davenport spews the vomit of the redlight district into the face of every decent woman in Montana," should first look over its advertising columns and see that it is not hurling into the faces of these same pure women columns of filthy, nauseous advertisements of clairvoyants, preventives, quack medical institutes and lost manhood nostrums—serving hell's unclean hierarchy for the long green.

The discussion in story form of such subjects as seduction, marital unfaithfulness, adultery, prostitutes, prostitution, houses of prostitution, the white slave trade and underworld conditions in general in all their various phases and ramifications as they affect the social life of Butte and Montana constitutes neither vulgarity nor obscenity, gentlemen, while as for hurting Butte's good name throughout the world—hold us while we laugh—it already possesses a world wide reputation along this line. Collier's, McClure's and all the leading publications of the day are throwing open their columns upon these subjects. Many Montana editors boast that their papers are clean. They are. Like chunks of ice or spayed heifers they haven't life and vitality enough in them to be anything else but clean. Oh, wake up, wake up, for Heaven's sake "come out of it" and get into the procession. What some people need is a ticket around the world to get their eyes opened.

* * *

They had finished their card game and were chatting

around the card tables in the rear of the Gillis cigar store, Butte, Montana. "I don't smoke to excess," remarked the man with the pipe. "A reasonable amount of tobacco isn't going to hurt anyone—in a pipe." He glanced at the young man over by the ice water tank, who was inhaling the smoke of a cigarette with apparent enjoyment. "I can't smoke a pipe myself; it bites my tongue," remarked the heavily mustached man with a cigar.

"It wouldn't after you get used to it," said the man with the pipe. "You'll never know what solid comfort in smoking is until you are a pipe smoker. Besides you never can tell what you are smoking when you get a hold of a cigar." "I know the plantation mine came from," said the man with the heavy mustache. "I've been on it and watched 'em made. Friend of mine owns it and he is mighty particular about the leaf and the men who make the cigars. All hand made. I'll risk anything that comes from there."

"I thought I saw you get that from the train boy," said the young man with the cigarette. "You did," admitted the cigar smoker with some embarrassment.

"I ran out of my own and had to get something. This seems to be a pretty good one though."

"Of course I can only judge by the smell, but it may be a good one," said the young man.

"I wouldn't talk about the smell if I was smoking a cigarette," retorted the man with the heavy mustache.

The man with the pipe grunted approval.

"Oh, I don't know; you are not so wise. I guess you are just talking now," said the young sport. "If you can tell me anything sicker than a stale cigar stub or the smoke of a cigar in a room the next morning, I'd like to know what it is. It isn't a cigarette."

"That's true enough; a pipe is the only thing," said the pipe smoker.

"For anybody who doesn't know any better," said the cigar smoker. "As to cigarettes, if I caught a boy of mine smoking 'em, do you know what I would do?"

"Something rash, perhaps," said the young man sarcastically. "He wouldn't be consuming anything but clean good tobacco in a clean paper made out of harmless rice fiber, and you'd try to convince him that he'd be better off with factory sweepings wrapped in a poorly cured leaf with a red and gold band."

"There isn't a more harmless form of smoking," pursued the young man. "You can carry it to excess, the same as you can anything, but what is there about good tobacco and good vegetable paper that is injurious, I'd like to know? You take the countries where they smoke cigarettes; the people are healthy enough. They carry their own tobacco and their own paper and roll 'em themselves."

"Did you roll that yourself?" asked the man with the pipe.

"Well, no," confessed the young man. "This is a new brand I'm trying."

"You see?" said the pipe smoker.

"Certainly," said the cigar smoker. "He don't know whether it's tobacco or mullen or what the devil it is, and the paper is probably whitened with arsenic."

"Your cigars are all flavored, too," said the man with the pipe. "And you don't know what you are smoking. I do. I'm smoking this tobacco in this pipe." He slapped his pouch, smiling in a superior way.

"Do you mean to tell me that you think it doesn't hurt you to smoke a pipe that is reeking with nicotine," demanded the man with the mustache. "I smoke my cigar two-thirds the way through and then throw it away. You are puffing away on a thousand ground-up snipes, the worst part of a thousand smokes, perhaps, in your old pipe."

"That's easily overcome," said the man with the pipe. "See this mounipiece? Well, in that cavity you put a little cartridge of absorbent material that reaches away down into the stem. That catches all the nicotine and brings the smoke pure and sweet to your mouth."

"Where's the cartridge," asked the young man.

"Well," said the pipe smoker, hesitatingly, "I took it out. I found it interfered with the draft."

The above is ten times worse than the grease-spot discussion at the Helena Browning Club.

* * *

"When Bryan Came To Butte." Great doings, eh? But Butte has since tendered to one man a greater reception than it did to Mr. Bryan. That man is F. Augustus Heinze. Here is how it happened to hap. In 1900 W. A. Clark was seeking a return to the United States senate. He had resigned therefrom to keep from being kicked out and on a technicality was re-appointed by the lieutenant

governor of Montana, a Clark henchman, to fill the vacancy caused by his own resignation, thus making his seat in the senate legal. So in 1900 Clark wanted a Clark legislature that would return him to a six years' seat in the senate, while Heinze in his battle in the courts with the Boston and Montana Company of the Amalgamated, for millions and millions, needed two district judges in Butte and a supreme judge at Helena. They pooled their interests and swept the state democratic against the Amalgamated Copper Company.

It must be remembered that the Amalgamated Copper Company is the one big corporation in Montana, everything else playing hide-and-go-to-peek around the huge legs of this great industrial Caesar. It owns nearly all the copper mines of Butte, the biggest smelter in the world at Anaconda, erected at a cost of \$7,000,000, another big one at Great Falls, company stores, banks, hotels, coal mines, saw mills, coke ovens, lime quarries and other enterprises in nearly all the large cities of the twenty-six counties of Montana. About 20,000 men, one-fifteenth of the population of the state, was on its payroll at this time, while Clark and Heinze could hardly muster up 5,000 employees combined. Clark and Heinze, in May, 1900, reduced the hours of labor in their smelters from 12 hours to 8 and in their mines from 10 hours to 8, without any reduction of the wage scale. The Amalgamated refused to do likewise and stood resolute, making sore-heads out of their 20,000 employees.

Clark and Heinze, in their speeches over the state in the fall of 1900, pledged the people that if a district and supreme judiciary and a legislature of their political complexion were elected, they, in return, would expend all their energies and those of their henchmen to the enactment of an eight-hour law by the legislature in January and February, 1901.

The Clark-Heinze machine swept the state, the eight-hour law was enacted, the big Amalgamated octopus not putting their 20,000 employees on the eight-hour schedule until May 1st, 1901, the day the law went into effect. The moment W. A. Clark was elected to the senate in January, 1901, he dropped fidus Achates Heinze like a hot pancake and sixty-eight Clark legislators elected on anti-Amalgamated-Standard Oil-Daly platforms went into cahoots with the Standard Oil-Daly crowd to enact laws

bearing on the Butte mining litigation that would bankrupt Heinze. The eight-hour law had a narrow escape and only won out by an eyebrow after a desperate scrimmage put up by the Heinzeites.

It was claimed in thunder tones by the Heinze crowd that the Standard Oil practically owned thirty-eight United States senators and that Clark had deserted them and the people and gone in with the Amalgamated, lest these thirty-eight United States senators at the bidding of 26 Broadway, New York, again give him a chance to shoot-the-chutes out of the senate and down into Salt River.

"W. A. Clark is in the United States senate only on account of us," said the Heinzeites.

"You have two district judges on the bench in Butte and one on the supreme bench in Helena for your litigation by our aid and the books are balanced," said the Clark people.

The split between the Clark and Heinze factions in the Montana legislature of 1901 cannot be described on paper save to say that comparing the ordinary legislative session of the average American state with this session of the Montana legislature is like comparing a game of parlor tiddley-winks with a Yale-Harvard Thanksgiving foot ball game.

In the campaign of 1902 the bone of contention between Heinze and the Amalgamated was the election of a supreme judge before whom, in a few months, would come the Minnie Healey case for final adjudication involving property valued at \$10,000,000.

The republican machine of Montana was hopelessly in the coils of Senator Carter and Standard Oil; the democratic machine was equally as bad in the control of Clark against Heinze, the latter claiming that the former was afraid to remain inactive in politics or come out with him and against Standard Oil domination, lest he get kicked out of his seat in the senate even after having held it two years.

Heinze sized up the situation and put up a ticket of his own throughout the state. He chartered a special train, a glee club of singers and started out over the state, leaving a trail of fireworks, champagne, music and oratory in his wake, addressing the people from the rear of his train at every city, whistling post and water tank in the state. At some points he implored the people to elect the republican

candidates of that county to the legislature because they were anti-Standard Oil; in other counties he advocated the election of democratic candidates for the legislature for the same reasons; in other counties he put up an independent third ticket. At all times and places did he plead vehemently for the election of his candidate for the supreme bench. In this election everything both republican and democratic, that smelled of Clark, Daly, Amalgamated or Standard Oil was snowed under; Heinze carrying 25 out of the 26 counties for his anti-Standard Oil candidate for supreme judge and winning the Minnie Healey mine later on.

It was on his return to Butte from this special train, anti-Standard Oil oratorical tour of the state in 1902 that F. Augustus Heinze received a reception that eclipsed the one given Bryan in 1897.

New York's welcome to Admiral Dewey; Butte's reception to Bryan; Alexander returning from his victorious conquest of the world; Hannibal coming home from his conflicts with the Roman eagles; Julius Caesar returning in triumph from his wars, and Peter the Hermit, returning after having aroused Christendom to arms and creating that marvelous movement which hurled back on Asia the followers of the prophet and saved Europe from the degradation of Mohammedism, did not receive a more enthusiastic ovation than did F. Augustus Heinze receive in Butte the night previous to the election of 1902.

The following songs and many similar ones were sung all over Montana by Mr. Heinze's rear car platform glee club. The first one is a parody on "Oh, Didn't He Ramble" by Jeff T. Branen. The X-Ray is unable to state whether Mr. Branen alludes to Senator Clark as Buster Bill on account of his long Buster Brown hair or because he was posing as a trust buster. Here is the song:

Montana sent to Washington,
A man named Buster Bill,
For Buster was a likely chap
We trusted him until
He worked a sneaking game on us,
For six more years you see,
And now we've got the biggest dunce
In Washington, D. C.

Chorus—

Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble?
He rambled all around,
Never could be found,
Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble?
He rambled till the senate cut him down.

When Buster said to Heinze "Fritz
I need a friend in you,
Just land me in the senate,
And I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll help you fight the Standard Oil
And Wall street money kings,
And I'll stand with you for labor
And for lots of other things."

Chorus—

Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble?
He rambled all around,
In and out of town,
Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble?
He rambled till he turned Fritz Heinze down.

Now Buster couldn't tolerate
Our home society,
He fancied he was just cut out
For Aristocracy,
He stroked his fiery whiskers, said
"The only thing for me
Is to take those Paris courts by storm
And mix with royalty."

Chorus—

Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble?
He rambled all around,
Over Europe, up and down,
Oh, didn't he ramble, ramble?
He rambled till society turned him down.

He rambled back again to fight
Unto the bitter end
Our champion of labor,
And the poor man's only friend,
He says "If Heinze fights the trusts,

He is a cussed fool
 For they are well protected by
 Myself and Johnny Toole."

Chorus—

Oh, doesn't he ramble, ramble?
 He rambles all around,
 In and out of town,
 Oh, doesn't he ramble, ramble?
 He'll ramble till the voters cut him down.

Two millions and a half, my boys,
 Is quite a lot of dough,
 For any one whose name is Clark,
 To push aside, you know,
 Yet Charlie says "That is the price
 That Heinze offered me
 Why half that sum would buy outright
 The "Whole Damn Family."

Chorus—

Oh, doesn't he ramble, ramble?
 He rambles at his will,
 Better roll another pill,
 Oh, doesn't he ramble, ramble?
 He rambles where the boodle can be found.

The following song from the pen of H. T. O'Brien is a parody on "When The Harvest Days Are Over, Jessie Dear" and is another sample of the ammunition Heinze fired at the Clark crowd by means of his glee clubs:

By the fireside so cheerful,
 Sits a man with ideas fearful,
 He is thinking of the time not long ago,
 When the people did select him
 To the senate did elect him,
 As the pledges from his lips did freely flow.
 The election scarce was over
 And he found himself in clover,
 When to the oil trust people he did go
 And they gave him a reception,
 Worthy of his great deception
 Then this modern Judas to those cutthroats said:

Chorus—

The election in Montana is over now,
 So let's be friends, with you I have no row,
 Help me keep my senate crown,
 And I'll throw Montana down,
 When the election days are over, Rogers, dear.

Now this old bewhiskered traitor,
 Would-be-trust emancipator,
 Has turned his eye upon our justice bench.
 Leslie has his recommendation,
 But if exalted to that station
 He will fill the halls of justice with a stench:
 But the people know their duty
 And the Standard Oil's prize beauty,
 Must remember every dog will have his day,
 And when the good news is repeated,
 That the Clark gang is defeated,
 It will then be Mr. Heinze's turn to say:

Chorus—

The election is over, Willie, dear,
 We showed you where you got off at, never fear,
 You had better jump the town,
 Or go 'way back and sit down,
 For the election days are over, Willie, dear.

The following parody on "Mr. Dooley" comes from the versatile pen of Jeff T. Branen also. The reader must not confuse John R. Toole, an Amalgamated politician, with Joseph K. Toole, for twelve years governor of Montana.

In the town of Anaconda lives a man who is renowned
 For corrupting legislatures and for passing boodle
 'round,

He represents a skindicate that smells of kerosene
 'Tis well that you should know in time, the gentleman
 I mean.

Chorus—

It's Johnny Toole, boys, yes Johnny Toole, he
 Who tells both Clark and Carter what to do,
 A trust creator, a degradator,
 Is Johnny Tooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

Who is the man that dominates the Republican machine,
 Who uses oily Carter as a handy go between,
 Who is Montana's Senator in Washington, D. C.
 It's not Bill Clark who used to boast of pure Democracy.

Chorus—

It's Jonnny Toole, boys, it's Johnny Toole, he
 Who wants to corner oil and copper, too,
 A vote despoiler, a Standard Oiler,
 Is Johnny Tooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

Who is it wants to sit upon the supreme bench as judge,
 To help Amalgamated square its Minnie Healy grudge,
 Who is the man whom Leslie would no doubt impersonate

If he were made a justice by the voters of the state.

Chorus—

It's Johnny Toole, boys, it's Johnny Toole, he
 Who by his money wants to shackle you,
 Degenerating, yet arbitrating,
 Is Johnny Tooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

Who is the man who couldn't buy with Rockefeller's
 spoil,
 The mines of Mr. Heinze for the cursed Standard Oil,
 Who was it when he found that Heinze scorned his
 tempting bait,
 Declared that he would wreck his mines and drive him
 from the state.

Chorus—

It's Johnny Toole, boys, it's Johnny Toole, he
 Who couldn't bribe a voter tried and true,
 A trust creator, Montana's traitor,
 Is Johnny Tooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

Now that Heinze has sold most of his old holdings in Butte public sentiment has changed a great deal. On his return to Butte he may be able to draw the old "Standing Room Only" crowds and then again he may not be able to draw an audience big enough to whip W. A. Clark, the Third, aged seven. It all remains to be seen.

* * *

As the forms for this book are on the presses word comes from New York that Heinze is out from under the two years' avalanche of prosecution under which he has been buried. If he is innocent the X-Ray is glad that he is a free man. If he is guilty and has bribed his way out, a thing he would not hesitate to do, well, it will teach him a lesson. He will doubtless be back to Butte shortly. He will not be a roaring lion trotting up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour. He will be as gentle as a lamb and you can lay your hand on him without feeling a minute later that you have been kicked by a cyclone. Oh how he will wine and dine the public to try to regain his former prestige. But the cold fact remains that Heinze in the zenith of his power, the Heinze that left Butte with a swelled head to teach New Yorkers how to pyramid banks was ferocity incarnate, a demon in human form. The fact also remains that he wronged or tried to wrong Tom Hodgens, he did not treat Judge Harney right, he did not treat Davenport right, he was cruel and inhuman to Mrs. Divel and Mrs. Olsen and he wronged many more of his former business associates. We have many things under our lid that we are not putting in print. Whatever part of the country he is in he is always in trouble. Very few people have any financial dealings with him and come out of it without complaining of the buzz saw.

Montana needs a power that can keep the Amalgamated Copper Company from gobbling up everything in the state and if Heinze returns and renews the old fight doubtless all things will be forgiven him. It would be positively astounding the following he would get. Montana can use a hundred Heinzes as mine developers but it will be some time before the entire state withdraws its funds from the banks doing business in the state at present to deposit their earthly all in Heinze's banks. We live and learn. So has Heinze lived and learned. He is a wonderful and extremely resourceful man.

"As long as the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Yes, the Heinze of the future will be a different man—a perfectly white man with the public, we believe. Thousands of us are white men, always have been white men and always will be white men without having to lose fifteen or twenty million and be led by the ear up to the very doors of the penitentiary to make us be decent white men.

H. H. Rogers is dead, but he lived long enough to pretty well "clean" Heinze, make a white man out of him and send him back to Butte with his absquatulum well spanked, anxious and willing to do right by his fellow men. Here is our tambourine, Heinze, \$50,000 for Mrs. Divel and Mrs. Olsen. This is a business matter that cannot be settled with bluff and bluster—"stop those G— d——d street cars"—from the balcony of the Butte Hotel. Bark, Killoroy, bark!

* * *

Death very often cuts strange capers in the careers of the living. The sickness that brought on Marcus Daly's death kept him out of Montana most of the year 1900 and as a consequence W. A. Clark reached the U. S. Senate. Had H. H. Rogers lived twelve months longer our dear old Montana saviour might be making bridles and brooms today—crucified on a Sing Sing cross.

* * *

Let 'er got at that—The End.





Warren G. Davenport
of the Butte X-Ray

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